

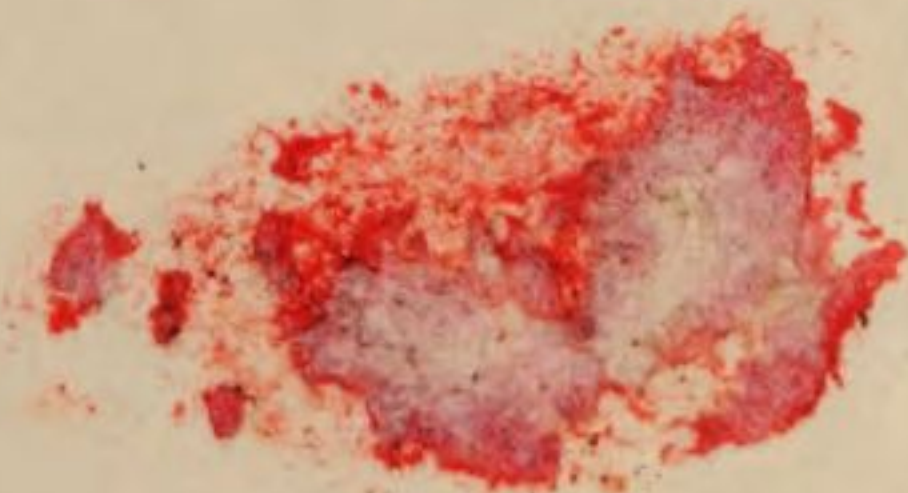
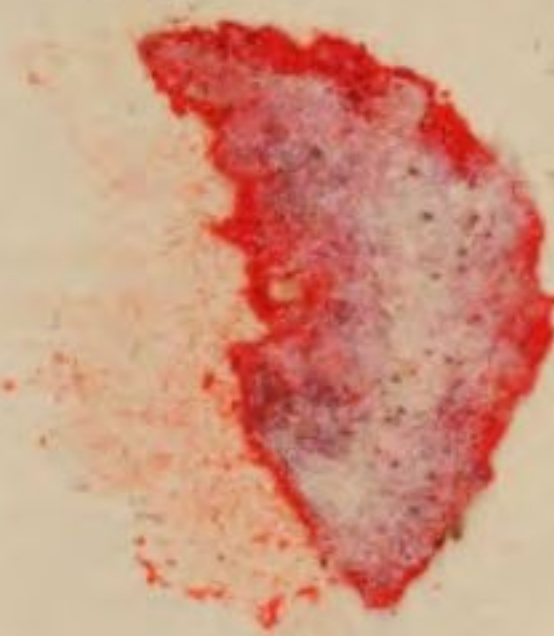




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Rothwell









# THE FOLIO

A Collection of Folio Translations

By J. S. ROTHWELL

Particulars adapted to the English language

J. S. ROTHWELL





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# THE NOVELIST.

*A Collection of Tales, Translations,  
Poems &c. &c.*

Particularly adapted as an aid to persons studying  
the English language.

By

**J. S. S. ROTHWELL,**

Author of the Cossack and Professor of English &c. &c.  
at Munich.



**MAGDEBURGH,  
EMIL BAENSCH.**

MDCCCXLII.

2. m. 860





„Curse upon the word or line, how, sweet so e'er  
they flow,  
„That tends to make an honest man my foe,  
„Give virtue scandal, innocence to fear,  
„Or from the blue ey'd maiden draw a tear.“

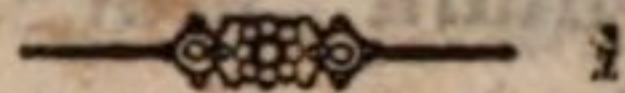
**POPE.**







## Preface.



Although the number of so called „class books“ and „English Readers“ are so numerous, that it would appear almost superfluous to add another to the list; yet experience has taught me, that among all those which have as yet appeared, the greater number have failed in their purpose. The truth of this assertion will appear the more evident, when we take into consideration that, the generality of persons who make the English language their study, have already attained an age some what approaching maturity; and when we consider that the greater number of *Lesebücher*, which have as yet issued from the press, for the pur-



pose of assisting the English student, contain such trifling, tedious and puerile matter, that they are only adapted to the capacity of children; while others are entirely composed of old fables, old witticisms, old stories etc. etc., couched in a language which is in some degree become antiquated, and „wearisome as a twice told tale,“ and consequently, can be of but little advantage or interest to the reader in general; while others still, which contain new and really interesting matter, are for the most part devoid of the language of conversation, which, of all others, is the most necessary; and few or none of them contain anything of an interesting dramatic nature, which is of all language, the most interesting for beginners, and at the same time the *Umgangssprache*, colloquial from or and consequently the best calculated to aid the progress of all those who wish to make themselves perfectly acquainted with a language in which a Milton, a Newton and a Shakspeare have gained immortality, and in which, in our days, a Byron, a Moore and a Sir Walter Scott have delighted the whole reading world; — a language, which, from the manifold beauties of its literature,



from its extensive use in science and from its absolute necessity in all the great affairs of commerce, is every day becoming more and more popular on the continent, and particularly in Germany, and must henceforth be considered as indispensable to the completion of every liberal education.

In compiling the little work, which I now take the liberty of offering to the public, I have tried to avoid, as much as possible, the errors into which my predecessors have fallen, and should I have succeeded in removing some of the impediments which obstruct the path that leads to the acquiring a knowledge of a tongue ornamented by the productions of an Addison, a Johnson or a Channing; or should I be so happy as to relieve my readers of the tedium of an hour, I shall consider myself amply repaid.

The lovers of Poetry, will find some little pieces not unworthy their attention.

The list of the best English Authors during the last fifty years, will not be without its use in directing persons in their choice of works; and the annexed mode of expressing titles, which presents many diffi-



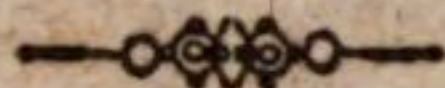
culties to foreigners, and which has as yet never appeared in any work of this kind, will, I doubt not, be very acceptable to all persons acquainted with the English language, and add to the other advantages of this little work.

Munich, January 1842.

**The Author.**



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## Lucrece.

Chacun se trompe ici bas.

On voit courir après l'ombre

Tant de fous, qu'on n'en sais pas

La plus part du temps le nombre.

Lafontaine.

Nulli sincera voluptas,

Solicitique aliquid laetis intervenit.

Ovid.

**D**uring my sojourn in Paris in the winter of 1837 — 38, I agreed with three of my friends to take a trip to Maintenon. After having fortified our stomachs against the rawness of the morning air, with a tolerable portion of tea, „jambon de Westphale“ and eau de vie de Cognac, which was the constant custom of a Dr. Bruce a young, handsome and eccentric descendant of the Scottish kings of the same name; a Mr. Fitzpatrick a son of the Emerald Isle, and as celebreted for making bulls as any one of his countrymen; and a Mr. Colquhoun, a regular John Bull, who only came to France to sharpen his appetite for the pleasures, — the delightful, the soul felt pleasures of a domestic fire side, in his own dear „Isle of beauty“; we packed our precious bodies into the langweilige diligence de Chartres, which about eight



o'clock in the evening brought us to the door of an auberge à Rambouillet. A number of reapers had assembled themselves at the bottom of the court yard, around a garde-champêtre and listened to him with so much seriousness and attention, that it excited our curiosity. The narrator spoke in measured words, on account of a stagshorn pipe which adorned one corner of his mouth, and for which he seemed to have a great veneration. The necessity of contracting his lantern jaws to prevent his pipe from going out, obliged him to interlard his sentences with caesuras which at once rendered them ludicrous and picturesque. The coarse ingeniousness of his mode of expression and the peculiarity of his language would be inimitable. Therefore I will recount as well as I can the interesting history of the lovely Lucrece.

Amongst the soldiers of the old guard to whom Napoleon bid an eternal and a sad farewell in the château of Fontainebleau, was a grenadier named Jean-Pierre Bravard, who wept in losing his emperor. Jean-Pierre was a native of Rambouillet. He reappeared in this town after eight years of hard fought battles and campagnes, and became the admiration of travellers and of the inhabitants by his extraordinary discourse. As he was still young and robust he soon found favour in the eyes of a young damsel, who concealed in her alcove the wretched countenance of one of the exiled. The day that he got himself well powdered, and drew on his white pair of inexpressibles (bless the mark,) for the purpose of leading his fair Desdemona to the altar, a great number of young and buxom wenches, charmed with his fine countenance and his croix d'honneur, swore never to marry any others than militaires. Mr. Bravard was a man of punctuality; in three years, he became the father of three children; and as he had married a woman without fortune, he searched for an employment to enable him to support this heavy charge. A liberal deputy obtained for him the situation of garde-



forestier in the domains of a prince, who took little or no share in the aversion of the Bourbons, to the ancient and trustworthy servants of the usurpator. Jean-Pierre, owing to his zeal and his activity was very quickly advanced. Envious persons accused him indeed of having often spared the poor marauders, whose only apology for their misdeeds, was extreme poverty and wretchedness; but these calumnies did not prevent him from being soon raised to the rank of garde-général.

Immediately the grenadier began to feel that strongest passion of man, ambition, tickle his heart. By dint of agitation, he got himself introduced into the good society of the town; his three daughters were admitted as companions to the ladies of the Legion-d'Honneur avec des demi-bourses, and Mr. Bravard became inspector of woods and forests and proprietor of a pretty little house most agreeably situated. About the end of fifteen years, he conducted to a ball at the sous-préfectures three charming danseuses, whose graces, beauty and excellent education rendered celebrated dans tout l'arrondissement. An American extremely rich espoused the eldest of these young ladies (for such I suppose I must now call them) and set out with her for New-Orleans. The second had the honor of turning the head of the colonel of a regiment in garrison; in such a manner that she too soon saw herself conducted to the altar of Hymen in the midst of a splendid cortège, accompanied by the soul stirring sound of the trumpet; a circumstance which inspired Bravard the father with a full confidence in the good intentions of chance. The regiment being ordered off to another garrison, Jean-Pierre whose wife had been a long time dead, found himself alone with his last and youngest daughter.

Lucrèce had the most beautiful blond and waving curls, and the whitest hands of the whole département. Too ingenious and too sensible to let herself be dazzled



by the example of her two sisters, she said, and with reason, that fortune had come and knocked twice at her fathers door, but yet that was no cause why we should expect that she would come a third time to pay a visit. She added that riches alone were not sufficient to produce happiness; the American millionaire had some twenty years too much and a great deal of hair too little, that the colonel was a very fine man, mais criblé de blessures and of a most tyrannical disposition. A young man, more amiable, and less ostentatious, would be preferable to her, and less difficult to be found; however the ambitieux Jean-Pierre, as foolish as she was wise, had resolved not to give his daughter to any one less than un grand seigneur at least.

Often after having talked long and confidentially with his bottle, the old soldier déraisonnait towards evening; he spoke with contempt of the young men who wished to worship at the shrine of the lovely Lucrèce; he gravely discussed the merits and fortunes of persons of the highest rank; and the son of a peer of France was only mediocre in his eyes as a match for his daughter. Mr. Bravard walked up and down the town incessantly with his lovely daughter on his arm; the windows of his house always remained open, while Lucrèce sung the new songs and ballads, or while she played the various airs à la mode upon her piano. Years passed away in this manner in expectation, without the most petty prince or the humblest peer of France occupying his thoughts with Lucrèce, whose beauty nevertheless s'épanouissait every day with fresh lustre.

The young maiden was never weary of her solitude; always in church her soft blue eyes never quitted her livre d'heures to cast them upon the curious group of country young men, and nevertheless people came from afar off to admire her charming countenance and the symmetry of her lovely figure. Lucrèce laughed at the foolish



mania of her father; she jested him upon his ambition; she repeated to him the fable of the heron of Lafontaine; but the inspector burst out into a rage, and swore that the poets were fools; then he went to his cellar to search for a fresh bottle, and his imagination heated by degrees, like that of Pycrocole, he canvassed the portfolio of the war, he spoke of equipages, of hotels at Paris and of presentation at the Tuileries.

The first pretendant who demanded the hand of Lucrèce was a major of dragoons, one of the cavaliers of the regiment who wore the most formidable pair of whiskers and moustachios and *la reste de petite tenue*. Jean-Pierre replied to his demand with a loud burst of laughter.

„ — You are young, Sir Major“, said he with irony, „and you will cut your way I'm sure; come to see me when you are lieutenant-general, and if my daughter be still unmarried, I will permit you to pay your attentions to her; but till then you need not break either your head neck or heart about her, then my doors shall be shut against you.“

The major touched to the quick, replied in the same tone, that, without being a general, he considered himself very much superior to the daughter d'un garde-chasse, and he left the house amid the oaths and imprecations of the old Jean-Pierre.

A second suitor was not long in presenting himself: it was the examiner of weights and measures; he offered the fair Lucrèce his heart, his forty years, and his fifteen hundred franks d'apointment. His arms fell down by his side with astonishment when he received a most formal refusal.

„ — You had better consider it well, Mr. Bravard“, said he with an air of confidence, „I am employed by the government; I have served twenty years and have a right to a pension; my family will leave me one day eight hundred livres de rentes. I doubt if you'll ever find a son-in-law more favoured by fortune.“ But Jean-Pierre



having dryly repeated his refusal, the forty years old examiner of weights and measures went away fully persuaded; that the good man had lost his wits.

Three other wooers arrived some time after; and as they shared the same fate with the two former, the pretensions of Mr. Bravard became the babble and talk of the whole country. The malice of the public was turned upon the wise Lucrèce; she was accused of having inspired her father with these proud, ridiculous ideas; the young ladies did not wish to have any longer communication with a person who was so proud as to despise and refuse the most *recherchés de la ville*. The discarded suitors found wives; and nobody came any more to play cards with the presumptuous Jean-Pierre, and the sweet and fresh voice of Lucrèce no longer attracted any one under her windows save the indifferent passers by. Many years of an isolated life had calmed a little the ambitious head of Bravard, when an unexpected circumstance came to awake his slumbering hopes.

A post-chaise was upset one evening on the road to Chartres. In this carriage was a young Englishman who accepted of the hospitality so kindly offered him by the inspector. The sharp eye of Jean-Pierre perceived in a moment marks and indices upon the traveller, which revealed to him that he occupied a high station in the world. Bravard was dazzled by the *manières distinguées*, le costume élégant and the correct and well turned phrases of his guest, whose foreign accent did not fail to add considerably to the agrément. With the generality of the French it is the decided opinion that England is only peopled by millionaires, who move about the continent and other parts of the world like so many peripatetic Indies, whose funds of riches are inexhaustible. In observing the wounded stranger kissing the hand of Lucrèce as she handed him a glass of sugar water, Mr. Bravard murmured between his teeth:



„ — Parbleu, I believe, I have found the son-in-law. I have been so long looking for.“

The post-chaise was very much injured, and the coach-makers demanded two days to repair it. Jean-Pierre insisted upon keeping the young Englishman as his guest during this time. The most beautiful chamber in the house was fitted up for him, the best wine in the cellar was in requisition, and the most delicious fruits of his garden were plucked to gratify the palate of the young stranger. Like a skilful diplomatist, Mr. Bravard with his glass in his hand, inquired most particularly, of the name and fortune of his young guest. The stranger who called himself Goldsmith, spoke of his family with an air of nonchalance, which he assured him was one of the richest in London. Mr. Goldsmith his father he said was a celebrated banker who allowed his children to amuse themselves in travelling and enjoying the immense wealth which he had amassed for them. One can live for nothing in France; but'tis only in England one knows what is real luxury. Often in London on mange des cerises de France at a guinea a piece. — Jean-Pierre ouvrit de grandes yeux in learning that a guinea was worth vingt-six francs, soixante quinze centimes.

„ — Decidedly“ said Bravard, this is the son-in-law for me! behold the lucky moment to make my daughter shine in the world.“

During the time that Lucrèce sung, Mr. Bravard slept or rather dozed in his arm chair, his stomach full of liqueurs, swallowed down for the glory of old England. When he awoke the young pair causaient à voix basse, in inhaling the sweets of the evening air at the drawing room window.

They spoke of the pleasures of travelling in the society of a beloved person; of the pleasures to be found in large cities during winter; of the fêtes de Paris of the music and dancing at the opera; of the mountains of the



romantic Switzerland, and of the beautiful and enchanting climate of Italy, and of the thousand and one other things unknown to the poor *Lucrèce*, whose heart beat quickly, as she gazed with absence of mind on the pale and placid countenance of the tell tale moon.

Jean-Pierre knew well how to prolong the visit of his host, by adroitly proposing *une chasse dans les bois réservés de Rambouillet*. The chase being ended it was necessary that he should remain one day longer to rest himself from his fatigue. The gallant Englishman spoke no longer of his journey, a circumstance which filled the heart of the honest Bravard with joy. Fifteen days passed away in this manner. The dame with the hundred brazen tongues, gave herself no trouble to gloss over the affair in the town; 'twas loudly and openly said every where that the inspector had sold the honor and virtue of his daughter to a Lord. The parish priest ran to Jean-Pierre, to inform him of this outrageous offence, and to beg of him to keep a watch upon the reputation of *Lucrèce*.

„ — You think then, demanded the father, that'tis high time to think of marriage? „ — No doubt, but what probability is there that a young gentleman so rich as he is, would think of marrying your daughter!“

„ — *Ventrebleu!* 'tis because he's so rich, that I consent to give her to him. Follow me, we'll go and bring it all to light.

Bravard led the *curé* into his garden, where the young Englishman was walking with *Lucrèce* leaning upon his arm.

„ — Look, Mr. Goldsmith, here is the *curé* who reproaches me of imprudence; he says that my daughter will be dishonored, if you do not become my son-in-law: When shall we have the wedding then?“

„ — Tomorrow, if possible, replied the young Englishman, with a phlegma truly *Britannic*.“



The curé retired three paces.

„ — Don't be astonished replied Goldsmith; it was my intention to have demanded the hand of the young Lady this very day. I have sent my servant to Paris this morning to purchase une corbeille et une parure de mariage; here are the necessary papers, you can publish the banns tomorrow.

Jean-Pierre sprung towards and fell upon the neck of his son-in-law.

„ — You'll take me with you to London along with my daughter, my dear Goldsmith? “

„ — If you wish it.

„ — In your château?

„ — In my château.

„ — We'll receive the best company?

„ — The very best.

„ — You'll take me in your carriage?

„ — In my carriage.

„ — Touchez-là. I am the happiest of men.

In his blind confidence Bravard did not even wish any information concerning the pretended lover. The curé took this charge upon himself. He wrote in haste to England. He learned that there was in fact a rich banker in London of the name of Goldsmith, that one of the sons of the said banker was in France, and, according to all probability was either in Paris or the environs. Le curé no longer seeing any objection to the match, published the banns and the day for the ceremony was fixed.

The eve of this delightful day arrived but no corbeille. Victorine and Herbault had not kept their words. It was necessary to get a wedding dress in town. The dress and mantua makers were obliged to work all night in order to have it finished. One Lady lent her lace veil, and the only goldsmith in Rambouillet tryed on some old rings, a little too large for the neat and taper fingers of Lucrèce. The marriage was at length celebrated. Crowds



ran from Versailles and from Epernon to see the beautiful daughter of Bravard, whose charms were so celebrated. Never had Lucrèce appeared half so lovely. A murmur of admiration accompanied her from the church to her lodgings.

„What a happy and fortunate family Bravard's is“, repeated the crowd.

„What a happy creature Lucrèce is!“ thought all the young ladies.

Jean-Pierre, drunk with joy, talked in the most extravagant manner, he tapped the municipal authorities upon the shoulders with an air of confidence and protection. He was impatient to quit the little town for the capital of England. He begged his son-in-law to set out immediately; but the young John Bull wished to remain the first week of the honey moon, and Lucrèce could not quit without regret, her *maisonnette tranquille et son joli jardin*.

About ten o'clock on the sixth day Mr. Goldsmith left his Father-in-law and went into town. He had scarcely left the house ten minutes, when a post-chaise and pair drove rapidly by the dwelling of Jean-Pierre. A burst of laughter was heard mingling itself with the rattling of the carriage wheels upon the pavement, and reached the ears of the once happy Lucrèce. Midnight came on and the husband of Lucrèce had not returned. Bravard ran through the town in search of him, but without being able to find him. He had disappeared, and with him all the magnificent castles which Jean-Pierre had built of airy nothings, fell to the ground, or vanished like his son-in-law, the *soi-disant* banker of London.

The narrator having proceeded so far with his narrative, gave a long, last lingering puff from the narcotic weed, and contemplated with much seeming self-satisfaction its graceful curls as the wind carried, it into the air *en tourbillons légers*, and then took his pipe *en cor*



de cerf from his mouth, he emptied it of its ashy contents on the bench beside him.

„ — And has he never been seen or heard of since?“ demanded I.

„ — Never. The old father searched for him every where, but without effect. This Goldsmith is a frolicksome youth who amuses himself this long time in running through the country; he gets married right and left to a host of pretty and innocent young girls, whom he abandons after he has satiated himself with an eight days enjoyment. He has at least four wives in England where an unfortunate wight would be hanged if it be found out that he has two, but escapes with impunity should he take a dozen. Goldsmith the banker is in no way related to him. In learning this Bravard has pitched his cap in the air, and committed so many mad acts, that he has been placed through compassion in a mad-house where he still continues deprived of his reason.

„ — And Lucrèce?

„ — Lucrèce remains alone, dans sa maisonnette,“ close by. The poor lady has a child the very image of Goldsmith. She passes her days at the window to see every vehicle which arrives; but the unfortunate creature may wait long! And then as the route is much frequented she has not a little to do to watch them all. If you wish to hear her sing, I'll engage that she's this very moment seated at her piano; go along this street, till you come to the last house on your right.

„ — Allons-y“, said I, to my travelling companions.

„ — Messieurs, en voiture! cried the conducteur, ou je vous laisse in Rambouillet.

„ — Eh bien! nous restons.“

We went in silence till we reached the house of Jean-Pierre. Le garde had not deceived us: Lucrèce was playing her piano. Her voice appeared to me to be vibrating, melodious and agreeable. In order to attract her



to the window we sang in choir the duet du comte Ory:

Dans ce séjour calme et tranquille  
S'écoulent nos jours innocens,  
Et nous bravons dans cet asile  
Les entreprises des méchans.

She appeared. Behold a beautiful figure, a sweet but melancholy countenance, her hair hung in graceful curls, carefully arranged on each side of her pale but lovely face; her attitude was one of ease and dignity; she closed the window as soon as the song was finished.

„Voilà, a pretty widow à consoler, said we on entering l'auberge.

„ — If you have remained for that purpose, replied the old guard who was playing at piquet with a gendarme, you would leave done better if you had mounted the diligence and continued your journey, car Lucrèce est sauvage en diable; tous les Messieurs du pays se sont cassé le nez à sa porte. She never goes out and receives not a single soul at home; therefore she is left to repose in peace at present.

„ — Bah! replied I, in three months at farthest a gallant officer would have stormed and taken her garrison, then she is no more than woman, and few of her sex can stand a long siege; particularly with a grass widow a vigorous attack seldom or never fails; either her pride through flattery, or her heart through love, or-or-the thousand and one other little matters which I need not mention, would soon place her in the arms of the assailant.

„ — An officer! she cannot bear them.“

„ — Eh bien! the son of the mayor, or perhaps un rusé commis-voyageur.“

Le garde-champêtre, showed signs of contempt, as much as to say that our proposal did not merit an answer.

„ — But certainly her misfortune must soon cease,“ added I.



„ — It will finish no doubt but not as you imagine.

„ — Et comment, s'il vous plait?

„ — Par sa mort.

The next day we admired the château de Maintenon, and the recollections which it brought to our mind's eye, soon banished the thoughts of the lovely the unfortunate **Lucrèce**, who was another of the many miserable examples of that wretchedness entailed by fathers, whose only thoughts are placed on wealth power and ambition, as if these could purchase the feelings of the tender the sensitive heart of woman! lovely woman!

J. S. S. Rothwell.



## A Farewell.

Once more enchanting girl adieu  
 I must be gone, while yet I may.  
 Oft shall I weep to think of you;  
 But here I will not, cannot stay.

The sweet expression of that face,  
 For ever changing yet the same,  
 Ah no, I dare not turn to trace,  
 It melts my soul, it fires my frame!!

Yet give me, give me, ere I go,  
 One little lock of those so blest,  
 That lend your cheek a warmer glow,  
 And on your white neck love to rest.

Say when to kindle soft delight,  
 That hand has chanced with mine to meet  
 How could its thrilling touch excite  
 A sigh so short and yet so sweet?

Oh say — but no it must not be  
 Adieu! A long, a long adieu!  
 Yet still methinks you frown on me;  
 Or never could I fly from you.

Rogers.



## The close of a fine Day.

(From the French of Mme. L. De Mirbel.)

Ah, who can say, however fair his view,

Through what sad scenes his varying path may lie?

Ah! who can give to other's woes his sigh —

Secure his own will never need it too?

Fragment.

**T**he morning dawned with such splendour that it seemed to announce a fête in heaven. Josephine, the beautiful Josephine, the Empress of France, (who was then residing at Petit-Trianon), was awakened by the bright rays of the sun beaming upon her face through the folds of the embroidered curtains. Half rising from her bed she drew them aside, and gazed long and ardently upon the morning sun: it was one of those looks which she bestowed only on her son, her adored Eugene, or the Emperor, her husband. She summoned none of her attendants; but wrapping herself in a white gown, she left her couch, and opened one of the windows of her bed-chamber. All nature seemed languid. The tops of the trees gently bowing to the morning gale, appeared to the fancy as they touched each other, to breathe kindness and love. The unfortunate Josephine, involuntarily sighed forth, „oh! what a glorious day; surely some happiness is this day in store for me!“ These words had hardly escaped her lips, when she heard music under the win-



dow of her château. The Empress thought that she had been observed. She slowly retired from the casement, and again reclined on her bed.

Suddenly, without any announcement, without even tapping at the door of the chamber, some one entered, and hurried towards the couch of Josephine. „Ah!“ exclaimed she, folding her gown around her, and stretching forth her arms, „I was certain this would be a happy day for me. My son! My Eugene!“ She wept with delight; and the first transports of meeting over, they gazed at each other in silence, which was only interrupted by an embrace. Their looks, their very silence, was so expressive! There was something almost divine in the affection of Eugene towards his mother. „My good, my kind mother!“ said the viceroy of Italy, when he recovered the power of utterance, „I wished to surprise you, to visit you without announcing my arrival by your attendants. I only took care to awaken you by the music of the military band.“ „You have done wrong perhaps, my dear Eugene, in not previously sending to prepare me for the meeting,“ replied Josephine, with a heavenly smile, not in the least tinctured with reproach; „for sudden joy, joy like mine, might occasion death. I have always loved you. The half of the love I bear the Emperor is occasioned by the kindness with which he regards you. The other half, and be not jealous of it, belongs to him alone; I love him because he is Napoleon.“ „And I, I love you with all my heart, because you are my mother, and because you adore him,“ continued Eugene. „You have doubtless seen him since you have returned, my son?“ asked Josephine. „My first visit, as well as my first thought were for you, my mother, „you owe it to another, my son“, immediately replied the Empress, gravely, yet affectionately; „I can only claim the second. But the Emperor who loves his mother so dearly, well knows what it is to be a son,“ continued she; „and he will



forgive your neglect, my dear Eugene." But perceiving that her reproach had hurt him, she dried up his tears with a maternal embrace.

The mother and son breakfasted together in private, that their intercourse might not be trammelled by the rules of etiquette. They talked of Italy, of the campaigns, and victories of the Emperor; till Josephine felt inclined to believe that it was a God she had for a husband and an Angel for a son.

When their meal was ended, they descended into the garden, and, the Prince supporting his mother on his arm, they wandered through the winding walks, traversed the subterranean grotts, or rowed gently on the bosom of the lake.

On the same morning a magnificent carriage dashed up the Avenue to Versailles, and paused at the grand entrance. Another drawn by eight horses, and still more magnificent, followed this with the rapidity of lightning. This was hailed, as it passed, with shouts of joy; but the man to whom this welcome was addressed paid but little attention to it. His arms were folded, and his head reclined upon his breast in an attitude of profound reflection; and he did not respond, even by the slightest gesture, to the acclamations of the crowd.

Napoleon, for it was he, seemed moody and morose, as if he were on the eve of engaging in a battle which was to decide the fate of Europe. In vain did the multitude look for one of those gracious smiles, which he so well knew how to bestow. He saw it not, he heard it not. He could only listen to the thoughts that weighed upon his mind; and the restless demeanour which he found it impossible to command, plainly showed that his reflections were of the most harassing description. He was accompanied by the chamberlain of the palace, who, observing the agitation of his master, took care not to increase his ill-temper by any attempts at conversation.



The Emperor alighted and said to Duroc, „I shall go to Trianon on foot, and attended by none but Roustan. Observe, I shall soon return. I only wish to surprise the Empress“, added he. His brow appeared to darken more and more. Accompanied by Roustan, he hastened through one of the cross-paths in the dark. During the walk but few words escaped his lips. He still remained deeply buried in thought.

Although Napoleon had not intended to give the Empress any previous notice of his visit to Versailles, yet the report of his arrival reached Trianon before him. M. Frere, Josephine's valet-de-chambre, hurried to acquaint his mistress with the news, who was still wandering in the shady walks of the garden with her dearly beloved son. The information cast a sudden gloom over her spirits, which was the more unaccountable, as she had usually been transported with joy on the arrival of her husband. Eugene likewise, who endeavoured to preserve the gayness and joy he had hitherto displayed, found it impossible to conceal his uneasiness, though he could not account for it. As the Empress was passing the threshold of the chateau, she slipped, and almost fell. „So fine a day“, said she, sighing; „should it end in sorrow!“ . . . . . Josephine, however, still thought of her son Eugene, though she felt so uneasy for herself; and fearing that the Emperor would testify surprise and displeasure at not receiving the first visit, she prevailed upon him to retire to a room, adjoining that in which she intended to receive her husband. Eugene had hardly retired, when the Emperor entered hurriedly, and tossed his hat upon a sofa without uttering a word. When the Empress arose to receive the accustomed kiss, she shuddered and shrank back, as if under the influence of some supernatural power. His feverish lips but slightly touched her forehead, and that seemingly with constraint. The Emperor, with his hands convulsively clasped, walked rapidly up and down



the apartment in silence, while Josephine stood terrified, leaning against the wall, and anxiously watching every movement of her husband. Suddenly the Emperor paused, and stood before his wife for sometime, with his eyes anxiously fixed upon her. "Napoleon, tell me, what has your poor Josephine done, that you should frighten her so?" "„Let us not talk of that now," said he, in a tone of constrained harshness; „business, Madame, business demands our attention to-day." Madame! . . . . . you used to call me Josephine!" "„Well, well don't talk of that." "„But what then?" Asked Josephine, frightened at his manner. „Business, I tell you business!" exclaimed Napoleon hastily. „There was a time," replied Josephine, „when you spoke to me of your affairs, that you might gather some friendly counsel from a feeble woman; your voice was not then so harsh; and your smiles, which were not then so bitter as they now are, encouraged me to speak my thoughts." In truth, Madame, I would sooner be compelled to reconquer the whole of Italy, than to utter my present thoughts. The Emperor of the French, who must attend to the welfare of his people, has no time, to make a parade of sentiment."

Josephine drew forth a casket, in which were preserved the letters of Napoleon and opening it, placed it before him. „Sire," said she, with dignity, „these were written by the first consul, the victor of Marengo." „Ah! love letters!" replied the Emperor, glancing at them carelessly; „love letters! true! but does it become you Madame, to display them thus? . . . . . This for instance, would you that I should read it to you — this which I wrote to you on the field of battle, worn out with fatigue, thinking only of you, telling all my glory to you alone, who would not return a single answer, indulging as you did in all the pleasures of Milan, and, perhaps encouraging the attentions of some cavalier!" „Sire," replied the Empress, „have some respect for me, for yourself!"



„Or shall I read this,” continued Napoleon, becoming more heated, as he remembered the jealousy, to which he had formely been a victim; “would you wish me to do so? Hold. I will.” And he read the following letter:—

„I came to Milan; I hastened to your apartment; I quitted every thing to see you, to embrace you. You were not there. You were at a fête; you were away when I arrived, you thought not of Napoleon. „Caprice made you love him, „and inconstancy renders you now indifferent to him. The „pain I feel is as severe as it was unexpected. Continue „in your career of pleasure; happiness was made for „you; the whole world is but too happy if it can please „you, and your husband is very, very miserable!” —

„Oh! the thought of this draws the blood to my cheek,” continued the Emperor, „remove these scrawls; away with them, or I tear them to pieces. Do not remind me again that I the foremost man in all the world, could have a rival in the affections of a woman whom I have raised to the dignity of my wife.” At this moment the sound of a footstep was heard in an adjoining apartment, accompanied with a long drawn and badly suppressed sigh. „Who overhears us?” demanded the Emperor angrily; „Who is there?” — and he advanced to the door of the chamber whence the noise proceeded. It is my son, who is there, „replied Josephine, in a tone which manifested her indignation at his reproaches. She herself opened the door for Prince Eugene, who threw himself into the arms of the Empress, weeping, and only able to say.” „My mother! my poor mother!”

Bonaparte who had greatly exaggerated the suspicions which the apparent levity of Josephine had formerly occasioned, was so surprised at the sudden appearance of Eugene, and at the picture of grief displayed before him, that he did not even think of questioning the Viceroy as to his arrival. Josephine, the insulted Josephine, now appeared to have dominion over the Emperor, but by



other means than before. „My son has heard my accusation,” said she, addressing Napoleon, „let him, Sire, also hear my defence. — It shall be brief. I have been young, and too desirous, perhaps, of receiving homage, that it might seem, as it were, the reflection of your glory. But the wife of Napoleon Bonaparte has not, in her wedded state, had a thought or wish, which she would not avow to her husband as freely as to her God. Heaven grant that Napoleon Bonaparte may have as little reason to reproach himself as the Empress Josephine.“

The voice of the Empress, usually so calm, was now decisive and energetic. As she pronounced the last words, the Emperor stood almost in the light of one accused; for, besides that Josephine had never ceased to be his dearest friend, and the only person who possessed constant influence over him, it was no longer doubtful that her conjugal fidelity was unimpeachable; and her justification to him, delivered in the presence of a third person, like Eugene, hurt his pride.

He now made use of a gentle tone, judging that he would by this means obtain more easily the object of his visit. „You are right, my Josephine,” said he, „and I was in the wrong to give credit to suspicions totally unworthy of you: you are right, and may you always be my best friend. But let Eugene leave us alone for a few minutes, that I may propose to you a sacrifice which will cost me as many tears as it will you, Josephine.“ „You can proceed, Sire, before me,” said Eugene, who too truly conjectured the impending blow. „The Empress will, perhaps, require her son to aid her to support her misfortunes.“ Josephine remained silent. She had never listened to the reports which had been spread abroad, since the accession of her husband to the throne. Eugene gazed at her with tears in his eyes. „Well, then, my friend,” replied Bonaparte, „let your son, who will always be mine, also, hear me, and comfort even me: for it is



a fearful sacrifice." — So saying with an air of kindness, he placed one hand on the shoulder of Eugene, and with the other he clasped the hand of Josephine. „My friend, proceeded he, after a moment's recollection,“ do you think that an attachment of the heart is able to withstand every trial, and that, through the force of circumstances, two beings that adore each other, can live separated by distance, though not by sentiment? „Josephine at first did not understand him. It was evident that Napoleon was really attached to her, for he spoke much and indefinitely, before he ventured to pronounce the word divorce, which he at length summoned up courage to do, with pale and trembling lips. He joined to it some expressions concerning the interest and glory of France.

Napoleon doubtless expected a scene of tears, shrieks, and fainting. His surprise was great, when, at this avowal, the Empress summoned up all her strength, and answered him apparently unmoved. „Sire! if I had faith in oracles, and if I believed that, as has been told to me, I should carry to the place of my exile your fortune and your happiness, I would not consent to what you have proposed. But, if it will advantage either yourself or France, I will consent to it.“ She spoke in a firm and sustained tone; as she concluded, she reclined her head on the breast of her son, murmuring so low that it could not be heard by the Emperor, „I will consent, but it will kill me.“ „Why do you speak of exile?“ replied Napoleon, affected even to tears. „My Josephine shall always be so near me, that I can see her sometimes; and often will I leave the palace of another wife, whom the interests of the state, not my heart have compelled me to take, to clasp you again in my arms.“ „I give, without regret, all else to my successor,“ answered Josephine, „since I possess your heart; for mine is still young enough for friendship, although my face may be too old for love.“

When Napoleon was ready to depart, Josephine ap-



proached the window, and perceiving the weather had suddenly changed, and that the rain was descending in torrents, she sighed deeply, and then ordered one of her carriages to be prepared to conduct the Emperor to his suite.

This incident took place at the end of the month of September, 1809. Three years afterwards, when the giddy, thoughtless, and censurable Empress Maria Louisa, indulging in the various gratifications and amusements of Vienna, thought but little of the exile of her husband to Elba, the unfortunate, the lovely Josephine died of grief. The last words that she uttered were, „Elba! — Napoleon!“

During the hundred days the Emperor questioned her medical attendants concerning the cause of her death. „Grief for your Misfortunes,“ was the reply; and Napoleon added with a sigh, „she at least loved me.“



## N i g h t.

(From Fisher's Drawing room Scrap Book.)

'Tis night, but such delicious time  
 Would seem like day in northern clime.  
 A pale and holy element,  
 Where light and shade, together blent,  
 Are like the mind's high atmosphere,  
 When hope is calm, and heaven is near.  
 The moon is young — her crescent brow  
 Wears its ethereal beauty now;  
     Unconscious of the crime and care,  
 Which even her brief reign must know,  
     Till she will pine to be so fair,  
 With such a weary world below.  
 A tremulous and silver beam  
 Melts over palace, garden, stream:  
 Each flower beneath that tranquil ray  
 Wears other beauty than by day  
 All pale as if with love, and lose  
 Their rich variety of hues —  
     But ah! that languid loveliness  
 Hath magic, to the morn unknown,  
     A deep and pensive tenderness,  
 The heart at once feels is its own —



How fragrant to these dewy hours  
 The white Magnolia lifts its urn,  
 The very Araby of flowers,  
 Wherein all precious odours burn.  
 And when the wind disperses these,  
 The faint scent of the lemon trees  
 Mingles with that rich sigh which dwells  
 Within the bauboul's\*) golden bell's.  
 The dark green peepul's\*\*) glossy leaves,  
 Like mirrors, each a ray receives,  
 While luminous the moonlight falls  
 O'er pearl kiosk and marble walls,  
 Those graceful palaces that stand  
 Most like the work of Peri-land.  
 And rippling to the lovely shore,  
 The river tremulous with light,  
 On its small waves is covered o'er  
 With the sweet offerings of the night.

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\*) A favourite Indian plant.

\*\*) A tree usually planted by graves.



## Morning.

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**T**he ghurrees \*) are chiming the morning hour,  
 The voice of the Priests, is heard from the tower.  
 The turrets of Delhi are white in the sun,  
 Alas! that another bright day has begun.  
 Children of earth, ah! how can ye bear  
 This constant awakening to toil and to care?  
 Out upon Morning, its hours recall  
 Earth to its trouble, man to his thrall;  
 Out upon Morning, it chases the night,  
 With all the sweet dreams, that on slumber alight;  
 Out upon Morning, which wakes us to life,  
 With its toil, its repining, its sorrow and strife.

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\*) The ghurree is a sort of gong, on which the hour is struck, when the brazen cup fills, and sinks down in the water of the vessel on which it floats. This primitive method of reckoning time, is still retained in India.



## A Tale of the Sea.

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„I'm on the sea, I'm on the sea,  
 „Oh, I am where I would ever be,  
 „With a blue above, and a blue below,  
 „And pleasure, wheresoever I go; —  
 „And should a storm arise and awake the deep,  
 „What matter, what matter, while I can ride and sleep.“  
 Mariner's Song.

**H**enry Campbell was from his childhood a wild and wreckless fellow. His restless spirit was ever on the watch for some enterprise, the danger which he loved to encounter, to show that courage and carelessness of life, for which he was renowned above all his schoolfellows. We were inseparable companions, and from our similarity of disposition, our souls were locked within each other in that strong tie of affection, which the hand of time cannot unbind. We were both orphans from infancy; a large estate in the county of Lancaster was put into the hands of a wealthy merchant of Liverpool, as the guardian of Campbell; while my prospects were dependent on a small annuity of about two hundred pounds arising from an estate in the county Louth. We both left school at the same time, and I accompanied my friend to Liverpool, to spend some time with him previous to my entering the Navy, in which my relations had procured for me the rank of midshipman. Many were our



frolics, and innumerable the „hair breadth’scapes“ that we encountered together, during our first days of birch emancipation. At length the day arrived when we must part: Alas! that day, how fresh it still buds in my memory. I gave a farewell entertainment to which I invited six guests, all kindred spirits with whom we had made acquaintance in our larking excursions. Three were the sons of merchants, who only attended their fathers, offices to obtain the pecuniary supplies necessary to carrying, „on the war;“ two more were midshipmen, on leave of absence with their relations; and the other was the son of a merchant who lived in some of the Mediterranean ports. He was in Liverpool transacting some business for his father; but, liking society, he joined the band of boon companions in whose ranks I have now described him. The bottle had circulated pretty freely — the jest and song flew and rebounded from guest to guest — every heart was laid open, even to the inmost recesses, and the desires of all tended to one common goal, namely, the executing of some exciting enterprise. One recommended a knight errantry expedition — another that we should in a body make a tour of the continent — while the Mids strenuously urged a naval excursion in search of adventure. We had nearly settled on the latter, when the question of „who should take command!“ was asked; all declined, for lack of experience, and our prospects were again in statu quo; at length it was wisely resolved, that as none of the members were adequate to the situation of Post Captain, we should adjourn our enterprise for the term of three years, at the expiration of which, dead or alive, we should all assemble to adopt plans for futurity.

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„Welcome! welcome! my dear Tom,“ said Henry Campbell, rising from the table, and presenting his hand to



me as I entered, „you complete our muster,” said he, „and though last, I assure you, you are my first and best esteemed.” I was touched by his affectionate manner, and my heart throbbed with mutual feeling at the pressure of his hand. I soon recognized my old partners and companions in mischief; we congratulated each other on our punctuality and precision.

„Eh? shiver my timbers, Tom,” said young Williams, who now wore a Lieutenant’s rigging, „what’s the matter with your larboard grappler?”

I took my fingerless hand from the sling. „Alas!” said I, „I left it on board the Royal Charlotte.” „The devil! what in the action with the L’Etoile off Brest?” „The same,” said I, returning the limb to its rest; „but, thank my stars, the starboard one is staunch, and always ready to grasp the scratcher of an old friend;” and we shook hands cordially. We conversed freely; and midnight found us still lingering, as if loth to separate. Each had recounted his adventures since last we met; every topic of conversation was worn out and still we sat. At length we all retired, and I resigned myself to the arms of slumber, fatigued by the long journey I had taken from Portsmouth. The rosy dawn had superseded the night cloud, and morning resumed her empire, to smile on the ripening harvest. When I arose, my spirits were light, and free as the zephyr that creeps in a ripple over the glossy ocean, and, like objects reflected in its bosom, were the souls and desires of my friends. Six days had we spent in Liverpool, in the search of a craft that should bear us forth on the wide ocean; and the seventh shewed us a schooner, the most symmetrically beautiful, I had ever beheld. It appeared she had been a French free trader, captured in the English Channel, and was now broomed by the admiralty board, and destined to fall into the hands of eight of as free souls as ever trod a plank. After a few preliminaries with the officials, the broom



was taken from the main mast of *La Louise*, and she called Lieutenant Williams, master.

A month was sufficient to arrange our affairs, and on the 5th April 18—, our foretopsail was shuck out to the breeze, and our gallant bark moved through the „growing waters,“ and bore from the land of their father's the choicest spirits that ever hailed the dashing spray that rose over a weather-bow. No destination was ours; and we bore down the Channel with a slashing quarter-free breeze; and as the foaming green gushed through our lee-scuppers, a strain rose over the fitful plunge of our noble craft, for poor Campbell sung from the poop, where he sat, the following verses: —

„Oh“ deep blue sea! oh! deep blue sea!  
Thy billowed breast hath joys for me;  
The soft embrace of thy boundless arms  
I prize much more than woman's charms;  
And while I rush thro'the sparkling foam,  
I never sigh for my island home.

„Oh, fresh'ning breeze! oh, fresh'ning breeze!  
To thee do I owe such joys as these.  
Oh! o'er our bark let thy breathing sing,  
And speed me swift as the falcon's wing;  
For while I gaze at our wake's white foam,  
I never sigh, for my island home.

„My island home — yes! my island home —  
I've left thee now, o'er the sea to roam;  
With a heart unchained thy shores I leave,  
In joy to dance o'er the ocean wave;  
And while I rush thro'the sparkling foam,  
I cannot sigh for my island home.“

The last cadence had died away in the murmur of the waters, which sung a hoarse accompaniment as the moon rose slowly and majestically from her ocean bed — and as she gradually ascended the cloudless firmament, a silver



path came dancing in innumerable glittering corruscations over the undulating surface of the sea. Years have passed away — I have partaken of the banquet of pleasure and drained the full chalice of misfortune, still does my memory treasure within itself, the prized remembrance of that evening when pure unmixed happiness reigned over our little band. The breathings of eternal affection rose from the heart of each, and the hallowed bond of friendship was enshrined within the soul. We were more than brothers.

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„Unbend the fore-top and top-gallant studding-sails; clew up and hand the fore-top gallant and royal, and take in two reefs in the fore-top sail,“ roared Williams, as he looked over the weather quarter and pulled his sou' west'ar over his eyes, as if preparing for a breeze. „Aye, aye,“ said Di Metto, who acted as first mate, and in a moment the shrouds rattled with the ascending steps of our crew preparing to obey the command.

Every thing was done in a minute, — the gaff-topsail was handed and two reefs taken in the main sail. The ship heaved sluggishly through the darkening ocean, and majestically awaited the coming squall which was rushing from the northwest. It came overwhelming, and tore the billows from their fathomless depths. A watery mountain inundated our bark for a moment, and she rose to bend to the furious gush of wind and water. The fore-yard dipped in the brine, as the steersmann cried „luff,“ and put the helm down. The gallant ship opposed her bow to the watery battery, and as she again fell majestically away before the bounding breeze, the lee braces were tightened, and, like a swallow on the summer zephyr, La Louise flew before the angry elements. We were then about forty leagues to the northward of the island of Madeira, and at the rate of fifteen knots an hour we



bounded towards the straits of Gibraltar. The night continued dreadful, not a star sparkled in the dark cloudy sky; our jib boom dipped in the wave at every heave, and our deck was one continued deluge. For two nights and one day did we suffer thus; but on the morning of the second day the sun rose splendidly, and dispersed the lowering clouds and tattering gale, and nothing remained of the storm but the heavy swell of the ocean. We had suffered considerably; our main and fore topmast stays were gone, the storm-jib and mainsail were blown away, and three of our stanchions were stove in; but, except the latter, every thing was soon replaced. We had just shook out our new bent sails to a fine steady breeze, when a boy gave notice of a square rigged vessel on the lee-bow; every glass was set in a moment, and the sun threw his golden rays on the snowy canvas of a fine brig under French colours. We determined to give chase, and sail after sail was set, till our gallant bark at every plunge threw a heavy spray even to the fore-yard. After three hours hard sailing, we began to come close on our object; she appeared to be a fine well armed brig, and much our superior in size and appointments. On seeing the English ensign floating from our gaff, she bore to and ran across our weather bow; it was now high time to prepare, for an action was inevitable. The guns were cleared, small arms were every where scattered about, all lumber was stowed below, and our men with bared arms and determined faces, stood at their guns. We had encountered many dangers; our ocean path was dyed with blood, and laurels of glory were heaped upon our brows. Many a gallant craft had we borne in triumph to our native land, and the name of the Louise privateer was wafted in thunder over the wave. Yet some fearful spell, some dreadful prognosticating voice seemed to whisper in my ear, „This closes your career.“ A consciousness of the fulfilment of this foreboding thrilled through my blood.



which all my efforts could not shake off. Poor Campbell rushed from group to group, encouraging and inspiring our brave crew. Di Metto commanded the gun on the starboard bow; next to him stood Jackson; then poor Campbell in the waist; next to him Roberts, on the quarter-deck a starboard; on the larboard broadside were Carson, and Mc. Mahon, an Irishman and my relation; then Gordon; and last my authorship, at the gun on the larboard bow. The Frenchman was now coming booming down upon us on the larboard tack; in a few moments he poured a broadside into us, which was as promptly returned. Volley after volley was discharged; the two vessels neared each other, and, were finally locked yard-arm in yard-arm. Now came the „tug of war.“ Our deck was a continued sea of blood; some of our bravest had fallen. Di Metto was killed in the first broadside, and Williams wounded in the left arm; still that gallant officer waved his cutlass and cheered his gallant men in their well-directed fire. The French fell in great numbers; one whole file of boarders were swept away by our broadside: but their places were soon filled by their prompt companions. The crew of the enemy trebled ours, and still we disputed the unequal combat. We were now reduced to one third of our number, and the remains of our brave band marshalled themselves on the quarterdeck to stand the brunt of a host of foes, who poured over our bulwarks on all sides. The work of destruction commenced and ended in a few moments. Fifteen of our gallant crew remained for the captors, most of whom were wounded. Campbell fell fighting desperately by my side; my right leg and arm were shot away, and I lay helpless weltering in my gore. I should have shared the fate of the rest of my friends — not one of whom remained but Campbell, who was wounded in the side by a sword cut — but for the affectionate bravery of Mc. Mahon. He stood like a Hercules, felling whole piles of foes, and swore he



would „defend my corpse to the last.“ A gigantic Frenchman threw a boarding-pike with well directed aim, and pinned the brave fellow to the rattling; but he did not die unavenged. His murderer advanced to recover his pike, and while in the act of extracting it, the invincible spirit of the Irishman nerved his arm for a last blow, and while he wielded his trusty cutlas, he uttered his last words, „may Auld Nick sweep his kitchen wid ye, and aftherwards burn the broom, you murtherin dog,“ and the head flew from Monsieur.

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The faint glimmer of Pale light that was thrown through the narrow loop-hole of our dungeon fell on the emaciated and lifeless features of my friend, Campbell — he had just expired in my arms — his high and reckless spirit was broken, and he departed like the flitting shadow of twilight. I was fast following my poor friend — every earthly tie was rent in twain, and I longed for the hour that should free my spirit from its earthly persecutors.

As I sat one day meditating on the dingy prospects of futurity, alternate shades of pain and pleasure flashed across my imagination, the rusty hinges of my dungeon grated on my ears, and as I raised my head, the heavy clank of my manacles whispered the accents of despair to my senses. A tall old man entered; he was habited in black, and his white flowing hair contrasted deeply with his sombre dress; he approached and sat down beside me. Oh! how sweet was the voice of his comfort to my ears, unaccustomed for ten years to human sound, save the rough, stern growl of the turnkey, who appeared once a day with food. I could have worshipped the kind old man. How much was I surprised when he ordered my fetters to be struck off, and helped me to rise from my squalid couch. He conducted me home to his splendid house; and there it was I learned I owed my preservation



to Monsieur le Count de Valois, whom I had saved from the carnage on board the *Ville Grande* brig, which we had captured in the first years of our naval glory. He fully proved his gratitude by his present conduct.

After spending some time with him, during which I had recruited my health in some measure, I sailed from Dieppe in the eleventh year after I had entered its dungeons, a wounded captive, and in the eighth year of my ever-to-be-lamented friend's death.

I now reside on my little patrimony; and while my earthly career is drawing to a close, I never cease to regret and dwell with a sorrowing thought on the friends of my infancy, and the unfortunate partners in the trials and misfortunes, as well as the joys and pleasures of

Dundalk, January 1837.

J. H.



## For ever Thine.

**F**or ever thine! for ever thine! in youth's unclouded  
 hour,  
 With all of beauty I may boast, with all my earthly  
 dower;  
 With love as pure, as tried, as true, as ever  
 maiden gave,  
 With love that will attend thee still unfailing to the grave.

For ever thine! for ever thine! a light I'll try to be,  
 Shining within our peaceful home, what e'er our lot  
 may be;  
 And should our destin'd path be laid, mid scenes of pomp  
 and pride,  
 My heart shall know no prouder boast, than walking by  
 thy side.

And if the days of sorrow come, to pale thy cheek  
 with care,  
 I'll bend my knee in secrecy, and raise for thee, my  
 prayer;  
 And when the snows of age descend upon thy manly  
 brow,  
 I'll gaze as fondly on thy face, as tenderly as now.



And when the parting hour arrives, I'll raise thy  
dying head,  
And watch around thy suffering couch, with soft and  
noiseless tread;  
And if I leave thee lonely here, for blissful scenes above,  
For ever thine! for ever thine! I'll wait for thee above.



And when the parting hour arrives, I'll raise thy  
 dying head,  
 And watch around thy suffering couch, with soft and  
 unobtrusive tread;  
 And if I leave thee lonely here, for blissful scenes above,  
 For ever thine! for ever thine! I'll wait for thee above.

## E p i t a p h.

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**T**he following epithaph, written by the celebrated Dr. Johnson on his wife, is perhaps one of the most beautiful in the English, or any other language.

Here underneath this stone doth lie,  
 As much virtue as could die,  
 Which when alive, did vigour give,  
 To as much beauty as could live.

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## An Awful Recollection.

By Derwent Conway,

Author of „Solitary walks through many lands.“

**I** was once the witness of one of those appalling events, that are fortunately but of rare occurrence, even in this world of pain and trouble; but which must ever form a dark speck on the Vista of past years, to him who has beheld so fearful an example of the insecurity of life and happiness. My tale shall be an unvarnished one; — it needs not the aid of imagination to impress it with a character of deeper interest, than that which its plain and terrible truth has affixed to it.

It was in the latter end of spring in the year 1823, that, after having passed a winter of gaiety in Paris, I left the French Metropolis for Spa, with the design of dividing the summer between that place and Aix la chappelle; and one of the days towards the end of April, I found myself at that celebrated spot, which has given a generic name to the watering places of our own country.

Of Spa, it may truly be said, „Spring comes slowly up this way;“ for although it was then bordering upon summer, and altho, in descending the Mese from Namur, I had seen the woods hastening to array themselves in their garb of beauty, that the blushes of coming May might



be hidden from the garish sun — here summer yet stood afar off: the fir trees were indeed tipped with their bright and tender shoots; the clear streams were at their tender revels; the skies were blue, and the earth green; and the lark was in the air, and the plover on the heath; — but the chill clear atmosphere of spring was around; patches of snow yet lay on the neighbouring heights; and neither the hawthorn nor the blackbird was ready to welcome the approach of May: but Spa had, nevertheless, its charms; — there was a charm in the open country, and the invigorating air; and there was luxury in the deep silence of the neighbouring hills, after the topage of the *Rue neuve de petits champs*

I took my residence in one of those boardings houses of which there is no lack in this place. Being yet so early in the year, the number of inmates was not great; and it happened, that from eight or ten, they gradually, during the first week, dwindled away to four, leaving only, besides myself, an English lady and her daughter, named Byam, and a young gentleman of the name of Morton. I have seldom seen a more perfect lady than Mrs. Byam; and I have never seen a girl more truly elegant in appearance, or more purely English in character, than Miss Caroline Byam. I must be particular in my description of the personages of my story. This is necessary, in order that I may create the greater interest in their fate. But why should I seek to augment this interest, and to communicate to the reader a portion of that sadness which oppresses me, when I call to mind the smiling countenance of that innocent girl, whose fate — but let me not anticipate. I wish I could describe Caroline Byam: but it is impossible that any description of her features should convey the slightest idea of her countenance. I can say nothing more definite than this; that her figure was full of grace — that her countenance was radiant with beauty, and youth, and gladness; and when



I have said that in character — in mind, she was purely English, I do not know that anything more need be added: she was frank, ingenuous, confiding, modest, and intelligent.

I had not been many days at Spa, before I observed that Charles Morton and Caroline Byam, were more to each other, than common acquaintance; nor did Morton seem unworthy of the affections which he appeared to possess. The descendant of an honourable lineage, educated in the first of our English universities, and possessed of an ample fortune, he had lately been called to the bar with the fairest prospects opening around him. To a highly cultivated mind, he added much of what is usually called genius; and in him, the somewhat exclusive education of a university, and the technicalities of a legal profession, had been unable to narrow the sphere of his knowledge, or to substitute, for the impulses of feeling, one cold maxim of worldly selfishness. Charles Morton was the model of an English gentleman: and at the period of my sojourn in Spa, he reached his twenty fourth birth-day: Caroline Byam was five years younger.

It was evident that the attachment between these two interesting strangers was of no ordinary kind: and if it ever could be the privilege of human reason, to augur future felicity from present promise, it might there have been exercised; for happiness had already put forth her fairest blossoms, and they had outlived the season when frost might have blighted, or the canker worm fed upon them. There is a season in love, when the beatings of the heart are but the chronicles of happiness — when doubt no longer finds an abode, and when jealousy enters it no more, nor is it till then, that the deep and hidden treasures of tenderness overflow: such love as this dwelt with Charles and Caroline

It may be presumed, that being the only inmate in the house with Mrs. Byam, Caroline, and Charles Mor-



ton, I should soon contract an intimacy with them: a week indeed had scarcely elapsed, before I was included in all their plans. In the morning, we walked together, or rode in company, and every evening was spent in music or conversation. The acquisition of a fourth to the party was perhaps not disagreeable to two of its members; for although the attentions of Caroline towards her mother, were dutiful and constant, the smile with which she used to reward me, when in the narrow paths that wind around the hills, I would motion her to go forward with Charles Morton, while I took charge of her mother, yet comes to my memory strangely blended with the expression of horror that — but I am again about to anticipate.

It was in one of these walks, about a month after my arrival at Spa, when climbing one of the steep zigzag paths opposite to the town, and when Caroline and her lover were a few yards in advance, that Mrs. Byam, upon my observing to her how full of grace were her daughter and her companion, said; „sit down by me upon this rustic chair, Caroline and Charles will reach the top of the hill without missing us, and before they find their way back, I shall have disclosed some of their secrets, though I have no doubt you are already master of the most important of them;“ and seating ourselves accordingly by the side of the path, Mrs. Byam continued. „I need not inform you, that Charles Morton and Caroline are engaged; and if a mutual, sincere, and tried attachment, and a similarity of tastes and feelings, afford any grounds for prophecy, I may predict happiness from their union. God grant that my prediction may prove true. We have known the vicissitudes of life, and have struggled against poverty, and its attendant — neglect: and even Caroline has not smiled all her days. But let me commence my brief narrative, else we may be interrupted. Captain Byam, Caroline's father and my husband, died insolvent. I will not say that he was blameless; but misfortune had a share



in bringing him to beggary. He always believed that if he should not himself inherit the Byam Castle estate during life, it must eventually become the property of his child; and the extravagances that accelerated his ruin, may on that account perhaps admit of some palliation. At the time of Captain Byam's death, Caroline was only five years old, and our only resource was the slender provision of an officer's widow; but this state of destitution, I confidently believed, would terminate with the life of the owner of Castle Byam. Scarcely a year had elapsed, when the event, to which I had looked forward took place; but along with this information, I received the unlooked — for intelligence, that an other claimant had appeared to dispute the inheritance with my child; and had, in fact, already begun to exercise his assumed rights. I was thunderstruck; but how could I contend against wealth and possession; no one was willing to encounter risks for my sake, nor could I expect this; and after having indignantly refused a miserable pittance proffered by the usurper of our rights, I at length found that composure which proceeds from the consciousness that our destinies are fixed.

It was at time that I first saw Charles Morton: he was then a boy of eleven and lived at the great house hard by. Often in the simplicity of his heart, he would put questions to me, which, for a moment, renewed the recollections I wished to banish for ever. „Why“, he would say, „do you and Miss Caroline not live in a house like papa's,“ — „Why has Miss Caroline not a governess, as my sister Emily has“ — or „why have you not pines and grapes after dinner?“ and I well remember, that when I have answered, „because, love, we have no money to get these things,“ the tears would start into his eyes, and he would say, „I cannot give you a large house, but I will give you pines and grapes without money.“ As Charles Morton grew older, he began to



discover, probably from casual expression of mine, that our circumstances were not what they once had been; and I think he might have some what passed his fifteenth year, when I one day explained to him, that we had been defrauded of our rights, and that in place of being a rich heiress, his play-mate, Caroline, must one day eat her own bread. I can never forget the expression of the boy's countenance at that moment; and it was in that moment, as he has since told me, that the boyish resolution was formed, which afterwards ripened into a fixed purpose — to devote himself to those studies which might aid his design of restoring his play-mate to her rights. It was intended by his father, that he should follow no profession, but should be, what is called, a country gentleman: but he steadily adhered to his purpose, and after a brilliant career at Oxford, he applied himself assiduously to the study of the law. It is now a little more than a year ago, that he was called to the bar, and almost at the same time his father died, leaving him in possession of a very ample fortune. Caroline was then not quite eighteen, and he pleaded hard with me to consent to his union with her. „No, Charles,” I said, „Caroline is pennyless; she is not indeed the less worthy of you on that account; but such will not be the opinion of the world, or of your relations: finish what you have so nobly begun; you say her rights are indisputable, establish them, and as the heiress of Byam Castle, Caroline need not blush to be led into the hall of your Ancestors: „she will not love you less because she is rich.” He acquiesced in my wish, and before six months had elapsed, he had the satisfaction of seeing his perseverance and abilities rewarded; and the purpose conceived in boyhood achieved. Caroline obtained her rights, „and now, Charles, said I“, „spend the ensuing spring with us abroad, and upon our return to England in four months, you may ask of me what boon you will, and I promise you it shall be granted.” When



Mrs. Byam had proceeded thus far in her narrative, Caroline and Charles appeared at the turn of the path, accelerating their pace when they perceived us. „This“, continued Mrs. Byam as they approached, „is a full disclosure, I have nothing more to add, excepting that in another week we propose returning to England, when I shall be quite ready to redeem my promise.“

The near approach of the day that would separate me from those in whom I felt so much interest, was contemplated by me with painful feelings; but I looked forward with pleasing anticipation to the fulfilment of a promise exacted of me by Charles Morton and Caroline, to visit them in their own house during the winter; for even Caroline with a charming bashfulness, and transient blush, had seconded the invitation: and besides I was not so selfish as to desire a postponement of their happiness. They deserved to be happy, for deep, and pure, and tender was their attachment.

„Charles“, said Mrs. Byam, while we sat after tea the same evening I had learned the little history, I have related, „you had better go to Maestricht to-morrow, where you say you ought to visit a friend who was once kind to you; the journey will detain you from us only two days.“ Charles looked at Caroline, and the tears started into her eyes; „I cannot leave her“, said he placing her hand between his. „Foolish children,“ said Mrs. Byam with a smile. No replied he „we are not foolish; we shall never part any more;“ and Caroline's look, full of confiding love, answered, „never any more.“ Fearfully was this prediction destined to be verified.

Among the many excursions which we made from Spa, one, the most interesting perhaps, we had reserved for the last day, we should be together. It was to the ruined Castle of William de la Muck, a personage better known through modern fiction, than by historical record. From this excursion we anticipated great pleasure; parti-



cularly as it would be a means of carrying us into a part of the country which we had not before visited; and we had often spoken of it as a worthy Finale to our residence at Spa. The reputed ruins of this Castle, are situated near Stanlot, between which and Spa, lies a tract of wild country, consisting partly of heathy hills, and partly of flat swampy land, covered for the most part with a fine verdure. The immediate neighbourhood of these ruins is highly romantic; steep hills rising abruptly on every side, and the river Warge forcing its way between them.

It was now the evening before our excursion and we passed it together as usual; it was probably the last evening we should spend from a domestic circle, and with this feeling partaken by us all, reserve was partly laid aside; a glass was filled by us in the English fashion, to a safe arrival at home, and I proposed another to the accomplishment of our respective hopes; and when I raised my eyes to the countenance of the manly youth and the lovely girl who sat opposite to me, and saw the beautiful blending of present, deep-felt happiness, with the anticipations of still fuller joy, I said within myself, „the world is less full misery than men say.“

The morning arrived; and never did morning bring with a purer air, or a more exhilarating sun. It was the twenty-sixth of June, a day never to be forgotten by me: gaiety presided at our morning repast, and about nine o'clock our horses were in readiness. The most trivial circumstances of that morning, I remember, as if had happened yesterday. Caroline was first mounted; she rode a beautiful grey jennet the gift of Charles: and I recollect well that I stood several minutes, on the door-way in admiration of her, forgetting that I was waited for. I had never seen Caroline look so lovely. The day being perfectly calm, she wore a gipsy bonnet, which secured her from the sun, at the same time that it showed to one standing below, the fine contour of her neck, and



the profusion of ringlets that shaded it: her eloquent eyes were full of the lustre that beams anticipation; her lips seemed ready for their sweetest smiles; and her elegant and beautifully moulded form was charmingly set off by the flexible merino habit, which, confined by a girdle at the waist, fell in that natural and flowing drapery which at the same time hides, and yet modestly reveals. I see her at this moment, spending up the steep activity that leads to the Geronstère, her green veil floating behind, and her lover putting spurs to his horse to overtake her; while she, from time to time, turns her head, and with an arch, and almost winning smile, beckons us onward.

The road to Stavelot is for three miles the same as the high road to the Prussian frontier; it then turns to the right, along the ridge of some heathy hills, and reaches Stavelot eleven miles farther, after making the various and often extraordinary circuits which the nature of the country renders necessary. This being the last day we should be together, we did not separate into parties; we all rode nearly abreast, generally at a walking pace, talking of „the wild boar of Ardennes,“ and his former exploits, and the splendid fiction in which they are recorded; sometimes stopping to point out to each other, the indistinct landmarks that define the boundaries of Prussia and the Netherlands, sometimes taking advantage of a stripe of green sward by the road side to quicken our pace, and often forgetting other discourse, in admiration of the surrounding objects. Not that these were either beautiful or romantic, but they were varied and agreeable, and seen under a cloudless sky and a summer sun: deep and silent vallies, with the curling smoke of the few scattered cottages; small lakes, gleaming, like mirrors set in a rugged frame; streams glancing like liquid silver; quiet hills; and gentle flocks, raising their heads, and turning to gaze at us as we passed — these were the simple features of the landscape; and they borrowed a



charm from the tone of our minds, to which the pure air, and the pleasant exercise had communicated their influences. The dark side of human affairs was turned away from us: the world lay in sunshine; only the gilded eminences rose out of past years, and as for the future! what had we to do with futurity? — life was strong within us, and joy had mingled with its tide.

We had now but one valley to cross, and one hill to ascend, before looking down upon the ruins we were in quest of. From the point which we had now reached, the road made a very remarkable turn: we plainly saw it ascend the opposite hill, but in place of crossing the intervening flat, to the foot of the hill, a distance of not more than a mile, it made a circuit of at least a league, round the valley to the opposite heights. We reined in our horses a moment. „I think“, said I, „we shall act wisely in keeping the road.“ „Look“, said Caroline, „here is a path“, I can trace it across the whole way to the hill, we shall be there immediately.“ „I think there is a path,“ said Mrs. Byam. „Charles shall go first, and you shall follow, love.“ „No“, said Caroline, „to me belongs the merit of the discovery, and, therefore, I claim the point of honour. Charles may lead the way as we return;“ and we accordingly entered upon the path, Caroline first, next her lover, Mrs. Byam third, and myself in the rear. „My horse does not seem to like the path“, said Charles, „the ground seems swampy.“ Thus we proceeded, at a moderate pace, talking as gaily as before, though Charles Morton again repeated, that his horse had a strange disinclination to the road. We were now not more than a quarter of a mile from the opposite height: here, the path became some, what rugged, and diverged apparently from the direct line, while a beautiful smooth sward stretched before us to the foot of the hill. „Come“ said Caroline, reining in her jennet for a moment, and turning her head as she adressed all her



followers, „Let us try who shall first reach the hill; how smooth and beautiful the grass is.“ I saw her face for a moment, youth and health in her cheek, and her own beautiful smile upon her lips; the next, she had turned away, and without waiting for an answer, she touched her horse, and he sprang onwards on the bright smooth verdure. O God! that moment of unutterable horror! I saw her dart forward, a moment the ground trembled, the next, I saw her sink beneath it. 'Twas but a moment! one terrified cry from the animal that bore her — one piercing shriek from herself — and all was over. I saw her countenance, and that expression of horror! that will never pass from my memory, as she turned with outstretched arms towards her betrothed, and thus, she disappeared! The appeal was too promptly answered: Charles sprang from his horse to save, or perish with, his beloved; and the last breath she drew was breathed upon his cheek, as he sank beside her.

They were no more among the living; the green verdure was there, and the sun shone upon it: only a small dark spot was visible, where the quagmire had opened to receive the beautiful and they young. —







See'st thou those bleached bones lie exhumed on the  
 shore  
 Which the wild fowls of heaven are gathering o'er;  
 Oh! stay thee, or let them in sorrow be passed,  
 For such was that once fair when I saw her last.



## My Parisian Visit.

By J. S. S. Rothwell.

„Oh! is there a heart that never lov'd  
 „Nor felt soft woman's sigh;  
 „Oh! is there a heart can mark unmov'd  
 „Dear woman's soft blue eye.“

**T**he carnival had for some time commenced in Paris, soirées, balls, drives in the Champs Elysées and Bois de Boulogne, masquerades in the rues St. Martin, Vivienne, and St. Honoré followed each other in rapid succession, or to use other words they trod each others heels. 'Twas 10 o'clock in the evening of the twenty-fourth of January 1838 (I will not easily forget the day) when I alighted from a cabriolet in the rue St. Honoré, just opposite Musard's Masquerade ball room. Dressed in the proud costume of the proudest regiment, of the proudest nation in the world; — the costume of a Colonel of the tenth British hussars. I entered the ball room. But a short time was left me for the silent contemplation of the Lions, Bears, Monkeys, Asses short and long eared; Camels, Dromedaries, and other animals with which the room was crowded; when a very elegant figure, light as the gazelle, „with slender foot which shone like snow, and fell on earth as mute“, which peeped from under a beautiful, dazzling white slipper,



and wearing a black domino, approached, and addressed me in one of the sweetest voices, that ever smote mortal ear; her honied accents fell like balm upon a wounded spirit such as mine. Never wishing that the laurels of conversation should be borne away from me, by one of the fair, — of the gentle sex, I was instantly determined that my fair Domino should at least have repartee for her elegant, — somewhat formal — yet witty and well turned sentences. —

The conversation had been kept up a considerable time, very spiritedly on both sides, in discussing the relative merits of the motley group which were passing to and fro, in review before us. —

As I was not allowed by my physicians to join in the mazy dance, I solicited the honor of leading my fair unknown into the refreshment saloon; to which proposal after some little hesitation, a few gentle tosses of the head, and, an, „Oh! Monsieur est bien obligeant,“ the fair creature allowed herself to be conducted into the adjoining apartment. No sooner had her soft and beautiful little hand, which felt as if it blushed as it dropped bashfully into mine, than I felt a throb in my bosom: and being ever fond of the marvelous, and the romantic; I almost persuaded myself into the belief that Dame Fortune had for once determined to smile upon him, whom sooner or later, she must be tired of persecuting; and that she had in fact sent that lovely being to supply or rather to fill up that vacuum left in his bosom by the loss of her whom he had so long mourned dead!

After she had given me ample proof, that whatever her other qualifications might have been, those her stomach at least were of a very superior order; for tarts, jellies, iced creams, liqueurs etc. disappeared in rapid succession: and after many very fine compliments, highly seasoned with flattery on both sides; I succeeded in obtaining the favour of a glance at that visage, which busy



fancy and the wily God (for I was already half in love) had painted to my mind's eye as nothing less than Angelic. Nor was I deceived, for there lay indeed concealed a Venus in all her charms. On her lovely cheek, the rose and the lily seemed to strive for mastery: her ruby — coral, and nectar-distilling lips seemed to invite a sympathetic pressure to kiss away their sweets; and this lovely pair of lips closed upon a set of Ivories of pearly and transparent brightness. Her eyes were soft, speaking and penetrating, and shed a lustre upon the tout ensemble of a smiling countenance, which bespoke a mind no less gifted than the person was lovely.

Time, ever on the wing, flew quickly away; and four o'clock in the morning arrived, unannounced. unnoticed, so much was my attention attracted by my fair innamorata, who now began to think of departing, as she smilingly said, „to enjoy again in dreaming those pleasures which she had experienced in my interesting society.“ Her last words were accompanied by a deep drawn sigh; the which if not genuine, was certainly a very excellent counterfeit, and answered the purpose quite as well. Such fine sentiments, and such a sentimental sigh, could not in all conscience be allowed to pass unrewarded, consequently I replied in equal terms, which if not quite so sentimentally expressed, yet I flattered myself, were quite as sincere. We parted, but not before I had obtained permission to pay her a visit the next morning.

On arriving at my lodgings I threw myself on my downy couch, there to court the soft embraces of balmy sleep, but ah! sleep had fled to make room for the all engrossing thoughts of the fair image whom I had met at the masquerade. Restless and impatient next morning I looked at my gold repeater, and found that eleven had already passed by. I arose and dressed myself hastily, having, as was then my custom, drunk my chocolat de santé before I got up. I paid peculiar and particular



attention as to the appearance of my outward man; for it has always been a maxim with me never to appear in the presence of the fair sex without having my beard newly reaped like a newly-married bridegroom, as Shakespeare says; for I well knew the power and durability of first impressions; consequently I wished to present myself before my Dulcinea of the black domino in as favorable a light as possible.

I looked at her neat little gilt edged rose-coloured, and perfumed address card which she had so kindly given me the night before, „Mademoiselle Jeannette P. — 88 Rue Vivienne. Very good, dearest Jeannette, „thought I“, we shall soon be better acquainted with each other, soon shall I learn to forget my early misfortunes in thy dear and interesting conversation, and perhaps thank that fate which had cut off others to make room for a yet more deserving object, and soon be able to say from my heart that „whatever is, is right;“ and that all things work together for good. With my mind full of these and such like reflexions I flung myself into a Fiacre and ordered the coachman to drive to the Rue Vivienne N. 88.

One o'clock had just struck as I entered the domicile of the lovely Jeannette. — I was conducted up stairs by an old female domestic, who had the appearance of one of those servants who had lived so long in a family as to consider themselves entitled to almost the same respect as the heads of the family themselves. She was clothed in a sort of dark brown stuff with a shawl of nearly the same colour and material, and a large and well bordered cap helped to conceal the snowy locks which had long since bedecked her upper story. A pair of little fiery gray eyes peeped out of their sockets from under two well furnished and bushy eye brows, and seemed to contemplate with some degree of pleasure, her nose and chin which were about to kiss each other after some four score years separation. Her peculiar manner of titivating



her olfactory nerves with copious quantities of tabac en poudre and the long, straggling grey and curling hairs, which, for want of nourishment, grew thin and hungrily upon her long narrow and pointed chin, which projected on her face like a promontory, added not a little to the singularity and originality of this venerable virgin; for she was a virgin, and that for the best reason in the world, that she never was asked, never was tempted to wander in the dangerous ways of women; with one single exception, and that was by a chimney sweep, who, on particular enquiry after a six months love affair, she found had had three soi-disant wives already. Consequently this wretched remains of an ugly original, took it into her head, that, because a chimney sweep was a mauvais sujet, all others must be so too; therefore, for fear of being again deceived she had determined on leading a life of single blessedness. — „Mademoiselle Jeannette P. est-elle chez elle?“ demanded I, „oui Monsieur,“ replied the old maid, „mais je crois Monsieur; qu'elle est encore au lit, parcequ'il était très-tard hier au soir, quand elle arriva chez elle, mais si vous auriez la bonté d'entrer quelques minutes, je le dirai, que vous, . . . . que Mons. . . . . vous auriez la bonté . . . votre nom Monsieur?“ Ah! Mr. R. the gentleman who had the pleasure of speaking with her at the ball last evening. „Bien Monsieur, entrez, entrez, dans cette chambre-ci, et Mademoiselle viendra bientôt.“ At the same time she shewed me into a small, but very elegant drawing room, furnished with a degree of taste and delicacy seldom excelled. The appearance of the house added not a little to my predilections in favour of its fair possessor; as I always judge of the soul and sentiments of the lady by the neatness, order, delicacy and taste of her house and habiliments. For a strict observer of human nature can always trace with certainty the character of



the person, from all the matters, trifling as they may appear, which one finds in his apartments; indeed they in some measure reflect back the picture of his mind, as the mirror does that of his person. Seldom do we find that the uncultivated boor troubles his head about the beauties of literature the progress of the fine arts or the thousands of other things which are of such intense interest to the man of a cultivated mind, — of a refined and enlightened understanding; the former's whole delight lies in the physical and tangible, the latter's lies in the wide and aethereal field of the arts and sciences, and of ideal fancy. But to return to my story, after having waited a considerable time, and my fair charmer not making her appearance, I became somewhat impatient, and on looking round the apartment, I perceived a door to the left, standing ajar, which led to an adjoining apartment. Was it fate? was it impulse? I know not; however, be it what it may, I could not resist gratifying my curiosity by exploring the secrets of the neighbouring chamber; little dreaming that there lay concealed the talisman which had in no small degree, helped to create a flame in a bosom which had so long lain dormant. And there also lay the talisman which was to quench that flame.

Oh! ye Gods! the first thing that struck my attention on entering the boudoir (for such it was) was a small table on which was deposited a remarkably constructed night cap; I examined it as a curiosity; on each side was placed *par accident une petite cotelette de veau cru*; on a block close by was a beautiful golden wig stitched on with green silk, (I remember even the smallest minutia) and on another table was a set of teeth, *d'une blancheur eblouissante*. On one corner was a small cup from which the roses on her cheek were extracted, and on the other some bottles containing cosmetics, from which the softness of the peach and the fairness of the lily were transferred to her lovely neck and face. Such



was this manufactory of a beauty. Such the arts by which this Lady had prevented herself from being numbered amongst the has beens,

My first emotions on making this important discovery were a sickness at heart, at my disappointment, and chagrin at the deception that had been played upon me. But quickly recovering myself; I laughed at my own folly, and left the dear abode of my ci-devant charmer with the full determination, of never again choosing my lover under the folds of a black domino, or by the lurid glare of a hundred gas lamps at a masquerade.

On arriving at my apartments, I wrote a card with the following lines, and sent my servant with it immediately to the sweet Jeannette, to account for my abrupt and somewhat extraordinary departure.

When at the ball on thy soft hand I hung,  
And heard the tempting Syren in thy tongue;  
What pains, what anguish, tortures I endur'd  
But when I saw your boudoir I was cured.



## Farewell to Marion.

By J. S. S. Rothwell.

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**H**ow painful 'tis to bid farewell  
 To those we ne'er may meet again;  
 Such feelings in the bosom swell  
 To picture them the task were vain.

And solemn is the word „adieu,“  
 With magic spell it binds the heart;  
 Oft kindles in the breast anew  
 Affections which may ne'er depart.

When far away in foreign climes  
 Thy parting words shall softly ring,  
 Still in my ear a pleasing chime,  
 And fondly on my heart 'twill cling.

The accents sweet of thy loved tongue,  
 By fancy fram'd I'll seem to hear;  
 And ev'ry witching strain you've sung  
 Shall still enchain my listening ear.

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## The Departure from Marion.

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And thou wilt go, and I must gaze  
 No more upon that face;  
 No more of life's delightful days  
 The happy hours retrace.

Before thee pleasures wide are spread,  
 And I may be forgot;  
 My prayers be always on thy head,  
 Whatever be my lot.

The silence of the solitude.  
 Be now my only friend;  
 Where nought but memory may intrude  
 And thy lost image blend.

Alas! that envious time had flown  
 More tardily away,  
 Or love his welcome seeds had sown  
 In friendship's dying day.

---



## Serenade.

As the stars are to evening  
 Or sun to the day  
 Or blossoms to April  
 Or fragrance to May,  
 Or dew's to the flow'rets,  
 Or show'rs to the green —  
 Art thou to this bosom  
 My fair Geraldine.

And whilst eve loves the star-light,  
 Or April its bloom,  
 Or day the bright sunrays,  
 Or May its perfume,  
 Whilst dew's greet the flow'rets  
 Or showers tint the green —  
 I'll love thee, I'll love thee,  
 Thou fair Geraldine.



## To Marion.

By J. S. S. Rothwell.

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„Oh now for ever,  
„Farewell hope! Farewell the tranquil mind!  
„Farewell content!“

Shakespeare.

**A**h! why dearest Marion — brightest gem of my soul,  
Must the chains be now sever'd which bound me to  
thee? —

Must the dark storms of life o'er this fated head roll? —  
Will no throb in thy bosom, then, beat now for me?

Must I wander alone, thro' life's dreary waste, —  
Not a smile on thy brow now to gladden my way —  
Must all my sweet hopes, be but bitters to taste —  
Not a glance from thine eye now to guild with its ray.

Must cankering grief, sear the flower of my years —  
From the withering blight, will no pity now save? —  
Must love unrequited, in silence — in tears —  
And in sadness be borne, to the dark silent grave?

Yet ah! dearest Marion! erstwhile when I press'd,  
Those lips breathing perfumes much sweeter by far,  
Than all those rich odours the boast of the East. —  
Where none was to witness save the lone western star.



Erstwhile when upbraided by parents and friends,  
 For a love, which alas! they have prophesied true, —  
 For a love which for me but to misery tends, —  
 And the cause of my anguish, — ah Marion! — 'tis  
 you!

Erstwhile, as thy bosom heaved high with delight,  
 When it felt the quick throes of a fond lover's breast,  
 You vowed, — „under heaven, nor power nor might;  
 Could blot from that bosom all on earth it loved best.

Yet ah! ere that orb emblematic of thee,  
 Had twice thro' the heavens her monthly course run,  
 Bright hopes every gleam sunk in darkness for me,  
 And pleasure on earth, now alas! I have none!

For ah! Thou false fair one, thy vows thou hast  
 broke,  
 Thy promises too — they were light as the wind,  
 Thou hast left alas! but the gall of Love's yoke,  
 Thou hast left me but torture and anguish of mind.



## Farewell.

Song, on leaving England.

By J. S. S. Rothwell.

**F**arewell to the land of my birth — farewell!

No tie now endears you to me —  
Nor sorrows, nor joys, in my bosom swell,  
With my last farewell to thee.

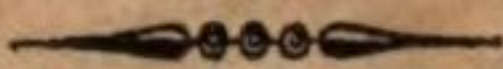
Farewell to my home, my hope and my love,  
And the anguish her falsity gave —  
I'll forget 'neath the smiles of blue heaven above,  
And it's light on the wafting wave.

I'll hail the fair land, and my life shall be  
Like a leaf at the will of the wind;  
And my heart untrammel'd shall onward flee,  
With the wreck of it's hopes behind.

Farewell, farewell! every joy is past,  
Every flutter of bliss and pain,  
Every pang of fate is over at last, —  
I'm free on the world again.



# **The Nephew as Uncle.**



Comedy in three Acts

by

**PICCARD.**

Translated from the French

by

***J. S. S. Rothwell.***





## CHARACTERS.

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Colonel DORSIGNY.

LADY DORSIGNY.

SOPHIA, her daughter.

FRANCIS DORSIGNY, her nephew.

LADY MIRVILLE, her niece.

LORMEUIL, Sophia's betrothed.

VALCOUR, friend to young Dorsigny.

A NOTARY.

TWO NON COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

A POSTILLION.

JASMIN, servant in Dorsigny's house.

THREE LACKEYS.

The scene lies in a drawing — room, at the end of which is a door leading into a garden. At both sides are cabinet doors.

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## ACT I.

### SCENE I.

Valcour enters in a hurry, and after he had looked about every place, to see that nobody was present, walks over to a waxlight, which was burning on a writing—desk, and reads a note.

„Mr. Valcour is requested to be in attendance in Mr. Dorsigny's garden-saloon at six o'clock this evening. He can enter by the little door which is open the whole day.“ — No signature! — Hm! hm! A singular adventure — 'Tis perhaps a pretty woman, who intends giving me a rendez-vous? — That would be delightful. — But silence! who are those two figures, who have just entered by the same way that I came in? —

### SCENE II.

Francis Dorsigny and Champagne both muffled up in cloaks, Valcour.

*Dorsigny* (giving his cloak to Champagne).

Eh! good evening, my dear Valcour!

*Valcour.* What? Is it you Dorsigny? How did you come here? and why this extraordinary equipment. — This periwig and this uniform, which is not that of your regiment?

*Dorsigny.* On account of my safety. — I have had a duel with a Lieutenant-Colonel; he is badly, nay des-



perately wounded, and I am come to hide myself in Paris. Because I would be too easily known in my own uniform, I have thought it safest to put on my uncle's costume. We are nearly of the same age, you know, the same figure, the same size, in complexion so much of the same colour that we might easily be mistaken one for the other, and besides this we are of the same name. — The only difference is, that the Colonel wears a periwig, and I my own hair. — But now, since I have put on a periwig and in addition thereto his regimentals, I am astonished myself at the very great resemblance I bear to him. I am just arrived this minute, and am delighted to find you so punctual at the rendez-vous.

*Valcour.* At the rendez-vous? what? has she confided it to you also?

*Dorsigny.* She? What she?

*Valcour.* Well, the lovely Dame, who begged of me in a note to meet her here! you are my friend, Dorsigny, and I keep nothing a secret from you.

*Dorsigny.* The most lovely lady!

*Valcour.* Why do you laugh?

*Dorsigny.* I am the charming lady, Valcour.

*Valcour.* You?

*Dors.* That note is from me.

*Valc.* A fine quidproquo, the devil! — what came to you, not to sign your letter? — People of my Cast can count upon quite another thing on the receipt of such anonymous billets. — But as it is so, let it remain so! Will not think badly of one another on that account, Dorsigny. — Very well I am your most devoted humble servant.

*Dors.* Wait then! Why are you going away in such a hurry? It is a matter of great importance to me to speak to you, before I allow any one else to see me. I want your assistance; we must understand one another.



*Valc.* Very well - you can depend upon me; but let me go now, I am on most urgent business. —

*Dors.* So? now, that you ought to do me a service? — But for an affair of gallantry you have time enough.

*Valc.* Not that, my dear Dorsigny! But I must go; there is somebody awaiting me.

*Dors.* Where?

*Valc.* At the l'hombre.

*Dors.* The great object of care!

*Valc.* Badinage apart! I have an opportunity of seeing the sister of the Lieutenant-Colonel — She has a good opinion of me; I will speak to her about you.

*Dors.* Well for my sake. But do me the favor to let my sister Lady Mirville know as you pass by, that someone awaits her here in the garden-saloon. But don't name me, do you hear?

*Valcour.* Oh! never fear! I have no time for that and I'll leave word for her, without even seeing her. Besides I propose becoming more intimately acquainted with her on some other occasion. I esteem the brother too much, not to love the sister, that is if she be handsome of course. (exeunt.)

### SCENE III.

*Dorsigny.* Champagne.

*Dors.* By good luck, I am not so very much in want of his assistance — It is less for concealment (then perhaps, no one will think of following me) than to see my dear cousin Sophia once again.

*Champ.* What a happy man you are, your honour! — You will see your lover again and I my wife! And then return again into Alsace. — We lived like angels, when we were fifty miles from one another.

*Dors.* Silence! there comes my sister!



## SCENE IV.

The former. Lady Mirville.

*Lady Mirville.* Ah! is it you? You are heartily welcome!

*Dors.* Well now, that is a hearty reception!

*Lady M.* Ah! that is indeed very kind of you, to surprise us in this manner; you write, that you had a long journey before you, from which at the soonest you could not be back in less than a month, and four days after you are here.

*Dors.* I wrote, and to whom?

*Lady M.* To my Aunt (looks at Champagne who takes off his cloak) But where is Mr. Lormeuil?

*Dors.* Who is Mr. Lormeuil?

*Lady M.* Your intended son-inlaw.

*Dors.* Tell me, who do you think I am?

*Lady M.* Well then, my uncle to be sure!

*Dors.* Is it possible! My sister does not know me?

*Lady M.* Sister? you — my brother?

*Dors.* I — your brother.

*Lady M.* That cannot be. That is impossible. My brother is with his regiment in Strasburg, my brother wears his own hair, neither is that his uniform — and still how very strong a resemblance. —

*Dors.* An affair of honor, which however will not be of much consequence, has made it necessary for me to quit my garrison with all possible speed; and in order not to be known, I thrust myself into this coat and periwig.

*Lady M.* Is it possible? — Ah! let me embrace you, let me fold you in these arms, my dear brother — yes, now I begin to know you! But yet the resemblance is astonishing.

*Dors.* Is my uncle then from home?

*Lady M.* Oh yes, on account of the wedding.

*Dors.* The wedding? — what wedding?



*Lady M.* Sophia's — my Cousin.

*Dors.* What do I hear? Sophia going to be married.

*Lady M.* Yes certainly! Do you know nothing of it?

*Dors.* My God! No!

*Champagne.* (draws near) Not a word do we know of it.

*Lady M.* Mr. Lormeuil, an old brother soldier of your uncle's, who lives at Toulon, has proposed for Sophia for his son — 'Tis said that young Lormeuil is very amiable; we have not yet seen him Your uncle will call upon him at Toulon; then they'll take a long journey together, to take possession of some estate, the which I know not. In a month they intend to return, and if you be here then, you can dance at the wedding.

*Dors.* Ah, my dear Sister! — Honest Champagne! Counsel me! help me! If you do not assist me, I am done for, I am lost!

*Lady M.* What is the matter then brother? What ails you?

*Champagne.* My master is in love with his cousin.

*Lady M.* Ah! is that it?

*Dors.* This unlucky marriage, must now, must never be celebrated!

*Lady M.* It will be difficult to frustate it. Both fathers have agreed; their words are pledged, the articles are drawn up, and the bridegroom alone is expected to sign, and to ratify the agreement.

*Champagne.* Have patience! — Do you hear. — (steps between the two) I have such a sublime idea!

*Dors.* Speak!

*Champagne.* You have made a commencement, of representing your uncle! stick to that! and play out your part well.

*Lady M.* A fine means of marring the niece!

*Champagne.* Softly! Let me explain my plan. —



Also, you represent your uncle! you are now the master of the house, and your first business is to break off the marriage again — you could not bring young Lormeuil with you, because he — because he is dead — In the mean time Mrs. Dorsigny receives a letter from you as her nephew, in which you propose for your cousin — That is my business! I am the courier that brings the letter from Strasburg — Mrs. Dorsigny is in love with her nephew; she receives this proposal with the greatest pleasure in the world; she communicates it to you as her husband, and you, as a matter of course are quite delighted with it. Now you must pretend that you are obliged to set out on a journey immediately; you give your aunt full power to arrange and conclude this affair. You set off on your journey, and the next day you return again, in your own natural hair and in the uniform of your regiment, as if you came in the greatest haste from your garrison. The wedding will be celebrated; your uncle arrives splendidly dressed with his young bridegroom, who finds the place already happily occupied, and can find nothing better to do than to return either to Toulon or the East Indies to search for a wife.

*Dors.* Do you imagine, that my uncle would bear it so patiently. —

*Champagne.* Oh he would rage and fume a little, no doubt. He would be devilish hot at first — But he loves you! he loves his daughter! you flatter him with fine words, promise him a nursery full of good little grand children, who will all resemble him as much as you do yourself. He laughs, pacifies himself and all is forgotten.

*Lady M.* I know not, if it be the madness of this idea, or what, but it begins to encourage, — to delight me.

*Dors.* 'Tis amusing enough indeed, but not practicable — My aunt would no doubt take me for my uncle!

*Lady M.* Have I hit it then!

*Dors.* Yes, the first moment.



*Lady M.* We must allow her no time, to undeceive herself. If we make use of our time, only a moment is necessary — It is now evening, and its shades come to our assistance; these candles do not burn sufficiently bright, to make the difference visible. You have no occasion to await the day — you declare immediately, that you must set off again in the night, and to morrow you appear in your own veritable person. Quickly to work! we have no time to lose — Write the letter to my aunt, which Champagne as courier will deliver her, and in which you propose for your cousin.

*Dors.* (going to the writing - desk) Sister! Sister! you do what you please with me.

*Champagne.* (rubbing his hands) Oh how I am delighted with my artful idea! 'Tis a pity that I have a wife already; here I could play a splendid part, and instead of the confident act the master himself.

*Lady M.* What's that Champagne?

*Champagne.* Ah my stars! that is quite natural. My master passes for his uncle, I would represent Mr. Lormeuil, and who knows, what trump might turn up for me in the end, were it not for this cursed marriage. —

*Lady M.* Truly my cousin has reason to be unhappy on that account!

*Dors.* (seals the letter and gives it to Champagne) Here is the letter. Arrange it now as you please! I depend entirely on your cleverness.

*Champagne.* You shall have reason to be satisfied with me — In a few minutes I will arrive with it as courier from Strasburg, booted and spured, and dreepping with perspiration. — You, your honour, have courage — Boldness, assurance, and shamelessness, if it be necessary. The uncle beaten in his game, the aunt deceived, the niece married, and when all is over, the purse pulled out and the trust-worthy Champagne well paid for having assisted you to all this happiness and delight.

(exit.)



*Lady M.* There comes my aunt. She will look upon you as my uncle. Arrange it, as if it were necessary to speak with her, and send me away.

*Dors.* But what shall I say to her?

*Lady M.* All, all, that a gallant homme can to his wife. Every thing charming.

## SCENE V.

*Lady Mirville. Mrs. Dorsigny. Francis Dorsigny.*

*Lady M.* Ah come, come quickly my dear Aunt! My uncle is arrived.

*Mrs. Dors.* Who? what? my husband? — Yes certainly, there he is! — Heartily welcome, my dear Dorsigny — I did not expect you so soon — Well! you have had a pleasant and prosperous journey? — But why alone? where are your servants? I did not hear your coach — Well truly — I can scarcely think — I tremble with surprise and joy —

*Lady M.* (secretly to her brother) Now, speak, speak! Answer quickly! Courage! —

*Dors.* As I only come to make a short visit, I came in a hackneycoach — In respect to my journey, my dear wife — my journey — ah! it has not been the most fortunate.

*Mrs. Dors.* You terrify me! — There <sup>has</sup> is no misfortune happened to you?

*Dors.* Not to me! not to me! — But the wedding —  
(to lady M.) Dear niece, I wish to speak with your aunt.

*Lady M.* I'll not interrupt you uncle.

(exit.)

## SCENE VI.

*Mrs. Dorsigny. Francis Dorsigny.*

*Mrs. Dors.* Well my dear husband! this wedding. —

*Dors.* Oh! the wedding will be nothing.



*Mrs. Dors.* What? Have we not the father's word?

*Dors.* That indeed we have! But his son cannot marry our daughter.

*Mrs. Dors.* Eh! And why not then?

*Dors.* (with deep tone of voice) Because — because he — he is dead.

*Mrs. Dors.* My God! what an accident!

*Dors.* Ah it is a dreadful calamity. This young man was what most young people are, a little bit of a rake. One evening at a ball he took it into his head, to pay his court to a young and beautiful girl; a rival meddled in the affair, and took the liberty of making use of some offensive raillery. Young Lormeuil, who was mettlesome and fiery, as people generally are at twenty years of age, took it ill; and by misfortune he lighted upon a fire-eater by profession, who never fights, without bringing down his man — without sending him to the tomb of his fathers. And this fire-eater, now also took the upper hand over the dexterity of his opponent; the son of my poor old friend lay upon the place, with three deadly — wounds in his body.

*Mrs. Dors.* Oh! merciful heaven! what must his father have suffered!

*Dors.* You can well imagine! And the mother!

*Mrs. Dors.* What? the mother! she is dead since last winter, from what I know.

*Dors.* Last winter — very true! My poor old friend Lormeuil! In the winter his wife died, and now in the summer he must lose his son in a duel! — Hard was it for me to leave him in his grief! But the service is now so severe! on the twentieth all the officers — must be with their regiments! To day is the nineteenth, and I have only taken a race to Paris, and must away again this evening — to return to my garrison.

*Mrs. Dors.* What? so soon?

*Dors.* My dear, the service requires it! and



what can be done? Now to speak about our daughter —

*Mrs. Dors.* The dear child is very dejected and melancholy, since you went away.

*Dors.* Do you know, what I think? This match that we sought out for her, was not to her liking.

*Mrs. Dors.* So! Do you know it?

*Dors.* I know nothing — But she is now fifteen years old — Can she not have chosen for herself already, before we had done it for her.

*Mrs. Dors.* Ah my God, yes! That happens every day.

*Dors.* I would not willingly tyrannize over her inclinations.

*Mrs. Dors.* Ah God, keep us from that!

## SCENE VII.

The former. Sophia.

*Sophia.* (starts on seeing Dorsigny) Ah! my father —

*Mrs. Dors.* Well what's the matter with you? Are you afraid to embrace your father?

*Dors.* (aside, after he has embraced her) How happy the fathers must be! every body embraces them!

*Mrs. Dors.* You cannot yet have known Sophia, that an unfortunate accident has broke off your marriage?

*Sophia.* What accident?

*Mrs. Dors.* Mr. Lormeuil is dead.

*Sophia.* Ah my God!

*Dors.* (with his eyes fixed upon her) Yes, now — what do you say to that my child?

*Sophia.* I, my father? — I pity the unfortunate man from my heart — however I cannot look upon it, as any thing else than good luck, that, — that the day is put off which was to separate me from you.

*Dors.* But, my dear child! if you had any thing against this marriage, why did you not inform us of it?



We have no idea in the world of forcing your inclinations.

*Sophia.* I know that very well, dear father — but, but timidity —

*Dors.* Away with timidity! speak openly! disclose to me the feelings of your heart.

*Mrs. Dors.* Yes, my child! hear your father! He wishes your happiness! and no doubt he'll give you the best advice.

*Dors.* Then you detested Lormeuil before hand — from your heart?

*Sophia.* Not exactly that — but I did not love him.

*Dors.* And you don't wish to marry any one that you do not really love?

*Sophia.* That is indeed quite natural.

*Dors.* Therefore, you love some one else?

*Sophia.* I did not say that.

*Dors.* Well, well, nearly then — Out with your thoughts! Let me know all.

*Mrs. Dors.* Take courage my child! Forget that it is with your father you're speaking.

*Dors.* Just imagine to yourself that you are speaking to your best, to your tenderest friend — and he, that you love, does he know — that he is beloved?

*Sophia.* Heaven forbid! no.

*Dors.* Is he a young man?

*Sophia.* A very amiable young man, and one that is doubly dear to me, because every one says that he is like you — a relation of ours, and of the same name too — Ah! you must guess who it is.

*Dors.* Not quite, my dear child!

*Mrs. Dors.* But I can guess! I'll lay a wager it's your young cousin Dorsigny.

*Dors.* Well Sophia! you don't answer?

*Sophia.* Do you approve of my choice?



*Dors.* (trying to conceal his joy aside) We must act the father — But, my child — we must consider it.

*Sophia.* Ah! why consider? My cousin is the best, the most sensible —

*Dors.* He? a giddy-headed hair-brained fellow he is, who during two years that he's now away, has written only twice to his uncle.

*Sophia.* But to me my dear father! he has written constantly.

*Dors.* Ah! has he so? And you, no doubt, have answered his letters immediately? Have you not?

*Sophia.* No, although I often had a great desire to do so. — Now, you promised me this minute, that you would not be against my inclination — Dear mother, do speak for me then! ah do!

*Mrs. Dors.* Well, well, do consent dear Dorsigny — there is nothing else to be done — and you must allow that she could not have made a better choice.

*Dors.* 'Tis true, there is much to be said in favor of it — Their fortunes are nearly equal on both sides, and even granted that her cousin has been a little wild and thoughtless, we know well enough, that matrimony will soon bring a young man to his sober senses — Besides this, if she loves him. —

*Sophia.* Oh! I love him tenderly, dear father! — The first moment that Mr. Lormeuil was proposed to me as a husband, I found in my heart, that I loved my cousin — that is what one calls love — And ah! if my cousin only loved me in return. —

*Dors.* (with ardour) And why should he not, my love — (recollecting himself) My dear daughter! Well, well! I am a good father and I acquiesce.

*Sophia.* Ah now! I may write to my cousin?

*Dors.* What you will — (to himself) How delightfully one acts the father, when he has such charming confessions to hear.



## SCENE VIII.

The former. Enter Lady Mirville and Champagne, as postillion, cracking his whip.

*Champagne.* Hallo! House!

*Lady M.* Make way there, here comes a courier.

*Mrs. Dors.* Oh 'tis Champagne.

*Sophia.* My cousins servant!

*Champagne.* Honoured Sir — honoured Madam! wrest me from my anxiety! — The young lady is not yet the wife of Lormeuil?

*Mrs. Dors.* No, my good friend, not yet.

*Champagne.* Not yet? Oh heaven be praised, I am arrived in time, to save the life of my poor master.

*Sophia.* What! My cousin has not met with any misfortune.

*Mrs. Dors.* My nephew is not ill?

*Lady M.* You make me quite unhappy, what has happened to my brother?

*Champagne.* Compose yourself my Lady! My master is quite well; but we are in a shocking state — If you only knew it — But you'll know all. My master has taken courage to open his mind to the honoured Lady, which he calls his good aunt; to you he is indebted for all what he is; in you he has the greatest confidence — Here he writes to you, read and pity him.

*Dors.* My God, what is that?

*Mrs. Dors.* (reads) „My dear aunt, just this moment „I learn that you are about to marry my cousin. I have „no longer time to hold back: I love Sophia. — I implore, I beseech you my dear aunt, in case that she has „not a strong passion for her intended husband; that you „will make me happy with her hand! I love her so sincerely, that I am sure of gaining her affections, I come „immediately after Champagne; he will hand you this letter, and relate to you what misery I have suffered, since „I received this dreadful news.



*Sophia.* Ah my good cousin!

*Lady M.* Poor Dorsigny!

*Champagne.* No, it is quite impossible to describe, what my poor master has suffered! But my dear Sir, said I to him, perhaps all is not lost. — Begone you scoundrel, said he to me, or I'll cut your throat, if you arrive too late — your dear nephew can sometimes get into a devil of a passion.

*Dors.* Shameless rascal!

*Champagne.* Well, well, you are quite angry as if I spoke of you; what I say, I say out of pure friendship for him, in order that you may advise and reprove him, because you are his uncle.

*Lady M.* Good, honest servant! He wishes nothing more than the good of his master!

*Dors.* Go, my good fellow, rest yourself! no doubt you are weary.

*Champagne.* Yes Madam, I will rest myself in the kitchen.  
exit Champagne.

## SCENE IX.

The former without Champagne.

*Dors.* Now Sophia! what do you say?

*Sophia.* I await your orders my dear father!

*Mrs. Dors.* There is nothing else to be done; we must give you without delay to be the wife of your cousin.

*Lady M.* But her cousin is not yet here.

*Mrs. Dors.* According to his letter, it cannot be long before he arrives.

*Dors.* Well then if there's nothing else to be done — And if you wish it, my love — let it be so! I am contented, and I'll so ~~an~~ arrange it that the noise of the wedding shall be over when I return — Hallo! Servants!



## SCENE X.

Two servants enter, and wait in the *background*. The former.

*Mrs. Dors.* Oh I must tell you something! Your tenant has paid me two thousands crowns in banknotes during your absence — I have given him a receipt — Have I done right?

*Dors.* All is right, what you do, my dear; (while she brings the money out of a writing — desk, to Lady Mirville) Would it be right to take the money?

*Lady M.* Take it certainly, otherwise you may make yourself suspected.

*Dors.* (privately to her) In God's name I'll pay my debts with it! (loud, as he takes the banknotes from Mrs. Dors.) That money puts me in mind that a cursed rogue of a usurer, has been plaguing me this long time for a hundred pistoles, which — my nephew has borrowed of him — What do you think? shall I pay the rascal?

*Lady M.* Ah to be sure! you would not give my cousin to be the wife of a rake who is up to his ears in debt? —

*Mrs. Dors.* My niece is right, and the remainder we can make use of for wedding presents.

*Lady M.* Oh yes, yes, for wedding presents!

*A third servant enters.* The dress-maker of Lady Mirville.

*Lady M.* She comes the moment, she is called. I will give orders immediately for my wedding dresses.

(exit.)

## SCENE XI.

The former without Lady Mirville.

*Dors.* (to the servants) Come here! (to Mrs. Dorsigny) We must send to our attorney Mr. Gaspar. —

*Mrs. Dors.* Would it not be better to invite him to supper; and then we can arrange all commodiously.



*Dors.* That's true! (to one of the servants) Go you to <sup>the</sup> jeweller and let him bring the newest articles he has here — (to another) Go you to our attorney Mr. Gaspar with my compliments, and tell him that I beg the pleasure of his company to supper to night — Then order four posthorses; they must be here at eleven o'clock precisely, as I must set off in the night — (to a third) For you, Jasmin, I have a ticklish commission — you have brain; to you I can confide something.

*Jasmin.* Your honour is pleased to say so.

*Dors.* You know where Mr. Simon lives, the money broker, who does my business — who always lends money to my nephew.

*Jasmin.* Oh dear yes sir! why should I not know him! I was always the postillion of his honour, your nephew.

*Dors.* Go to him, and take him these hundred pistoles, that my nephew owes him, and which I now pay him! But don't forget, to make him give you a receipt.

*Jasmin.* Oh! never fear that — I'm no such ass!

(exeunt servants)

*Mrs. Dors.* How he'll be surprised tomorrow, the good young lad, when he arrives and finds the wedding presents purchased, and his debts paid.

*Dors.* Oh that I believe! I am only sorry that I cannot be a witness of his astonishment.

## SCENE XII.

Enter Lady Mirville.

*Lady M.* (enters in a hurry and runs privately to her brother). Oh brother! brother! try and get away as quickly as possible, just this moment your uncle is arrived with another gentleman who appears to me to be quite like Mr. Lormeuil.

*Dors.* (flying into a cabinet) That is the devil!



*Mrs. Dors.* Well, why do you run away so soon Dorsigny?

*Dors.* I must — I have — I'll be here again immediately.

*Lady M.* (quick) Come aunt! and look at the fine head dresses that have been brought me.

*Mrs. Dors.* You're right, to ask my advice — I understand something of the matter. I'll help you to choose.

### SCENE XIII.

Enter Colonel Dorsigny, Lormeuil and Sophia.

*Colonel Dors.* I come back sooner madam, than I expected, but so much the better! Permit me to introduce this gentle —

*Mrs. Dors.* I beg you a thousand pardons, gentlemen — but the milliner is waiting for us, we'll return immediately — come daughter! (exit.)

*Colonel.* Well, well! These milliners might wait a minute I think.

*Sophia.* 'Tis because they cannot wait — you'll excuse us gentlemen. (exit.)

*Colonel.* That may be — but I should have thought —

*Lady M.* We know very well, that gentlemen never inquire after milliners; but for us they are persons of the most profound interest.

(exit bowing profoundly to Mr. Lormeuil.)

*Colonel.* That's the devil! I see they leave us waiting on their account.

### SCENE XIV.

Colonel Dorsigny and Lormeuil.

*Colonel.* A fine reception, that I must say!



*Lormeuil.* Is that the custom with the Parisian ladies, to run after the milliners, when their husbands come home?

*Colonel.* I do not know what to think of it. I wrote, that I could not return for six weeks; here I am quite unexpected, and yet no one is more astonished at it, than if I had never left Paris.

*Lormeuil.* Who are the two young ladies, who saluted me so politely?

*Colonel.* One of them is my niece, and the other your intended bride.

*Lormeuil.* They are both beautiful.

*Colonel.* The devil take it! The women are all handsome in my family. But it is not enough to be handsome — they should also know how to behave themselves politely.

## SCENE XV:

Enter three servants after each other.

*Second servant.* (on the left of the Colonel.) The attorney presents his most respectful compliments, and is very sorry that he cannot sup with your honour — but he will come after supper.

*Colonel.* What foolish, nonsensical stuff is that?

*Second servant.* The horses will be at the door, the moment the clock strikes eleven, (exit).

*Colonel.* Posthorses, now the very moment that I arrived?

*First servant.* (on his right) The jeweller your honor, is become bankrupt, and run away last night. (exit).

*Colonel.* What is that to me? He owed me nothing.

*Jasmin.* (on his left) I was at Mr. Simon, as your honour ordered. He was ill in bed. Here he sends you the receipt.



*Colonel.* What receipt, you rascal?

*Jasmin.* Why the receipt that you have in your hand. Have the goodnes to read it.

*Colonel.* (reads) „I the undersigned, acknowledge „to have received from Colonel Dorsigny the sum of two „thousand Livres, which I advanced his nephew.“

*Jasmin.* Your honour sees, that the receipt is correct. (exit).

*Colonel.* Oh quite right! quite right! for any one can comprehend it; I must confess that my understanding is at a stand — The greatest swindler in all Paris is ill, and he sends me a receipt for what my nephew owes him.

*Lormeuil.* Perhaps his consciences smites him.

*Colonel.* Come! Come Lormeuil! Let us try what this pleasing and warm reception will bring forth — and to the devil with all the attorneys, jewellers, posthorses, moneybrokers and dressmakers in the world.

(exerunt).

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.

*Lady Mirville.* Francis Dorsigny comes out of a room to the left and looks cautiously about him.

*Lady M.* (from the apposite side) How imprudent! Uncle will be here in a moment.

*Dors.* But tell me, what shall become of me? If all should be found out, and my aunt comes to know that her pretended husband is only her nephew?

*Lady M.* Nobody knows it! There is nothing dis-



covered! Aunt is still shut in with the milliner; uncle swears at his wife — Mr. Lormeuil is quite confused at the singular reception, and I'll try to put off the development as long as possible, which at best cannot remain long undiscovered. At least I'll try to win time to gain over uncle to your interest, or, if there's nothing else to be done — to make Lormeuil fall in love with me — then I must say, that rather than let him marry your cousin I would take him myself.

## SCENE II.

Enter Valcour.

*Valcour.* (comes in quickly) Oh delightful, that I find you here Dorsigny. I have a thousand things to tell you, and in the greatest hurry.

*Dors.* The devil take him! He comes at a nice time.

*Valcour.* Her ladyship may —

*Dors.* I have no secrets which my sister may not know.

*Valcour.* (turning to Lady M.) How delighted I am my lady, to have the pleasure of becoming acquainted with you just at the moment, that I have been able to render your brother an essential service.

*Dors.* What's that I hear? His voice! (flies into the cabinet from whence he came.)

*Valcour.* (continues, without remarking Dorsigny's flight) Should it ever happen, that I can be of any service to you my lady, I beg of you to look upon me as your most obedient and very humble servant.

(He doesn't perceive that the Colonel has entered in the mean time and placed himself in the spot where the nephew had been standing.)



## SCENE III.

Enter Colonel Dorsigny and Lormeuil.

*Colonel.* Yes, yes — these women do put the patience of their husbands to the test. The devil, they do!

*Valcour.* (turns round and supposes that he is speaking to young Dorsigny) I wished to tell you, my dear Dorsigny, that your Lieutenant-Colonel is not dead.

*Colonel.* My Lieutenant-Colonel?

*Valcour.* With whom you have had the duel. He has written to my friend Liancour; he does you every justice, and acknowledges, that he was the aggressor. 'Tis true, his family has already commenced to put the law in force against you; but we'll try every thing to hush up the affair in right time. I just ran away to bring you this good news, and must return to my company immediately.

*Colonel.* Much obliged — but —

*Valcour.* You may sleep tranquilly. I'll wake for you.

(exit)

## SCENE IV.

Lady Mirville. Colonel Dorsigny. Lormeuil.

*Colonel.* Tell me, what does the man mean?

*Lady M.* The man is mad, that you see.

*Colonel.* This appears to be an epidemie with which every one has been seized, since I've been away; then that's not the first fool, I have met with within this half hour.

*Lady M.* You must not look upon the cold reception of my aunt in that light. When the subject runs upon milliners, then nobody dares come in her way with any thing else.

*Colonel.* Well, thank God! at last I hear a rational



word! — Then you shall be the first that I introduce to Mr. Lormeuil.

*Lormeuil.* I am very happy indeed madam, that I have the honor of receiving your fathers consent — But his consent, avails me nothing, If I may not be blessed with yours —

*Colonel.* Now he begins also! Has the universal madness seized upon you, my friend? you make very fine compliments, but 'tis to my daughter and not to my niece that you should make use of them.

*Lormeuil.* Pardon me my lady! you answer the description so well, which Mr. Dorsigny has given me of my bride, that my error is excusable.

*Lady M.* Here comes my cousin, Mr. Lormeuil! look at her well, and convince yourself with your own eyes, that she deserves all the fine compliments which you have paid me.

## SCENE V.

Enter Sophia.

*Sophia.* I beg a thousand pardons, my dear papa that I left you here a few minutes ago; but mama called me and I was obliged to obey.

*Colonel.* Well, when we once see our faults, and ask pardon —

*Sophia.* Ah, dear papa! where can I find words to express my joy, my gratitude, for your kind consent to this union.

*Colonel.* So, so! Does this marriage please you?

*Sophia.* Oh very much indeed!

*Colonel.* (in a whisper to Lormeuil) You see how she loves you already without knowing you! That comes from the beautiful description which I have given her of you before I set out on my journey.



*Lormeuil.* I am much obliged to you.

*Colonel.* Yes, but now my child, it is high time that I look after your mama a little; then I hope the milliners will have the goodness to make place for me at last — In the mean time do you keep company with this gentleman. He's a friend of mine, and I shall be very happy if he soon becomes your friend — do you understand? (To Lormeuil) Now lively to work — this is the time! Try and gain her affections today, and tomorrow she shall be your wife — (To Lady Mirville) Come niece! Let them arrange it with one another.

(exeunt.)

## SCENE VI.

*Sophia. Lormeuil.*

*Sophia.* You also will be at the wedding?

*Lormeuil.* Yes madam — This wedding doesn't appear to be disagreeable to you?

*Sophia.* It has my fathers approbation.

*Lormeuil.* Well! but the arrangements of fathers do not always meet with the approbation of daughters.

*Sophia.* Oh as to this wedding — it is partly my own arrangement.

*Lormeuil.* How is that madam?

*Sophia.* My father had the kindness to consult my inclination.

*Lormeuil.* Then you love the man that is fixed upon for your husband?

*Sophia.* I will not conceal it.

*Lormeuil.* How? and you don't even know him?

*Sophia.* I have been brought up with him.

*Lormeuil.* You have been brought up with young Lormeuil?

*Sophia.* With Mr. Lormeuil, — oh no!

*Lormeuil.* But he is your chosen bridegroom.



*Sophia.* Oh yes, at first he was, but —

*Lormeuil.* What, at first?

*Sophia.* I see sir, that you know nothing of the matter yet.

*Lormeuil.* No, I know nothing! not the least circumstance do I know.

*Sophia.* He is dead.

*Lormeuil.* Who is dead?

*Sophia.* Young Mr. Lormeuil.

*Lormeuil.* Actually?

*Sophia.* Oh certainly.

*Lormeuil.* Who has told you that he is dead?

*Sophia.* My father!

*Lormeuil.* Oh not so, madam! That can't be, that is not possible.

*Sophia.* Pardon me sir, it is! My father, who has just returned from Toulon, must know better than you. This young gentleman had a quarrel at a ball, he fought a duel and received three stabs of a dagger through the body.

*Lormeuil.* That's dangerous.

*Sophia.* Oh certainly! and he has died of his wounds.

*Lormeuil.* You are pleased to quiz me madam, nobody can give you better information of Mr. Lormeuil, than I can.

*Sophia.* Than you! That's amusing indeed.

*Lormeuil.* Yes madam, than I! then to clear up the case at once — I am the said Lormeuil, and am not dead, that I know of.

*Sophia.* You are Mr. Lormeuil?

*Lormeuil.* Well, and who else did you imagine I was?

*Sophia.* A friend of my father's, whom he had invited to the wedding

*Lormeuil.* So then you'll have a wedding, whether I be dead or not?



*Sophia.* Certainly.

*Lormeuil.* And with whom; may I beg to inquire?

*Sophia.* With my cousin Dorsigny.

*Lormeuil.* But your father, no doubt, will have a word or two to say to it.

*Sophia.* That he has, why not! He has already given his consent.

*Lormeuil.* When has he given his consent?

*Sophia.* Just now — A few minutes before your arrival.

*Lormeuil.* But I arrived at the same moment with him.

*Sophia.* Oh not so sir! My father has been here before you.

*Lormeuil.* (laying his hand upon his forehead) I become dizzy — every thing whirls before my eyes — Every word, you say astonishes me — Your word of honor madam — but there must be some mystery in this which I cannot fathom.

*Sophia.* How, sir — are you quite in earnest?

*Lormeuil.* Yes in the greatest earnest. Madam —

*Sophia.* You are positively Mr. Lormeuil? — My God, what have I done — How shall I — my imprudence —

*Lormeuil.* Don't grieve about it madam — Your affections for your cousin is a circumstance, which it is better to know before, than after the wedding —

*Sophia.* But I do not understand —

*Lormeuil.* I will look for Mrs. Dorsigny — perhaps he can expound the riddle for me — Let it turn out as it may, madam, I hope you shall have reason to be satisfied with me.

(exit.)

*Sophia.* He appears to be a very polite nice young man — and if I am not compelled to marry him, I shall be very happy, that he was not killed.



## SCENE VII.

Enter Colonel and Mrs. Dorsigny.

*Mrs. Dors.* Leave us alone, Sophia. (Sophia goes away) How Dorsigny, how can you assert to my face, that you have not spoken with me a few minutes ago? Well! well, who else but you, but the master of the house, but the father of my daughter, in a word but my husband could have done, what you have done!

*Colonel.* What the devil, have I done then?

*Mrs. Dors.* Must I put you in mind of it? What? Don't you know now, that you spoke with our daughter a few minutes ago, that she has disclosed her affections for her cousin, and that we agreed, to give her to him, as soon as he would arrive.

*Colonel.* I know not — madam, if this be all a dream of your imagination, or if positively some one has taken up my place during my absence. If the latter be the case, 'twas high time for me to return. This some body kills my son-in-law in a duel, marries my daughter and leaves me in the lurch with my wife, and my wife and daughter are both quite contended with the affair.

*Mrs. Dors.* What obduracy! — In truth Mr. Dorsigny, I know not what I am to think of your conduct.

*Colonel.* And I'm sure I can't comprehend yours.

## SCENE VIII.

Enter Lady Mirville.

*Lady M.* Oh! I thought as much as that I'd find you both together! — Why are not all domestic concerns like yours? No bickering, no quarrelling! Always one heart and one soul! That is edifying! That is an example! Aunt as kind and complaisant as an angel, and uncle as good and as patient as Job.



*Colonel.* Truly said, niece! — One must have the patience of Job, like me, not to go mad at such nonsensical loquaciousness.

*Mrs. Dors.* My niece is perfectly right, one must be as kind and complaisant as an angel, like me, to bear with such absurdities.

*Colonel.* Now madam! Our niece has scarcely left my side since my return. Shall we call upon her to decide the affair between us?

*Mrs. Dors.* I am quite satisfied, and agree to whatever she'll say. X

*Lady M.* What's the dispute about?

*Mrs. Dors.* Just imagine to yourself, my husband takes upon himself, to assert to my face, that it was not he, whom I took for my husband a little while ago.

*Lady M.* Is it possible?

*Colonel.* Just imagine to yourself niece, my wife will make me believe, that I have spoken with her in this very room, at the very same moment that I was jolted upon the highroad between this and Toulon.

*Lady M.* That is quite incomprehensible, uncle — There must be some misunderstanding — Let me speak a few words to my aunt.

*Colonel.* See if you can set her right in her head, if it be possible; but I think it will be difficult.

*Lady M.* (whispering to Mrs. Dorsigny) My dear aunt that's all only a jest of my uncle.

*Mrs. Dors.* (just so) In truth, he must be mad to assert such stuff in earnest.

*Lady M.* Do you know what? Pay him with his own coin — give it home to him! Let him feel that he shan't make a laughing stock of you.

*Mrs. Dors.* You're right. Let me alone for that!

*Colonel.* Will you soon have done? I should think you have enough now.

*Mrs. Dors.* (mockingly) Oh yes, 'tis quite enough,



sir — and as it's the duty of the wife to see with her husbands eyes, I acknowledge my error, and will imagine every thing you wish.

*Colonel.* With mockery 'twill not go far.

*Mrs. Dors.* Without any ill-will Mr. Dorsigny you have laughed at my expence, I'll laugh now at yours, and so we'll finish the quarrel. — I have now a few visits to pay. When I return and your sarcastic humour is past, then we can speak seriously with one another.

(exit).

*Colonel.* (To Lady Mirville) Dou you understand a word of all what she has said?

*Lady M.* I do not comprehend her. But I'll follow her, and try to get at the bottom of the affair. (exit).

*Colonel.* Do so if you wish. I give it entirely up — never in my life have I seen her so mad and foolish. The devil must have appeared in my shape during my absence, and turned my house upside down, from top to bottom, any thing else I can't imagine.

## SCENE IX.

Enter Champagne, a little tipsy.

*Champagne.* Well, that must be true! — One lives here the same as in a hotel — But where the devil are they all? — I have not seen a living soul, since I arrived as courier with the ado — Yet, look there, his honour, the Captain — I must hear, how it goes with our affair.

(Beckons to the Colonel with an air of selfsatisfaction, and mutual understanding.)

*Colonel.* What the devil! Is not that, that rascal Champagne? — What brings him here, and what does the fellow mean by his silly grimaces?

*Champagne.* (as before) Well, well your honour?

*Colonel.* I believe the devil is drunk.



*Champagne.* Well, what do you say now? Have I played my part well?

*Colonel.* (to himself) His part? I perceive something — yes, friend Champagne not badly.

*Champagne.* Not badly! What? I have played it to ecstasy. With a whip and the courier-boots, did I not look for all the world like a postillion, Eh?

*Colonel.* Yes, yes! (to himself) The devil knows what I ought to answer him.

*Champagne.* Well, how goes it within? How far have you brought it now?

*Colonel.* How far I am — How it goes? well, you can easily imagine how it goes.

*Champagne.* The match is right, is it not? — you, as father, have given your consent?

*Colonel.* Yes.

*Champagne.* And tomorrow you appear in your true person and character of the lover.

*Colonel.* (to himself) 'Tis a frolic of my nephew's!

*Champagne.* And marry the widow of Mr. Lormeuil — Widow! Ha, ha, ha! — The widow of my invention.

*Colonel.* Why do you laugh?

*Champagne.* You ask me that? I am laughing at the faces your honest uncle will make, when he returns in four weeks, and finds you married to his daughter.

*Colonel.* (to himself) I'll go mad!

*Champagne.* And the bridegroom from Toulon who comes along with him and finds another in his nest — that's — that's delightful! — heavenly!

*Colonel.* Ecstatic!

*Champagne.* And whom have you to thank for it all? Your true and faithful Champagne!

*Colonel.* You? How so?

*Champagne.* Well, who else would have advised you, to play the part of your uncle?

*Colonel.* (to himself) Ha, you rascal!



*Champagne.* But, it's astonishing how very like your uncle you look! I would swear it was himself, were it not that I knew him to be a hundred miles distant from us.

*Colonel.* (to himself) My scoundrel of a nephew makes a fine use of my figure.

*Champagne.* But you look a little too old — your uncle is nearly your age; it was not necessary for you, to make yourself look so old.

*Colonel.* Do you think so?

*Champagne.* Yet what matter! when he is not here to compare — And luckily for us, the old fellow is not here! It would be bad for us, if he came back unawares.

*Colonel.* He is come back.

*Champagne.* Who? what

*Colonel.* I say, he is come back.

*Champagne.* Oh! the devil he is! and you remain here? You stand there tranquilly? Do what you please — save yourself as well as you can — I'll try and escape.

(wishes to go).

*Colonel.* Stop there you scoundrel you! stop you two-faced raggamuffin! These are then your fine devices, rascal that you are!

*Champagne.* How your honour are these my thanks?

*Colonel.* Stop there you raggamuffin! — Truly, my wife (*Champagne trembles with terror*) is not the fool that I took her for — and shall I let such a villainous trick pass unnoticed? — No, God damn me if I don't take full revenge upon the spot. — It is not yet too late. I'll hurry to my attorney. I'll bring him with me. This very night Lormeuil shall marry my daughter — I'll surprise my nephew — he must even sign his cousin's marriage contract himself — And as to you, you scoundrel —

*Champagne.* I! please your honour, I'll sign — I'll dance at the wedding, if you command it.

*Colonel.* Yes you blackguard you, I'll make you



dance! — And the receipt for the hundred pistoles, I well perceive, I am not indebted to the honesty of the usurer. — Fortunately for me the jeweller is become bankrupt — My good-for-nothing nephew, not satisfied with paying off his old debts with my money; but he makes more on my credit — Very good! He shall pay for it! And you, honest fellow, you may calculate upon a suitable reward for the part you have acted in the affair — I am very sorry I have not my oak-stick with me; but payment delayed, is not payment made. (exit.)

*Champagne.* I fall from the clouds! Must this cursed uncle have just now returned, and run in my way, expressly to make me babble — Ass that I am, to have related to him — Indeed if I had taken a glass too much itself — But quite so! —

## SCENE X.

*Champagne. Francis Dorsigny. Lady Mirville.*

*Lady M.* (comes softly forwards and speaks looking backwards) The field is clear — you can come out — there is nobody here but Champagne.

*Dors.* (walks in.)

*Champagne.* (turns about, and goes back, as soon as he sees him) My God, here he comes back again! Now 'twill be all over with me! (throwing himself at Dors. feet) Mercy, please your honour! — Mercy — Pity a poor devil, who is quite innocent — Who richly deserves that —

*Dors.* What do you mean? stand up! I'll not do any thing to hurt you.

*Champagne.* You'll not punish me, please your honour —

*Dors.* My God, no! Quite the contrary, I am perfectly contented with you for having played your part so well.

Rothwell, Novelist.





*Champagne.* (knows him) What your honour, is it you?

*Dors.* Certainly 'tis I.

*Champagne.* Oh my God, do you know that your uncle is here?

*Dors.* I know it. What about that?

*Champagne.* I saw him, your honour. I spoke to him — I thought, it was you; I told him all; he knows every thing.

*Lady M.* Madman! what have you done?

*Champagne.* What, can I help it? You see, that jnst this moment I have mistaken the nephew for the uncle — is it to be wondered at, that I took the uncle for the nephew?

*Dors.* What's to be done?

*Lady M.* There is now nothing else to be done, than, that you leave the house immediately.

*Dors.* Yes, but if he compels my cousin to marry Lormeuil —

*Lady M.* We'll speak about that tomorrow! away, quickly now that the place is clear! (she leads him to the back door; just as he's about to go out, Lormeuil walks in by the same door, meets him, and keeps him back.)

## SCENE XI.

Enter Lormeuil.

*Lormeuil.* Ah is it you? I was just looking for you. —

*Lady M.* (privately to Dorsigny) This is Mr. Lormeuil. He takes you for your uncle. Let him take his leave as quickly as possible!

*Lormeuil.* (to Lady Mirville) You're going to leave us madam?

*Lady M.* Excuse me Mr Lormeuil. I'll be back in a moment.

(exit, Champagne follows.)



## SCENE XII.

Lormeuil. Francis Dorsigny

*Lormeuil.* You recollect that you left me alone with your daughter a little while ago?

*Dors.* Oh yes I recollect.

*Lormeuil.* She is extremely amiable; the possession of her would make me the happiest man alive.

*Dors.* Yes, I believe so.

*Lormeuil.* But I must beg of you, not to constrain her inclinations.

*Dors.* How is that?

*Lormeuil.* She is certainly the most amiable creature in the world, that's certain! But she has spoken to me so often of her cousin Francis Dorsigny — he loves your daughter!

*Dors.* Is that true?

*Lormeuil.* 'Tis as I tell you, and he's beloved in return!

*Dors.* Who has told you that?

*Lormeuil.* Your daughter herself.

*Dors.* In that case what's to done? — What would you advise me to do Mr. Lormeuil?

*Lormeuil.* To be a good father.

*Dors.* How? What?

*Lormeuil.* You have told me a hundred times, that you loved your nephew as if he were your own son — Well then, give him your daughter! make both your children happy.

*Dors.* But then what shall I do with you?

*Lormeuil.* With me? — That your daughter will not have me; that's certainly a misfortune! But yet I cannot complain of it, as your nephew has been before hand with me.

*Dors.* What? you are capable of renouncing your claims?



*Lormeuil.* I consider it my duty.

*Dors.* (with vivacity) Ah, Mr. Lormeuil! how much I am indebted to you!

*Lormeuil.* I don't understand you.

*Dors.* No, no, you are indeed unacquainted with the great, excessively great service you do me — Ah, my Sophia! we shall be happy!

*Lormeuil.* What's that? How the deuce — That's not Mr. Dorsigny — Is it possible —

*Dors.* I have betrayed myself.

*Lormeuil.* You are Dorsigny, the nephew? yes, you are he — Well, certainly I did not look for you here, and yet I'm happy to see you — I have every right to be angry with you for the three sword — wounds which you so generously sent into my body —

*Dors.* Mr. Lormeuil!

*Lormeuil.* Fortunately, they are not deadly; and so let it rest! your uncle has always spoken to me of you in terms of the highest praise Mr. Dorsigny, and so far from wishing to pick a quarrel with you, I beg you to accept my friendship, and to honor me with yours.

*Dors.* Oh Mr. Lormeuil!

*Lormeuil.* Now to business, Mr. Dorsigny — you love your cousin, and you've every reason to love her. I promise you all my influence shall be used with the Colonel to gain her for you — But in return I beg that you'll render me an important service.

*Dors.* Speak! demand! you have acquired a holy right to all my gratitude.

*Lormeuil.* You have a sister, Mr. Dorsigny. But as you have eyes, only for your cousin, perhaps you have not remarked how very amiable she is — But I — I have remarked it but too well — And to make it short — Lady Mirville is worthy of the homage of every one! I have seen her, and I —

*Dors.* You love her? She shall be yours! depend



upon me! — She shall soon love you, if she do not already — I'll warrant you that. How fortunately every thing shall be united — I gain a friend, who can help me to the possession of all I hold dear upon earth, and I am capable of making him happy in return.

*Lormeuil.* 'Tis to be hoped so; but not yet quite so decided — Here comes your sister! vigorously Mr. Dorsigny — speak for me! manage my affair! I'll manage yours with your uncle. (exit.)

*Dors.* 'That's a splendid fellow, that Mr. Lormeuil! What a happy wife my sister will be!

### SCENE XIII.

*Lady Mirville. Francis Dorsigny.*

*Lady M.* Well, how goes it, brother?

*Dors.* You have made a conquest, sister! Mr. Lormeuil is soul and body, neck and ears in love with you. Just this moment he has acknowledged it to me, because he imagined that he was speaking with my uncle! But I told him that he should give up such thoughts — you had sworn never to marry — Have I not done right?

*Lady M.* Oh certainly — but — but you should not have told him so plumply. The poor young man is bad enough already, having failed in gaining your cousin.

### SCENE XIV.

*Enter Champagne.*

*Champagne.* Well, your honour! You had better get away as quickly as possible. Then you dare not meet with your aunt when she comes back. —

*Dors.* Well, I'll go! Am I not certain now, that Lormeuil will not take away my cousin from me?

(exeunt with Lady M.)



## SCENE XV.

Champagne alone.

Well, well, here I am alone! — Friend Champagne, you're a block head, if you don't make up for your late imprudence — Betray the uncle thro' the whole game! Let me see! what's to be done? Either the uncle or the nephew must be sent out of the way for the next two days, otherwise there's nothing to be done — But how the devil shall I manage it? — stop — let me see (meditates.) My master and this Mr. Lormeuil, 'tis true are become very good friends, but yet I could pick a quarrel between them! I could, that's enough for me! upon this let me act. — As a god servant, I must guard against misfortunes! Nothing more or less than downright care for my master — Also, immediately to the police! The necessary precautions will be taken, and then 'tis my duty, that they take the uncle for the nephew? — Who can help the resemblance — The hazard is great, but yet I'll venture it. It cannot fail, and even — but it cannot fail — If all comes to all I shall be discovered! I have only done my duty! And let the uncle rage and swear at me as much as he likes — I'll take refuge with the nephew, I'll help him to a young and lovely bride, surely he must be grateful — With courage to the work Champagne — Here, there is honour to be won.

(exit)



## ACT III.

### SCENE I.

*Colonel Dorsigny enters, Lormeuil follows immediately afterwards.*

*Colonel.* Must the devil drive this attorney to a supper just this evening! I left a note for him, and my nephew had already taken the trouble upon himself.

*Lormeuil.* (comes) This time at least I think I've got the uncle and not the nephew before me.

*Colonel.* Yes, I myself am he! You need not doubt it.

*Lormeuil.* I have much to say to you Mr. Dorsigny.

*Colonel.* I'm sure you have my dear sir! you must be mad with indignation — But no violence, I beg of you my friend! — Only think that the person who has offended you is my nephew — I demand your word and honour, that you'll leave it to me to punish him.

*Lormeuil.* But permit me to —

*Colonel.* I'll allow nothing! There shall be nothing more about it! That's always the way with you young people! You know no other manner of reconciliation than that of breaking one anothers necks.

*Lormeuil.* But that is not the case with me. Only hear me.

*Colonel.* My God I know it! Have I not been young myself! — But my dear fellow you must not let all that induce you to fight! you shall be my son-in-law! you shall — and that's all!

*Lormeuil.* I'm extremely grateful for your kindness and your friendship — But as the case stands —

*Colonel.* (harder) Not a word more! not a word!



## SCENE II.

Enter Champagne with two Constables.

*Champagne.* (to these) Look gentlemen! look! Even this minute they were about to fall together by the ears.

*Lormeuil.* What do these people want with us?

*First Constable.* Your most obedient servant, gentlemen! Have I not the honour of addressing Mr. Dorsigny?

*Colonel.* That's my name.

*Champagne.* And this gentleman here is Mr. Lormeuil.

*Lormeuil.* Yes, I am he. But what do these men want of me?

*Second Constable.* I shall have the pleasure of accompanying your honour.

*Lormeuil.* To accompany me? Where to? I have not the least idea of going out.

*First Constable.* (to the Colonel) And I please your honour, have orders to serve you as an escort.

*Colonel.* But where will you escort me then?

*First Constable.* That I'll tell your honour. It has been reported to the magistrates that you were about to fight a duel with this gentleman, and in order to —

*Colonel.* I, fight a duel? Ah! on what account then?

*First Constable.* Because you are a rival — because you both love Miss Dorsigny. This gentleman he is the lady's affianced bridegroom, that the father has fixed upon for her — and you, please your honour, you are her cousin and her lover — Oh we know all about it!

*Lormeuil.* You are quite in error, my good men.

*Colonel.* Truly you are — you're quite in the wrong box.

*Champagne.* (to the officers) Courage! Courage! Don't let yourselves be deceived, gentlemen! (to Mr. Dorsigny) May it please your honour! lay aside your mask! Confess who you are! Give up a game, in which you play but a bad part!



*Colonel.* What, you scoundrel, is this another of your villainous tricks?

*Champagne.* Yes, please your honour, I have arranged it so, I'll not deny it — I can boast of it! — I have fulfilled the duty of an honest and trustworthy servant in preventing mischief.

*Colonel.* You may believe me, my good men! I am not the person you are looking for; I am his uncle.

*First Constable.* His uncle? Ah let's alone for that. 'Tis said that you resemble your uncle extremely, but the resemblance shan't deceive us.

*Colonel.* But look at me, and examine me particularly! I wear a periwig, and my nephew wears his own hair.

*First Constable.* Yes, yes, we know very well the cause of your adopting your uncle's dress — The piece was ingenious; we are sorry that it has not succeeded better with you.

*Colonel.* But my good fellow, only listen to me —

*First Constable.* Oh yes, were we to stop and listen to every one that we are ordered to take prisoner — we'd never get away from the spot — Have the kindness to follow us, Mr. Dorsigny the post-chaise is at the door, waiting for us.

*Colonel.* How? What? The post-chaise?

*First Constable.* Yes, sir! you have stolen away privately from your garrison! We are ordered to pack you neck and heels in the carriage and to conduct you back to Strasburg.

*Colonel.* And this is another prank of this God damned, good-for-nothing! — Ha, you vagrant! you vagabond you!

*Champagne.* Yes, please your honour, it is one of my arrangements — you know very well, how much I was against your quitting Strasburg without leave of absence.

*Colonel.* (raises his walking stick) No, I can bear it no longer —



*Both Constables.* Moderate your anger Mr. Dorsigny!

*Champagne.* Hold him gentlemen! I beg of you — That's ever our reward when we oblige ungrateful persons. Perhaps I've saved your life, in preventing this unhappy duel, and as a reward for my services you would have killed me with your stick, had not these gentlemen been kind enough to prevent you.

*Colonel.* What's to be done now, Lormeuil?

*Lormeuil.* Why don't you call upon the persons who must know you?

*Colonel.* On whom, the devil shall I call upon? my wife and daughter are gone out — my niece is in the plot against me — and every one is bewitched or mad.

*Lormeuil.* Then there's nothing else to be done, than to set off in God's name for Strasburg, if these people will not let themselves be convinced of the truth.

*Colonel.* But that is a cursed joke, to —

*First Constable.* (to Champagne) Are you quite certain, that this is the nephew?

*Champagne.* Certainly! Certainly! The uncle is far away — Only keep your ground! don't be irresolute!

### SCENE III.

Enters a postillion.

*Postillion.* (drunk) He! hallo! will you soon be ready gentlemen? My horses are standing an hour at the door already, and I'm not come here to wait.

*Colonel.* What does the fellow want?

*First Constable.* He is the postillion that's to drive you.

*Postillion.* Oh bless my stars! is it you Captain, who are going to set out? — You've made a short business of it here — You arrived this evening, and the same night you set off again.



*Colonel.* How do you know that?

*Postillion.* He! He! Was it not I then, who set you down a few hours ago at the back door of this house? You see Captain I have made good use of your money — yes, yes, when any one gives me money for drink, I honestly and conscientiously fulfil his intention.

*Colonel.* What do you say, fellow? you have driven me? me?

*Postillion.* You, Sir! — Yes by the devil! And there's your servant too, who acted as avant courier — God save you, you cunning rogue you! He himself it was that told me in confidence, that you were the Captain, and that you were going secretly from Strasburg to Paris —

*Colonel.* What, you rascal? Do you say it was I?

*Postillion.* Yes, you! And you spoke to yourself the whole way without ever stopping; and cried continually: My Sophia! My dear little cousin! My angel! — What have you forgotten all that already?

*Champagne.* (to the Colonel) 'Tis not I your honour, who have put these words in his mouth — But who would speak so loudly and so openly of his lady-love upon the king's highway?

*Colonel.* I see it all! 'Tis determined that I must go to Strasburg, on account of my nephew's crimes and follies —

*First Constable.* Consequently, Captain —

*Colonel.* Consequently, Mr. Guide, I must away with you; but I can assure you 'tis very much against my will.

*First Constable.* We are well used to that, Captain, with the most of those we have the honour of serving, 'tis quite against their will.

*Colonel.* You are my servant then?

*Champagne.* Yes your honor.

*Colonel.* Consequently, I'm your lord and master.

*Champagne.* No doubt, please your honour.



*Colonel.* A servant must follow his master — you shall go with me to Strasburg.

*Champagne.* (to himself) Curse of Moses on him!

*Postillion.* Oh, not a doubt of it — March!

*Champagne.* I am very sorry indeed, that I must afflict your honour — you know how great my attachment is to you — I give you a strong proof of it this moment — but you know very well, how fond I am of my wife. I have seen her today after a long separation! The poor woman displays such a hearty joy at my return, that I have determined never to leave her again, and also to demand my discharge from you. You'll remember that you're three months wages indebted to me.

*Colonel.* Three hundred bastinadoes do I owe you, you scoundrel you!

*First Constable.* Captain you have no right to take this honest servant back to Strasburg with you, against his will — and if you owe him a balance of wages —

*Colonel.* Nothing! not a fraction do I owe him.

*First Constable.* Just so, that is no reason why you should pay him with blows.

*Lormeuil.* I must see how I can help you out of this dilemma — If there's nothing else to be done — Set off in the name of God, Mr. Dorsigny. Fortunately I'm at liberty; I have friends; I'll run and put every thing in motion, to get you back before day break.

*Colonel.* And I'll pay the postillion well, to drive as slowly as possible, in order that you may be able to overtake me — (to the postillion) Here, postboy! Drink my health — but you must drive —

*Postillion.* (openheartedly) That the horses shall smoke.

*Colonel.* No, no! not so! I don't mean that —

*Postillion.* I'll drive you at the same rate, as we came here! As if the devil drove you.



*Colonel.* May the devil take you, you damned fuddle-cap! I tell you that —

*Postillion.* You're in haste! and I also! Rest satisfied! we shall go so fast that the sparks shall fly out of the stones. (exit)

*Colonel.* (after him) The devil makes me mad! Wait, do you hear!

*Lormeuil.* Be calm, your journey shall not continue long.

*Colonel.* I believe hell is loose to-day, and the devils flying about in every shape! (exit, the first constable following).

*Lormeuil.* (to the second) Come my good fellow, follow me, as you're ordered to do so — but I tell you beforehand, I'll not spare your legs! And if you have calculated on sleeping to-night, you have deceived yourself most damnably, for we shall be the whole night in the streets.

*Second Constable.* As you please, your honour — Don't put yourself to the least inconvenience on my account — your servant Mr. Champagne. (exeunt)

#### SCENE IV.

*Champagne. Lady Mirville.*

*Champagne.* (alone) They are off — Success Champagne! the victory is ours! Now quick and courageously to work, to bring about the wedding even to-night — Here comes my master's sister; I may tell all to her.

*Lady M.* Ah, are you there, Champagne? Do you know where my uncle is?

*Champagne.* On his way to Strasburg.

*Lady M.* How? What? Explain yourself?

*Champagne.* Very willingly, your ladyship. Perhaps you don't know, that my master and this Mr. Lormeuil have had a warm dispute with one another.



*Lady M.* Quite the contrary. They are parted the best friends in the world, that I know.

*Champagne.* Well, but I didn't know that. And in the heat of my zeal, I went to the police for help I came here with two sergeants, one of which had orders not to leave Mr. Lormeuil's side, the other to conduct my master back to Strasburg. — Now the devil would so have it, that one of the cursed sergeants took your uncle for the nephew, forced him into the post-chaise, and away with him, whether he would or no, to Strasburg!

*Lady M.* What Champagne! you sent my uncle instead of my brother upon this journey? No, no, you can't be in earnest.

*Champagne.* Pardon me, my lady, quite in earnest — Alsace is a charming country; the Colonel has never yet taken a right view of it, and I procure him this little pleasure.

*Lady M.* Surely you can't be jesting? What has become of Mr. Lormeuil?

*Champagne.* He and his sergeant are parading the pavements of the city.

*Lady M.* The poor dear young man! He well deserves that I should take a share in his misfortune.

*Champagne.* Now, please your ladyship! To work! to work! There's no time to be lost! If my master had once got married to his cousin, we could soon bring the uncle back. I'll go and search for my master; I'll bring him here, and if you'll only assist us, every thing shall be completed this very night. (exit.)

## SCENE V.

*Lady Mirville. Mrs. Dorsigny. Sophia.*

*Lady M.* That's a desperate villain; but he has acted his part so well, that I must keep on terms with



him — Here comes my aunt; I must conceal the truth from her.

*Mrs. Dors.* Ah, my dear niece! have you not seen your uncle?

*Lady M.* Who? What? Has he not taken leave of you?

*Mrs. Dors.* What! taken farewell?

*Lady M.* Yes, he is gone.

*Mrs. Dors.* He is gone? Since when then?

*Lady M.* Just this moment.

*Mrs. Dors.* That's inconceivable. He didn't intend setting out till eleven. And where is he gone to then in such a hurry?

*Lady M.* That I don't know. I didn't see him setting out — Champagne told me of it.

## SCENE VI.

Enter Francis Dorsigny in his own uniform and without a periwig.  
Champagne.

*Champagne.* There he is, your honour, there he is!

*Mrs. Dors.* Who? my husband?

*Champagne.* Oh no, not quite! My master, the Captain.

*Sophia.* (running to him) My dear cousin!

*Champagne.* Yes, he was right to say that he'd be here in time to meet his letter.

*Mrs. Dors.* My husband sets off, my nephew arrives! How quickly occurrences tread upon each others heels!

*Dors.* Have I the pleasure of seeing you once again, my dear aunt! I am come full of disquietude and expectation —

*Mrs. Dors.* Good evening, my dear nephew!

*Dors.* What a frosty reception?

*Mrs. Dors.* I am heartily glad to see you. But my husband —



*Dors.* Has any thing happened to my uncle?

*Lady M.* Your uncle returned from a long journey this evening, and at the same moment he disappears again without our knowing where he's gone to.

*Dors.* That's certainly extraordinary!

*Champagne.* 'Tis quite astonishing!

*Mrs. Dors.* Oh that's Champagne! He can help to awake us all out of our dream.

*Champagne.* I, please your honour, madam?

*Lady M.* Yes you! My uncle has spoken with you alone before his departure.

*Champagne.* That's true! he has spoken with me alone.

*Dors.* Well, then tell us, why did he set off so suddenly?

*Champagne.* Why? Egad, he knew well! He had orders from the government.

*Mrs. Dors.* What?

*Champagne.* He had a weighty, secret commission, which demanded the greatest possible dispatch — which required a man — a man — I'll say no more! But your ladyship can well imagine, that the Colonel has been chosen to execute it.

*Lady M.* Certainly! such a distinction does honour to the whole family!

*Champagne.* Your honour can well believe that he could not delay long to bid farewell. Champagne, said he to me, I am going on state affairs to — to St. Petersburg. The state orders, I must obey — I'll write to my wife from the first stage — and as to the wedding between my nephew and daughter — she knows that I am perfectly satisfied.

*Dors.* What do I hear! my dear uncle must, —

*Champagne.* Yes, please your honour! he consented — I give my wife full power to conclude all, and I hope to find my daughter a happy bride on my return.



*Mrs. Dors.* And did he set off alone?

*Champagne.* Alone? Oh not quite! He had another gentleman along with him, who had an air of great distinction —

*Mrs. Dors.* I cannot imagine the affair.

*Lady Mirv.* We know his wishes. We must arrange, so that he'll find them man and wife on his return.

*Sophia.* His consent don't appear to me to be the least doubtful, and I would not hesitate a moment to marry my cousin on the spot.

*Mrs. Dors.* But I hesitate — and will await his first letter at all events.

*Champagne.* (aside) There we are called to account again, after having sent the uncle to St. Pétersburg.

*Dors.* But, my dear good aunt!

## SCENE VII.

Enter. Notary.

*Notary.* (walks in between Dorsigny and his aunt) I have the honor af saluting the whole of the right honorable society.

*Mrs. Dors.* Oh, are you there, Mr. Gaspar, our Notary.

*Notary.* At your honor's commands! His honour your husband had the kindness to call at my house.

*Mrs. Dors.* What? My husband was at your house, before his departure?

*Notary.* Before his departure? Just as you say! Look, look here! So great was his hurry, that his honour would not wait for me in my own house. This note he left behind for me — Please your honour will you read it.

(hands the billet to Mrs. Dorsigny.)

*Champagne.* (to Dorsigny in a low voice) This is the Notary, your uncle ordered to come.



*Dors.* Yes, on account of Lormeuil's wedding.

*Champagne.* (in a whisper) If we can make use of him for yours?

*Dors.* Silence! Let us hear, what he writes!

*Mrs. Dors.* (reads) „Mr. Gaspar will have the kindness to come to my house this evening, and to bring the marriage contract with him, which he has drawn up for my daughter. I have my reasons for „consummating the wedding this very night — Dorsigny.

*Champagne.* There we have it, black upon white! Now, perhaps your honour will have no more doubts respecting the consent of his honor your husband?

*Sophia.* It is not at all necessary that Papa should write to you, my dear mama, as he has written to this gentleman.

*Mrs. Dors.* In the name of God my children! Be happy! Give one another the hand, for my husband himself sends the Notary.

*Dors.* Quick, Champagne! A table, pens and ink; we'll subscribe immediately.

## SCENE VIII.

Enter Colonel and Valcour.

*Lady M.* Oh heavens! My uncle!

*Sophia.* My father!

*Champagne.* Has the devil brought him back again?

*Dors.* Yes indeed, the devil! This Valcour is my evil genius.

*Mrs. Dors.* Ah, what do I see? My husband!

*Valcour.* (presenting old Dorsigny) How happy do I esteem myself, to be able to bring a beloved nephew back to the arms and in to the bosom of his family! (as soon as he is aware of young Dorsigny) What the devil, there you are — (turning about to old Dorsigny) And pray, who are your Sir?



*Colonel.* His uncle, Sir.

*Dors.* But, explain to me, Valcour —

*Valcour.* Explain it to me yourself! I heard that an order was given to conduct you back to your garrison — after unspeakable trouble, I succeeded in getting your recall — I flung myself on horseback, and soon enough I overtook the post-chaise in which, I expected to have found you, and positively found —

*Colonel.* Your very humble servant, cursing and raging at a damned postillion, to whom I had given money to drive me as slowly as possible, and who drove me with the velocity of the wind in a storm.

*Valcour.* Your uncle didn't think it necessary that I should awake from my error; the post-chaise turned about, and back again for Paris, and here am I now — I hope Dorsigny, that you cannot complain of my zeal.

*Dors.* Much obliged to you, my friend, for the weighty service, you have done me! I am only sorry, that you should have given yourself so much trouble.

*Colonel.* Mr. Valcour! Perhaps my nephew does not acknowledge your very great services with the proper gratitude; but you may rest assured of mine.

*Mrs. Dors.* So you were not on your way to Russia?

*Colonel.* What the devil woman, should I do in Russia?

*Mrs. Dors.* Well, on account of the important commission, confided to you by the government, as you told Champagne.

*Colonel.* That blackguard Champagne again, who has advanced me to this high post. I am extremely obliged to him, for having raised me high in the world. — Mr. Gaspar, you have found my note at your house no doubt; it will be very pleasing to me, if the articles of matrimony can be signed, sealed and delivered this very night. —



*Notary.* Nothing easier, please your honour! We were just on the point of finishing this business in your absence.

*Colonel.* Very good! — People sometimes get married without the father; but how they can do it without the bridegroom, is a thing quite unknown to me.

*Mrs. Dors.* Here is the bridegroom! our dear nephew Dorsigny.

*Dors.* Yes my dear uncle! I am he.

*Colonel.* My nephew is a very nice young man; but he shall never have my daughter.

*Mrs. Dors.* Well then, who else shall have her?

*Colonel.* Who else, do you ask? The devil take it! shall not Mr. Lormeuil have her.

*Mrs. Dors.* Then he is not really dead, this Mr. Lormeuil?

*Colonel.* Not yet Madam! he's alive and here. Just give yourself the trouble to look around you, here he comes.

*Mrs. Dors.* And who is that gentleman along with him?

*Colonel.* He is a valet-de-chambre, that Mr. Champagne had the kindness to procure him.

## SCENE IX.

Enter Lormeuil with the constable, who seats himself in the back part of the apartment.

*Lormeuil.* (to the Colonel) So you have sent your uncle in your place to Strasburg? That shall not pass unrevenged, Sir.

*Colonel.* See, see! If you must fight par force, Lormeuil, you must fight with my nephew and not with me.

*Lormeuil.* (recognizes him) What? Is it you? And how have you managed to get back so soon?



*Colonel.* You may thank this gentleman, Mr. Valcour, who out of friendship for my nephew came full gallop to bring me back.

*Dors.* I don't understand you, Mr. Lormeuil, we parted but a short time ago the best friends in the world. — And have you not of late given up all pretensions to the hand of my cousin?

*Colonel.* Nonsense, Nonsense! That's all nonsense! My wife, my daughter, my niece, my nephew, all together shall not hinder me from executing my will and intention.

*Lormeuil.* Colonel Dorsigny, I am heartily glad that you are returned from a journey, which you set out upon against your will — But in spite of all we have spoken, and of all our well forged matrimonial plans, Miss Sophia loves your nephew.

*Colonel.* I don't understand a word of all that! But I would not have brought Lormeuil all the way from Toulon to Paris in order to let him return a bachelor again.

*Dors.* As to that part of the matter my dear uncle — Perhaps you may receive a piece of information which will convince you that Mr. Lormeuil has not made his journey in vain — Ask my sister.

*Lady M.* Me? I have nothing to say to it.

*Lormeuil.* Well then, I'll speak — Colonel Dorsigny, your niece is free; from the friendship, of which you this day intended giving me such a distinguished proof; I beg of you to use all your influence with your niece, that she may take upon herself to make up for your breach of promise towards me.

*Colonel.* What? How? — You'll be a pair. Will you? — And this jackanapes of a Champagne shall pay me for all together.

*Champagne.* May the devil come jumping for me,



your honour, but I was deceived myself at first from the striking resemblance — Forgive me for the little party of pleasure, I procured you! It was all done for my master's interest.

*Colonel.* (to the two couple) Well, well, if there's nothing else to be done here, sign, sign!



## The Outcast.

A sketch from life by J. S. S. Rothwell.

Author of the Cossack etc.

### CHAP. I.

Idôle d'un coeur juste et passion du sage,  
Amitié, que ton nom soutienne cet ouvrage,  
Regne dans mes écrits ainsi que dans mon coeur;  
Je m'appris à connaître, à sentir le bonheur.

„Good heavens! am I then alone? an outcast and a wanderer in my native land; Mrs. Coleman dead; and Maria too dead, to the world and to me! Almighty and Eternal Father, why, oh why! hast thou spared me for this? — Gracious heaven! she was my affianced bride. Full long have I been the sport and scorn of an unfeeling and indignant world, but this sad pang is worse, far worse than all. Oh omniscient Father! grant me in thy mercy to die, for the last beacon to which my frenzied soul has clung is gone, is lost for all eternity!“

As the speaker uttered these words, he leaned his burning forehead for a moment upon his emaciated hand, a deep but suppressed tone of anguish escaped him, and then a ghastly smile played for a moment upon his haggard features, and he burst out into a long, loud and



hysterical fit of laughter, and a fire of the deepest and deadliest madness flashed across his burning brain and settled upon his soul for ever.

The wretched young man — for young he yet was, through his scant and attenuated form, his care worn brow and haggard countenance, almost belied the assertion — had just returned from exile in the Indies, and was one more unhappy victim to the fearful destruction, to the damning influence of the gaming table.

Reader, we have perhaps experienced more of the world than commonly falls to the lot of men of our age; (twenty six) but amongst the many incidents which the chequered scenes of life have presented to our view, none is fraught with so much horror, or is written so indelibly on our soul, as the history, of that youth, the principal features of which may still be recognized by many a guilty actor in the tragic scene — but may the Omnipotent Father of heaven turn them from their evil way, and show to them that mercy they so ill deserve — but we are digressing. —

It was our misfortune to be educated at a fashionable boarding-school, within a few miles of the Metropolis, and there it was that we first became acquainted with Frank Power and George Coleman. Frank and George had been comrades from youth, and tho' totally different in manners, pursuits and occupations, still there was a romantic degree of attachment existing between them, or, in the genuine schoolboy phrase, they were chums. Frank was a vivacious youth of a precocious disposition, and possessed of a more than ordinary share of talent, which had it been cultivated with care, would have shone in its own sphere; but, unfortunately, like too many youths of the present day, he was spoiled by the over-endearments of a too fond mother. He it was, who devised and executed all the devilry and row among the boys; he who headed all the revolts and planned the fortifications for



the all-important barrings out, and he who wrote in glowing tints the emblazonment, —

Omnia bene  
Sine poene  
Tempus est ludendi  
Venit hora  
Absque mora  
Libros deponendi.

And well do we remember when once a youngster stood in terrorum before our literary tyro, who with a significant hem and stentorian voice, roared out, „hold out sir“, and the terrified urchin, with his hand barely peering from under the sleeve of a greasy blue jacket, which ever and an on he jerked back with consummate address, as he caught the Argus eye of W. O. D. and yelled a war whoop before the whizzing bamboo had measured half its length upon his sooty palm; well it was during the elevation of the aforesaid bamboo Frank found means to convey the decomposed embryo of some future fowl (vulgo rotten egg) into the posterior pocket of his unsuspecting assailant, and by means of sundry circumvolutions of a piece of Pack thread, he removed the utensil which his seat of honour had occupied, and in attempting to regain his former position, slap bang he went upon his nether end, and-ye powers of impudence, „the eggs, the eggs,“ was reiterated through the entire room, while the hitherto suppressed titter of the young urchins, emboldened by the oldsters, burst into a loud and continued fit of laughter, to the complete discomfiture of their quondam assailant, the prostrate usher. Frank was often punished, and at length, being guilty of so many excesses, he was placed under the sentence of expulsion, but pardoned, and then only kept within bounds of decorum by the strict discipline to which he was subjected; — withal he possessed many virtues, and a sincere and generous heart.

George was of totally a different cast: he was fond



of study to a fault, of a mild, unassuming manner, and his general conduct had invariably endeared him to every one.

A few years rolled on, and Frank was left an orphan and in the possession of an independent property. He resolved to travel, and to the Continent he repaired, where for some time he revelled in scenes of dissipation and riot.

Coleman commenced his career in an eminent mercantile establishment in the city of Dublin, when in a little time he became one of the proprietors, and lived in comparative affluence with his widowed mother and only sister. The soul of Maria, for such was her name, was formed of sensibility and feeling; genius, that heaven born attribute, and worth, which alone truly elevates human nature, were hers; in her person, she was tall and luxuriantly proportioned, her large, dark and lustrous eye curtained with long silken lashes, bespoke a mind warmly alive to all the sensibilities of human nature; her high and polished forehead spoke deeper thought than generally falls to the lot of persons of her tender age, (then seventeen) while the varied expression of her countenance appeared to reflect all the feelings of a tender, — a sensitive heart:—

Her air, her manner, all who saw admired,  
 Courteous the coy, and gentle tho' retired;  
 The joy of youth and health her eyes display'd  
 And ease of heart, her every look convey'd

Such was Maria at the time of which we write. It was towards the close of the summer of 183— that Coleman and his sister received an invitation to a soirée at a little distance from the city, and thither they repaired at the appointed hour. Much as they had anticipated from the proverbial ostentatious liberality of Mr. M'Owen, still the extravagant and gorgeous display of that night exceedingly surpassed any thing they could ever have imagined. The ball rooms presented one brilliant coup d'oeil, elegantly and superbly arranged, with a profusion of magnificent unnecessaries. Nature and art appeared to have been ransacked, to add splendour and effect to the



glittering scene. Richly carved ottomans, covered with the finest Persian Velvet, were arranged for the lovers of small talk and scandal, and those who preferred a tête à tête to the light quadrille or the mazy whirl of the waltz. The costly hangings from the lofty windows, the gaudy festoonery, the floors chalked with their hundred devices, and the gilding which shone in the glare of the wax lights, with the brilliant gaze of youth and beauty, rendered it more a magic than an earthly scene, and would lead the young heart to anticipate something more of that undefined pleasure than human nature is formed to enjoy. Coleman had never mixed in company, and it may be supposed he was transported, and delighted beyond measure. (Would to heaven, that night for him had never come.) He was introduced to a host of titted bloods, sober cits, and lovely fair ones, as ever shone in the galaxy of beauty, yet amongst them all, he did not see one with whom he wished to prolong an acquaintance. He had danced several sets of quadrilles, and was just commencing a gallopade waltz, when he heard his name mentioned near him, he looked and beheld a young man dressed in the extreme of fashion in earnest conversation with the hostess, he instantly recognised Power, and as soon as he had shown his partner to a seat, he advanced and shook him warmly by the hand; they conversed for some time, as may be imagined, upon the scenes of their boyhood, and harrowed up many a pleasing tale of their schooldays.

## CHAP. II.

It may be here necessary to remark that during Power's residence in Paris, among other fashionable amusements he had frequented the saloons of the Palais Royal, which presents a very curious and amusing spectacle, whether to the young bloods, egregious coxcombs tip-top



dandies, to the sage or the philosopher. Nor was Power content with viewing one side of the picture of this Babylon of modern times; which with its name of Palace, with all the magnificence of Royalty, affords a scene of mingled splendour and poverty, beauty and deformity, luxury and misery, which defies all description. Here under the arcades at one end, in which is a double row of little shops, in which is the most beautiful and fanciful display of jewels, china, prints, books, ribands, clothes, and indeed of every possible luxury. Here it was that Power met with a fashionable looking young man of the sonorous Milesian name of Callaghan O' Brallaghan, as he was bargaining for some trinkets, which he intended either as baits, or presents to some fair danseuse, or grisette who had become more enamoured of his purse than of his sweet sounding and musical cognomen, or of his person. Some months had rolled their hours away into the all devouring ocean of dread eternity, since the young gentlemen had first become acquainted with each other, at a horse race, not far from that refuge of the coal smoked Cockneys\*) yclept Boulogne-sur-mer. In addition to a handsome person and an ample fortune, Mr. O' Brallaghan was possessed of a great fund of humour, or ready wit, a thing for which most of his countrymen are proverbial; a certain suavity of manner and a character which tho' it could not exactly be termed a bad one, yet was one of those which are reckless of controul, as well as of consequences. With such passions and attractions, which if not exactly similar to those of Powel, yet there was a certain degree of congeniality in their feelings, which drew them into terms of the closest friendship. „Damn me, my dear Powel,“ said Mr. O' Brallaghan, „I am extremely happy to meet you in Paris, how long have you been in the city?“

\*) A nick name given to the Londoners.



„Just two days,” replied Mr. Powel, „and I thought this morning that I should come and visit this gay scene. What splendid shops! what a display of luxury and opulence.“

„Yes, my boy,” replied Mr. O’ Brallaghan, „and this luxury and opulence is not all; this splendid picture has also its dark side; infamy, vice, and squalid misery.“

„What!” said Mr. Powel, „I hope you have not turned moralist, or methodist preacher since your arrival in Paris. — What the devil, my dear fellow, have we to do with the dark and gloomy side of affairs? Our business is to seek pleasure; — unrestrained pleasure, and let us leave moralizing for the priests, and gloomy seriousness for the old and decrepid.“ „Enjoy, how, and when we can, and“ leave not for the morrow what we can have to-day.“ Time ever on the wing will soon cover our young brain boxes with the cold and wintry snows of age, and „the days will soon enough arrive, when we’ll be obliged to say, we have no pleasure in them.“

„You are quite right,” answered Mr. O’ Brallaghan, „but of late I’m beginning to think, that we can hurry on that cold and wintry age, which when the spring and summer of our years are spent in pursuit of that phantom pleasure, which „as we follow flies,” leaves us nothing behind but reproaches and bitter remorse.“

„But a truce to such a conversation,” continued he, „some twenty years hence, should I have the pleasure of meeting you here, I shall be very happy to conclude our present discourse, but now away with all such thoughts,“ „Richard is himself again,” come let’s to Verey’s and

„Fill our bumpers fair,  
For every drop we sprinkle;  
O’er the brow of care,  
It smooths away a wrinkle.“

„What a splendid Restaurant“ said Mr. Powel on entering Verey’s. „Yes,” replied his companion, „ici on



peut avoir, tout ce qui doit flatter la sensualité des palais les plus fins, tout ce qui doit déveiller l'appétit des gourmands, tout ce que le ciel, la terre et l'onde possèdent de rare, de monstreux, de délicieux, d'exquis, tout ce que le grand art de friand a su créer de délicat, de savoureux dans les quatre parties du monde, est entassé dans cette boutique succulente, chères aux gastronomes opulents, où l'on vend aux poids de l'or les jouissances de la bouche et les tourmens de l'estomac.

„What the devil," cried Mr. Powel, „one would imagine that you had served an apprenticeship here, and had studied four hours a day to be able to deliver such an eulogy."

„Voilà le garçon qui vienne avec notre dinér," cried Mr. Brallaghan breaking off the discourse, „and a bottle of Champagne or Burgundy will, I think, convince you, qu'on dîne bien ici." And then, as you are but a tyro in the pleasures which Paris affords, after dinner you shall come with me to make the tour of the Palais Royal."

The first place our two young heroes entered was one of those subterranean apartments, which bears a very strong resemblance, even in the obnoxious effluvia which it emits to what the Poets tell us of the heated and sulphureous regions of his Satanic majesty. And here they found a motley group of wretches assembled in tripping it to the unharmonious music of some wretched performer; in a second, was an equally ill-assorted group regaling themselves with their favorite liqueurs which they ever and anon seasoned with some obscene witticism or ill-timed joke; in a third they found a number of half-starved looking, miserable objects crowded round a hazard or billiard table, whose countenances rose or fell, gleamed with a demoniacal joy, or writhed itself into a sardonic grin, as dame fortune happened to smile or frown upon



them; as they happened to deprive their opponent of all his worldly wealth, or be themselves deprived of that which should be the sustenance of an amiable wife and some half a dozen little ones, who cries but in vain „father! father! nous avons faim;“ but whose cries are unheard, unheeded, by the infatuated wretch, who, once on the path of ruin and perdition, sees well the dread gulph before him, yet like the timid mouse who once comes within the basilisk gaze of the serpent, has not nerve or courage enough to make a single effort to flee its dread fate; he rushes headlong, and casts himself into the whirlpool of temporal and eternal damnation, heedless of the miseries he entails upon his unhappy consort and the innocent babes who have had the misfortune to call him by the tender, the endearing name of father. In a fourth apartment they witnessed scenes of the most disgusting debauchery, which were at once revolting to the eye of decency and a disgrace to human nature; Powel himself, although a libertine from principle, turned away from the infernal scene with disgust, and with a determination of future amendment, the which in some measure he put into execution.

„Now“, said Tyrrell, „was I not right, when I asserted that this splendid picture had its dark side. Can any thing in the world be more revolting to the feelings of every one who has the least spark of principle or of virtue in his composition, than those scenes we have just witnessed; and yet these are not all, and perhaps not the worst which this sink of iniquity contains.“

„Yes, you are indeed right,“ replied Powel, „and although I had heard and read much concerning this extraordinary place, yet I had not the least idea that things were here publicly carried to such excesses.“

They once more ascended to the arcades, where they for a time stopped to admire the cleanly and elegant appearance of the restaurateurs, and taverns, in which their



English ideas of epicurism, were thrown quite into the back ground by the rich and almost innumerable dishes which they there found to invite their taste, or to excite their John Bull stomachs. Nor could they have formed any conception of the convenience, elegance, nay, the almost eastern splendour of the constantly filled coffee houses; particularly the new ones which are ever tempting on account of the sumptuousness of their decorations, and of the splendid dresses and *la beauté éblouissante* of the young women seated at their counters, with all the dignity of Queens upon their thrones. Great was the astonishment of Power on entering the *café de Mille Colonnes*, that resort of all strangers, to enjoy the magic effect produced by the reflexions of its ingeniously arranged looking glasses; and to gaze with astonishment upon the goddess-like beauty of the lady, seated at the counter, in an arm-chair which originally cost ten thousand franks.

Leaving this gay and pleasing scene of opulence and splendour, they now ascended to the first floor, where a very different and unexpected scene broke upon the view of Power. Tyrrell had but too frequently been a visitor in this place, so that for him 'twas nothing new. Here they were admitted into the very purlieus, the very domicile of gaming and ruin. Innumerable apartments opened in succession, and all of them were crowded to excess with their infatuated votaries. Here every game of hazard or skill is played. Here it is, that many a man, rich and happy, lured in by a fatal curiosity, leaves it perhaps before morning to put an end to his miserable existence.

„But how comes it,“ said Power, after he had a little recovered his astonishment; „how comes it that such places of obscenity and gaming are permitted?

„Permitted“, replied his companion with surprise, „These hells and houses of ill fame are not only tolerated,



but authorized and licensed by the government, under whose immediate sanction they exist, and to whose support and infamy they largely contribute."

„But come, let us leave this place," said Tyrrell, and pursue our search for the beauties, and pleasures, not to speak of the deformities and miseries of the Palais Royal."

„To night, I will not play, but to morrow, should you feel so inclined we will renew our visit and tempt the fickle dame."

They hurried quickly through other ranges of apartments occupied by restaurateurs; and others yet, which are appropriated to scientific purposes and pursuits. But science, save that of seduction, had but little inducement for our two young travellers; and in the arts of the latter science they had already been so advanced that they might well undergo the strictest examination without any danger of being rejected as unskilled in the seductive arts. Full many a young and beautiful girl had fallen a victim to the winning wiles of Tyrrell, who had something of a distinguished air about him that always goes to a woman's heart. He looked exceedingly like a *mauvais sujet*; and I have heard that this too, has a charm for the sex, — but I loathe a supposition so flagrantly immoral.

But a short time did our two young friends remain to listen to the lectures on the various branches of philosophy and the Belles-Lettres, which are delivered here almost every hour. Nor did they spend much time in enquiring into the different objects which the various literary societies had in view who here hold their meetings; but hurried on into the adjoining apartments which Tyrrell well knew were occupied by the fashionable impure. The Palais Royal is the favourite haunt and chosen residence of this miserable and degraded class of society.



After a short stay our travellers pursued their course, and ascended one étage higher, where they witnessed scenes of the most deplorable depravity. Here they found the apartments full of the lowest and most disgusting prostitutes; from the beetle-browed, thick-lipped, flat-nosed inhabitant of the burning climes of Africa, to the once fair, but now depraved, rejected and withered Circassian. Here they found themselves surrounded by bullies and sharpers of every description, and with difficulty did they escape paying dearly for their curiosity.

„Such“, said Tyrrell, „is the Palais Royal, it is a little world in itself, it comprises in it every character, and almost every scene that can be imagined — every thing to inform the understanding, and every thing to corrupt the heart. Every thing to delight the eye and „to gratify the palate, of the gourmand and the sensualist.“

„And yet methinks,“ said Power, „that there are things here exposed to public view which should not be allowed by a well regulated police, just observe the windows of that confiseur yonder, what figures! what positions! Are those not enough to shock modesty, and make a virtuous woman blush, to think that she ever had seen them.“

„Or rather“, replied his companion, „such things tend to corrupt the young, innocent and untravelled heart, which by the daily contemplation of not only these but still worse soon forget to make a distinction between moral and immoral, modest and obscene, between vice and virtue. Only take a view of these prints, behold that Venus exposed in all her naked charms, and behold the voluptuous embraces of this young pair. Are these and such as these not dangerous even to women of the most fastidious virtue? Are not our characters generally, if not always formed from our contact with the world? Are we not too prone to familiarize our selves with scenes of vice and infamy? which at first sight created no other feelings



than those of disgust? And yet how soon does the hideous monster become tame and delightful to our corrupted morals. Women there are, and for the honor of the sex many splendid examples, whose virtues like the diamond, shine the more they come in contact. But yet the greater number are those on whose minds such scenes as these tend to mislead their thoughts, corrupt their hearts, and „make their blood run riot in their veins.“ For as my once favourite Bard, the immortal Young has it.

„Virtue for ever frail as fair below;

„Few bring back at eve, immaculate,

„The manners of the morn.“

„But“, continued he, „this is France, and this is Paris, from our cold fastidious and insular habits, ideas and customs, we must neither judge nor condemn other nations. We must not expect to find here that vanity which makes the daughters of Britain be virtuous, and her sons generous and brave. But come my dear fellow“, said he, „I have still one thing more to show you, ere we quit this conglomeration of all that's good and beautiful, of all that's infamous and disgusting. „Behold“, continued he „that house, the third to the right; in that very house you can, in the short course of one single evening experience all the vicissitudes of pleasure and pain. With pleasure and delight, — with all the bright hopes of youth and health gleaming before him, has many a young man commenced his early career on the first floor; where he has regaled himself with delicacies only known to the epicurean, heated his brain with the fumes of aromatic wines, and then ascended one pair of stairs, and entered the purlieus of gaming and destruction. Having become desperate with the loss of his fortune, perhaps too that which should go to the support of a tender and widowed mother, and of some three or four young and lovely sisters, „whose only joy, whose only hope he was“; he ascends to a third story, and there he seeks to forget



his misfortunes in the arms of some one of the fashionable impure. But soon he awakes from his delusive dream, and hurried by the madness of despair, he rushes up another pair of stairs, enters the dark and dirty abode of some unfortunate gunsmith, who makes out a livelihood by the sale of instruments of destruction, merely to those who take their degrees in the hells below. Here he provides himself with a brace of dogs commonly called pistols, loads them, and should he have either courage or patience, he awaits putting his dread purpose in execution, at least till he arrives at the entrance of that den, which caused his ruin and eternal destruction. „Such“, continued he, „is the Palais Royal, it has not its parallel in any city of Europe or of the world, and you well see,“ addressing himself to Power, „that actual observation alone can convey any adequate idea of either its splendor or its vile seductions. „But now let's away; to morrow I shall do myself the pleasure of waiting on you, till then good bye.“ „Farewell“ replied Power, „recollect my number 34 Rue de Rivoli à troisième.

The next day found the two young friends together, in one of the gaming houses of the far famed Palais-Royal; and would to heaven! that meeting had never taken place. After playing for trifling sums for some time, Tyrrell proposed playing for a stake of twenty pounds which was soon accepted by the proud and hot headed Power. Fortune seemed to favour him for some time, but soon the fickle dame turned the scale against him. Either through his own inattention or the design of Tyrrell who to lure him into playing high, had at first played very indifferently, he began to lose considerable sums, and with the loss of his money followed that of his temper. He accused Tyrrell of cheating and deception, in words of no very measured language. Tyrrell was not one of those who could long brook accusation or reproach even from a well known and intimate young man, whom he



had ever designated with the appellation of friend. He received the accusation, as might be expected, in very ill part, and struck Power a blow across the face. The consequence of this public insult was a challenge from Power which was but too readily and fatally accepted by the determined Tyrrell. The place chosen for the rendez-vous, was, as is generally the case, the Bois de Boulogne. At six o'clock in the morning of the fourteenth of May 183 — the fatal rencounter took place in one of the allées leading from Boulogne to St. Cloud, the spot I remember well, too well, not far from a pine tree which marks a centre from which allées or avenues branch off to the four points of the heavens.

At half past five Mr. Power left his lodgings, rue de Rivoli, and a very short time brought him to the ground — Mr. Tyrrell and his second were there before him; and also a third person who seemed to be a friend of Tyrrell's. Mr. Tyrrell had brought no surgeon. The gentleman who was to act as his second stepped out to Major H. —

„You have taken proper precautions — a professional gentleman, I presume,“ said he, in a tone that seemed to imply that his friend had no need of such precautions.

„I have done all, sir“, said the veteran, „that I have thought right; with a dignified tone.

„Very probably“, said the other drily.

„We are now ready for business“, said the Major, in a tone approaching to haughtiness.

„Quite“, replied the other in a voice of imperturbable composure.

They moved a little farther from their principals to settle preliminaries.

„Twelve paces,“ said the Major with sang-froid.

„No, Sir,“ said Mr. Tyrrell's second sternly.

„It's the usual distance.“



„I believe," said Mr. Tyrrell's second, „the challenged party has a right to some discretion, I wish fifteen."

The major eyed them with a look of which the scorn was not concealed.

„Mr. G. — ", said the major turning, „my friend seeks satisfaction for an outrageous insult — the distance you propose is too great."

„Then", said Mr. Tyrrell's second, „you can have no objection to nine?"

I felt my blood run cold.

„It would be little better than murder", said the major.

„Nine, Sir," taking no notice of what he said, said the other second; you have refused fifteen; I am anxious on the part of my friend to give you every satisfaction."

After some few words the ground was measured at nine paces. When Mr. Tyrrell was placed he became deadly pale — his shirt open at his breast. He attempted to button it, but his hand trembled so violently that he could not. The strange gentleman with whose name I was unacquainted, perceived it and buttoned it for him.

The seconds loaded the pistols, and handed them to their respective friends. Some few words passed previously between major H — and Power, at which I moved off that I might not overhear. He now handed him his pistol and we all moved away.

The word was given — there was first one report — an instant after the other. I trembled to look round — I heard some one exclaim with an oath, „he's killed!" I looked towards the spot where Power stood, certain that my eyes would be blasted by the sight of his bleeding corpse. But he stood just in the attitude in which he had fired. Opposite to him, his friends had raised up his unfortunate antagonist.

I ran towards him. Our surgeon was beside him —



the wounded man had his hand upon his left side, indicating the direction that the ball had taken. He had opened his coat and waistcoat to search for the wound — the ball had carried a portion of his dress along with it into the wound. — The surgeon shook his head.

The dying man perceived it. „I know it,“ he cried; I am done — damn it — I wanted him; cried he, as he clenched his fist. — Nine paces — it should have been three — then we should have gone together — damn that mad passion — damn you all“, he roared with a fiendish energy. A few more terrible imprecations, a few gnashes of his teeth, and the ferocious spirit of the ill-fated Tyrrell had passed away. He slept with his fathers.

### CHAP. III.

„O Gertrude, Gertrude,  
When sorrows come, they come not single sples,  
But in Bataillons.

Hamlet.

But a few weeks had elapsed from the occurrence of the melancholy scene, attempted to be described in the foregoing chapter; when Power made his appearance in the splendid ball room of Mr. Mc. Owen and met his old friend Coleman, with whom we left him in close conversation at the conclusion of the first chapter. Notwithstanding the melancholy catastrophe of which his gaming propensities had been the vile cause; Power had not resolution enough to bid those propensities adieu for ever. He was in fact become an incurable, a confirmed gambler. He had indeed made many professions of amendment, yet he could not overcome the mania with which he was infected, but there was one resolution he made and religiously kept, he never played to any large amount.



The time of departure from the soirée was now arrived; the night turned out unusually severe for the season, and it was arranged that the lovely Maria should remain with Mrs. Mc. Owen, George and Frank resolved to go home together, but were obliged to walk, as the vehicles were all cramed and no other mode of conveyance could be found at that hour: after they had proceeded a little way, the mist thickened into a drenching rain. Fatigued and over powered, they arrived in — street, and Power was happy to accept the invitation of Coleman to share his bed, he continued an inmate of that house during the remainder of the week. Coleman had introduced his sister to him at the ball, during his stay he frequently had an opportunity of seeing her, and it was easy to perceive that she was not perfectly indifferent to him. Some months now passed in the constant interchange of friendship between the young men. Coleman was proud to acknowledge Frank as his friend, he being extremely affable and gentlemanly in his deportment; he was received in the polite circles with a confidence which would not have been imagined from his previous libertine principles; his esteem for Maria gradually deepened into love, nay, he almost adored her — while his natural flow of sense, his ease of manner, wit, and above all a seeming penchant for literature and the arts, had combined to render him attractive in her eyes, and, she already began to feel the witchery of that passion which enchains while it fascinates the young heart, by the maddening influence of its fervid glow. Frank, the spell bound, the ill fated Frank, with all his purposes of amendment, would often tear himself from his beloved Maria, to breathe the infected air of a hell. Unfortunately for the hapless Coleman, he too, was induced by his persuasive arguments to accompany him. It was one night in the month of January, the following year, they were together bending their steps towards — street, entered the house by a long narrow



passage which again led into a long hall, and were ushered through a labyrinth of concealed doors into the principal apartment: a long deal table was arranged in the centre of the room; Coleman seated himself, and, for the first time laid his money upon the abhorred board, he won some trifling sum and they departed; the next night found him again there, and he won considerably. It is a well known fact that the gaming table is surrounded by a number of unprincipled sharks, who having neither property nor character to lose, glut themselves and revel in the spoil of their unsuspecting and unexperienced victims — thus it was with Coleman, he was first permitted to win, merely to draw him deeper into play.

The return of each evening now found him anxiously awaiting the moment when the doors would be opened, night after night, was he at the table, sometimes alone, but generally accompanied by Frank, success was variable, and, at length fickle fortune was unpropitious; maddened and disappointed by repeated loss, he was still induced to return in the hopes of retrieving his embarrassments.

Frank had raised money upon bills to a considerable amount to supply the immediate exigencies of the wretched youth, and, finding himself implicated in his destruction, he entreated him more earnestly to desist, than ever he could have done to induce him to commence. „Ruin stares you in the face“, said he, „trust no longer to fortune; for heaven's sake go no more.“ „No, no“, returned Coleman, what may the consequences of a single night? I am in debt, deeply in debt, which I have no means of liquidating, save by play.“ Better put up with what you have lost,“ said Power, than risk disclosure to a distracted parent, think, oh think what would be her agony! see her already writhing under the lash — see her imploring mercy from her dishonoured son!“ And he appealed by the most finely wrought arguments to his soul, he begged, conjured, nay implored him with all the persua-



sive eloquence of which he was master," „Hold! hold!“ cried the tortured Coleman, and he burst into tears, „one night more, be heaven or hell upon its path, and I am done for ever.“

The next night Coleman was again at the table, Frank was beside him, the game was „rouge et noir“, a considerable sum was bet upon the red, he won, and again three successive times, the stakes were doubled and still he won, tortured by suspense Frank could have torn him from the room, but for the bystanders, entreated, begged, aye knelt, and again he struck upon a feeling chord, „you say you love and revere your mother,“ said he, can it be love then, that impels you to hurry her to destruction, nay, to sink her to a grave of infamy and shame? Coleman looked, but heeded not the supplication of Frank. The fourth time the stakes were again doubled, and Coleman's entire property hung upon the fortune of a single card.

'Twas a moment of feverish anxiety, Frank gazed sullen and stupified, his head swam, his brain whirled, and he sunk upon the floor in a fit of desponding agony. Coleman stood unmoved, nor did he betray the slightest appearance of trepidation, save a slight quiver of the lip; his opponent was a little French Jew, whose features while Frank spoke, exhibited all the contortions of contending emotion of which human nature is susceptible — during periods of agitation or intense anxiety, a slight frown hovered over his haggard countenance as he listened to the deep interest with which his antagonist spoke, but when he saw him sink to the floor, his habitual leer heightened by a momentary gleam of inward satisfaction, instantly turned to a malicious grin. „Jetez monsieur“, said he, Je n'ai pas temps à perdre danser folies, Coleman threw, the cards were instantly turned, and powers of heaven he lost! the bystanders gazed wildly upon each other — mon dieu, parbleu, sainte vierge,



monsieur, vraiment l'ouvrage n'est pas mien", exclaimed the Jew in a wild ecstasy of delight. Coleman rushed uncovered from the room, and a scene of confusion ensued, which baffles our pen to describe.

The following morning found Frank at Coleman's, he rushed to his bed-room. But heavenly Father, oh! horror there was an appalling spectacle; Coleman lay stretched a ghastly corse, his throat severed from ear to ear, and weltering in his blood, his features stiff and convulsed, his eyes unclosed, but fixed in a look of death; in his clenched hand he held a piece of paper, upon which was scrawled barely legible, „Frank you have ruined me — but no, 'twas myself, adieu for ever.“ He tore the scroll in pieces, and rushed in a fit of desperation from the house.

The effects of such a blow upon the wretched mother we will not attempt to delineate, our readers can no doubt much better imagine the horrors of such a scene to a mother's breast, than we can describe — happily for her, she possessed some property in her own right, and was therefore not involved in total ruin, but her health was greatly impaired by the shock, and she retired with her daughter to Aix la Chapelle, where, uncared for and unknown, she did not long survive, but died a victim to her son's indiscretion. Maria, the lovely, the unfortunate, the abandoned Maria, returned to her once happy home, where, bereft of society she formed the resolution of taking the veil, and entered the convent of St. Ursula, at —

We shall now return to the unhappy Frank, who, when he had witnessed the dreadful and appalling spectacle of death, rushed immediately to the quay, — the St. Patrick Steamer was starting for Liverpool — he jumped in and thence took his passage to Madras, in the East Indies, where for some time he led a truly wretched



and unhappy life; at length he obtained some trifling remunerative situation in the Company's service at Bangalore, but the state of his mind, which we shall not attempt to describe, induced him to return to his native land, where we have already seen the certain fall upon the most wretched victim of the tragic drama.



## Childhood.

From an unpublished poem „The Geurrilla's-Bride.“

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I need not speak of childhood's time,  
 It is the same in every clime,  
 On every strand the same blest hours  
 Of sunshine and of light and flowers,  
 Of smiling joys and hearts as light,  
 And chainless as the wild bird's flight;  
 Of laughing lips and laughing eyes,  
 And thoughts as pure as the blue skies.  
 Of Love — for O! there's not a minute  
     In that blest time, but hath  
 Affection's very essence in it,  
     Shedding its fragrance on our path.

O, when we're lifting madly up  
     In after years, the burning draught,  
 With which we fill up pleasure's cup,  
 And reel with the strange tide we've quaffed;  
 Will we not think of that pure spring,  
     Beside whose cool and crystal brink,  
 Childhood reposed its restless wing,  
     And stooped the limpid wave to drink —  
 And laughed in the clear wave to trace



The brightness of its happy face,  
 Reflected in its beauty there  
 As smiling innocent and fair.  
 O! say can all for which we toil,  
 The knave's reward, the villain's spoil,  
 Ambition's bauble that awhile;  
 Holds for the eye its gilded smile;  
 Or glory's evanescent wreath,  
     Which scarcely on the brow is braided,  
 Or time its fragrance hath to breathe,  
     Ere the frail boon is faded, —  
 Be ere contrasted with the time,  
     Which was so calm and pure and bright  
 Nor had one wish or will, whose flight  
 Was struck down by the shaft of crime;  
     When if a moment's passing gloom  
 Of pain or weeping chanced to come,  
     Would only by its shadow make  
     More beautiful the glorious ray,  
 That through the veiling cloud would break,  
     And dance again upon our way,  
 With all its former warmth and play.

Honeycomb.



## To Lilla C.

---

Sweet rose of Scotland, fare thee well,  
 Thy home it is not here;  
 You bid adieu without regret,  
 To visit scenes more dear.

And when among the snow capp'd hills,  
 And touched by mem'ry's silver wand,  
 Will e'er thy heart's warm feelings flow,  
 For him that's in another land.

Oh! no, thou'lt never cast a thought  
 On one that loved thee well;  
 Yet thou shalt never be forgot —  
 Sweet Rose of Scotland, fare the well.

J. S. S. R.



## Nature and Art.

---

William was holding in his hand  
 The likeness of his wife;  
 'Twas drawn by some enchanted wand,  
 It seemed so much like life.

He almost thought it spoke — he gaz'd  
 Upon the picture still;  
 And was delighted and amaz'd  
 To view the painter's skill.

„This picture here, is like thee Jane,  
 'Tis' drawn to nature true;  
 I've kiss'd it o'er and o'er again  
 It is so much like you.“

„And has it kiss'd thee back my dear?  
 „Oh, no, my love“ said he;  
 „Then William, it is very clear  
 It's not at all like me.“

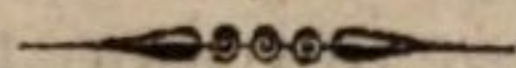
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# **The Glass of Water,**

or

## ***Cause and Effect.***



**A Comedy in five Acts**

by

**M. E. SCRIBE.**

**Translated from the French**

by

***J. S. S. Rothwell.***





## CHARACTERS.

---

QUEEN ANNE.

THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH, her favorite.

HENRY ST. JOHN, Viscount Bolingbroke.

MASHAM, ensign in the life guards.

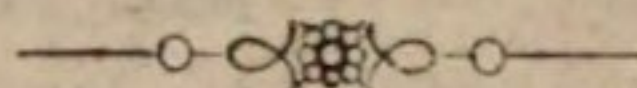
ABIGAIL, cousin to the Duchess of Marlborough.

THE MARQUIS DE TORCY, Ambassador of Louis XIV.

THOMPSON, door keeper of the Queen's chamber.

A MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT.

Scene, the palace of St. James at London. The four first acts  
in the drawing-room. The last in the Queen's chamber.





## ACT I.

### SCENE I.

The Stage represents a rich saloon in St. James's Palace — A door at the end. Two side doors. To the left of the spectators, a writing table and writing utensils; to the right, a stand. —

The Marquis de Torcy, Bolingbroke, entering to the left of the spectators; Masham, sleeping in an arm-chair, near a door to the right.

*Bol.* Yes, my Lord Marquis, the Queen shall receive this letter, I swear to you, I'll find the means, and it shall be received with all the respect due to the ambassador of a great king.

*De Torcy.* I depend upon you Mr. St. John. I confide my honour and that of France to your loyalty and friendship.

*Bol.* You are right . . . . . They may tell you that Henry St. John is a libertine, and a spendthrift; a marplot and a capricious person, a passionate writer, a turbulent orator . . . . . I wish it with all my heart . . . . but not one of them can tell you that Henry St. John has ever sold his pen or betrayed his friend.

*De Torcy.* I know it, and I place my every hope in you!

(exit De Torcy.)



## SCENE II.

Enter Masham.

*Bol.* Oh chances of war and destiny of conquering kings! the ambassador of Louis XIV. cannot obtain an audience of Queen Anne in the palace of St. James! . . . . and in order to send her a diplomatic note, he is obliged to make use of as much address and mystery, as if it were some missive of gallantry . . . . The poor Marquis de Torcy . . . , if his negociation should not succeed . . . . he will die of chagrin! . . . . so much does he love his old sovereign . . . . who still flatters himself with the idea of a glorious and an honorable peace . . . . Old age is always discontented.

*Mash.* (sleeping) Oh! how beautiful she is!

*Bol.* And youth . . . the age of illusions . . . . Look at that young officer; happiness comes to him in his dreams!

*Mash.* (the same) Yes, I love you . . . . I will love you ever!

*Bol.* He dreams, the poor young man! Ah! 'tis little Masham, and here I am in the vicinity of my acquaintance! . . . .

*Mash.* (still sleeping) What happiness! . . . . what inexpressible good fortune! . . . . Ah 'tis too much for me! . . . .

*Bol.* (tapping him on the shoulder) In that case my friend, let us divide it!

*Mash.* (rising up and rubbing his eyes) Oh! . . . . who is that, is it Lord St. John that awakes me!

*Bol.* (laughing) And who ruins you! . . . .

*Mash.* You, to whom I am indebted for all . . . . Poor student, poor country gentleman, lost in the City of London; two years ago I was about to throw myself into the Thames for want of twenty five guineas, and you gave me two hundred, which I still owe you! . . . .



*Bol.* Pshaw, my dear fellow, I should wish to be in your case, and I would willingly change sides with you . . . . .

*Mash.* Why so, then?

*Bol.* Because I owe a hundred times more.

*Mash.* O heavens! you are unfortunate!

*Bol.* Not at all! . . . . I am ruined, and that's the whole of it! . . . But never in my life was I better disposed, more gay or more free . . . . During five of the longest years of my life, rich and weary with pleasure, I have dissipated my patrimony . . . . I was forced to be busy. At twenty five . . . . all was finished! . . . .

*Mash.* Is it possible?

*Bol.* I was not able to go any faster! . . . In order to retrieve my affairs, they married me to a charming woman . . . . impossible to live with her . . . . A Million for her fortune . . . . even as many faults and caprices . . . . I returned her fortune . . . . I gained by it! . . . . my wife glitters at court, she was of the Marlborough party, she was a whig . . . . you know that I was obliged to become a tory; I threw myself in the opposition: I owe her that! . . . . I owe her my happiness! for, since that day, my instinct and my occupations are awaked! it was the necessary nourishment for my ardent and inactive soul! In our political torments, in the storms of the senate I breathe, I am quite at my ease, and like the English sailor upon the sea, I am quite at home, in my element, in my empire . . . . Happiness is motion! . . . . Misfortune is repose! . . . . Twenty times in the idleness of my youth, and particularly in my housekeeping, I had, like you, the idea of committing suicide. —

*Mash.* Is it possible?

*Bol.* Yes . . . . . the days that I was obliged to accompany my wife to balls! . . . . But now I try to remain on earth! I should be quite in despair to be obliged to quit! I have no time for it . . . I have not a moment



for myself . . . . member of the house of commons and Grand Signor of the journalists . . . . . I speak in the morning, and I write in the evening . . . . . In vain do the whig ministry crush us with their triumphs, in vain do they predominate over England and over Europe at this moment . . . . . Alone with a few friends, I sustain the struggle, and the conquered have often disturbed the sleep of the conquerors . . . . . Lord Marlborough, at the head of his army trembles at a speech of Henry St. John's or at an article in our journal „the Examiner.“ He has on his side Prince Eugene, Holland and five hundred thousand men . . . . . I have on mine Swift, Prior and Atterbury . . . . . For him the sword, for us the press! The illustrious and avaricious Marshal wishes for war which drains the public treasury and fills his own . . . . for me, I wish for peace and industry which would insure the 'prosperity of England much better than conquests. This is what is necessary to make the Queen, the parliament, and the country understand.

*Mash.* And that is not easy.

*Bol.* No . . . . . for brutal and physical force; victories gained with the point of the bayonet, or the mouth of the cannon, astonish and blind the vulgar to such a degree, that they never imagine that a conquering general could be a fool, a tyrant, or a knave . . . . and that Lord Marlborough is one of them! I will undertake to prove . . . . I will show him slipping his victorious hand stealthily into the coffers of the state.

*Mash.* Ah! you would not say that . . . . .

*Bol.* I have written it . . . . I have signed it . . . . the article is there . . . . it will appear to-day . . . . I will repeat it tomorrow, the day after tomorrow . . . . every day . . . and there is one voice which will always be heard in the end, a voice which speaks louder than trumpets and drums . . . . it is the voice of truth! . . . . But pardon me . . . . I thought I was in parliament, and I



am subjecting you to a course of politics, you, my young friend; who have certainly other dreams in your head . . . dreams of fortune and of Love.

*Mash.* Who has told you that?

*Bol.* You yourself! I believe you to be very discreet when you are awake; but I can assure you that in sleeping you are not so.

*Mash.* Is it possible?

*Bol.* I heard you felicitating yourself in your dreams on your good fortune, without the least fear, you may name the great lady to whom you are indebted for it.

*Mash.* I?

*Bol.* Unless it should be mine! . . . in that case I will ask no questions! . . . I will understand . . .

*Mash.* You are in error! I know no great lady! There is somebody, I allow it, who without letting himself be known, has acted as my protector . . . a friend of my father's . . . perhaps you? . . .

*Bol.* No, certainly not . . .

*Mash.* However, you are the only one I can suspect. An orphan and without fortune, but the son of a brave gentleman killed on the field of battle, I have had the idea of soliciting a situation in the palace of the Queen: but the difficulty of getting near her Majesty to present my petition, was so great, that one day on the opening of parliament, I rushed with intrepidity into the group which surrounded her carriage; I almost touched it, when a tall gentleman pushed by me, turned round and imagining that he had to do with some young student, gave me a fillip on the nose.

*Bol.* 'Tis not possible!

*Mash.* Yes, Sir . . . I still see his insolent and sneering look . . . I see him in my mind's eye . . . I should know him amongst a thousand, and if I ever meet him again . . . But, at that moment the crowd, in separating us, pushed me against the carriage of the Queen,



to whom I presented my petition . . . . it remained fifteen days without a reply. At length I received a letter of audience from Her Majesty! . . . . you may well imagine that I lost no time in repairing to the palace, dressed in my best, and for the best reason in the world on foot. . . . I had nearly arrived, when two steps from Saint James's and opposite a balcony where some fine ladies of the court were amusing themselves, an equipage which went quicker than I did bespattered me from head to foot, me and my satin doublet, the only one of which I was owner . . . . and to complete my misfortune and vexation, I perceived at the door of the carriage . . . the same individual, the man with the fillip . . . who laughed again . . . . Ah! in my rage I sprang towards him, but the equipage had disappeared, and furious and desperate I entered my modest hotel, having lost my audience.

*Bol.* And your good fortune!

*Mash.* Quite the contrary! the day after, I received from somebody unknown, a rich court dress, and some days afterwards the situation which I had petitioned for, in the palace of the Queen. I was there scarcely three months, when I received that which of all things in the world I most desired, an ensign's commission in the life guards.

*Bol.* Indeed! And you have no suspicion who your mysterious protector may be?

*Mash.* Not the least! . . . . he assured me of his constant favour, if I continue to render myself worthy of it . . . . I demand nothing better . . . . that which appears to me unpleasant and annoying, is, that he forbids my marrying . . . .

*Bol.* Ah! nonsense!

*Mash.* Fearing no doubt, that, that might hinder my promotion.

*Bol.* (laughing) Is that the only idea which this prohibition has given rise to?



*Mash.* Yes, without doubt.

*Bol.* (still laughing) Well! well! my dear friend, for an ancient page to the Queen, and a new officer in the guards, I must say that you are scripturally innocent ....

*Mash.* What do you mean by that?

*Bol.* I mean that the unknown protector is a protectress . . . . .

*Mash.* What an idea!

*Bol.* Some great lady is interested for you . . . .

*Mash.* No, Lord St. John . . . not so, that's not possible!

*Bol.* What is there astonishing in it? . . . Queen Anne, our charming sovereign is a very respectable and sage personage, whose time hangs on her hands with royal tedium . . . that is I mean as tedious as possible . . . but at her court, people amuse themselves very well! . . . . all our ladies have their little protégés, their young and amiable officers, who without ever quitting the palace of St. James obtain superior rank and station.

*Mash.* Lord St. John! . . .

*Bol.* Good-fortune is so much the more flattering when we owe it to personal merit.

*Mash.* Ah! that's an indignity . . . . and if I knew . . . .

*Bol.* (seating himself near the table to the left) In that case . . . I may be deceived, and if it be really some great man, a friend of your father's . . . . why then await the issue . . . . let yourself be guided! Ah! if you had been ordered to marry . . . . I would say nothing . . . but you are forbidden . . . . it is clear, that it is not an enemy . . . quite the contrary . . . . and to obey him is not very difficult . . . .

*Mash.* (standing near the Arm-chair where Bolingbroke is seated) But if in reality . . . when we love any one . . . when we are loved in return . . . . .



*Bol.* Ah! I understand you! . . . the object of your dreams! the person of whom you thought a few minutes ago in your sleep?

*Mash.* Yes, my Lord . . . the most amiable, the most beautiful girl in London, who has nothing . . . nor I either . . . and 'tis for her that I wish for honour and riches . . . I shall wait with impatience till I have made my fortune, and then I'll marry her.

*Bol.* You are not yet very far advanced . . . and she, on her part?

*Mash.* Still much less! . . . an orphan as I am; shop girl at a rich jeweller's . . . Mr. Tomwood's, in the city.

*Bol.* Ah! my God!

*Mash.* Who has become bankrupt . . . She is now without a place, without resources.

*Bol.* (rising) It is little Abigail . . .

*Mash.* Do you know her then?

*Bol.* Oh! but too well, from the life time of my wife . . . that is, I mean to say, when my wife lived with me . . . I was an assiduous customer at Tomwood's magazine . . . my wife was very fond of diamonds and I was fond of jewellery, you are right, Masham, little Abigail is a sweet, pretty, artless and talented girl . . .

*Mash.* Eh! but from the manner in which you speak of her . . . have you been in love with her . . .?

*Bol.* For a week, and perhaps more! if I had not seen that I was losing my time . . . I have none to lose . . . particularly now . . . but I have a most sincere esteem and friendship for this young girl; and now do I feel regret for the first time in my life . . . not for having lost my fortune, but for having made such a bad use of it . . . I would have come to your aid . . . I would have got you married . . . but at present, debts, creditors who spring up from under the earth . . . and for the future, I have not even a



hope . . . . the estates of my family all fall to Richard Bolingbroke, my cousin, who has not the least wish to leave them to me . . . for unfortunately, he is young, and like all sots and fools, he enjoys the best health in the world . . . but perhaps we can do something at court for Abigail . . . . .

*Mash.* That's just what I said . . . . . a situation as companion to some great lady who would be neither imperious nor haughty . . . . .

*Bol.* (shaking his head) That's not easily to be found:

*Mash.* I have thought of the old Duchess of Northumberland, who, 'tis said wants a reading companion.

*Bol.* Better and better . . . . . she is only one of those who tires to death.

*Mash.* And I advised Abigail to go to her this morning; but even the idea of going to the palace of the Queen made her tremble from head to foot.

*Bol.* No matter . . . . . the hope of finding you here, will induce her to come . . . . and hold . . . hold . . . Mr. officer of the guards, what did I tell you? . . . here she comes.

### SCENE III.

Enter Abigail.

*Abig.* Lord St. John! (she turns towards Masham, to whom she gives her hand.)

*Bol.* 'Tis himself my dear girl, and you must have been born under a lucky planet . . . . . the first time that you come to court, to find two friends! . . . . . a rencontre very rare in this country! . . . . .

*Abig.* (with gaiety) Yes, you are right, I am lucky! . . . . and particularly so to-day . . . . .

*Mash.* So then you are determined on visiting the Duchess of Northumberland?



*Abig.* Ah! you don't know it! I have been told that the situation is given away . . . . .

*Mash.* And yet you are so joyful?

*Abig.* It is because I have another! . . . . . more agreeable, I think . . . . . and I am indebted for it . . . . .

*Mash.* To whom then?

*Abig.* To chance.

*Bol.* So much the better! . . . . . chance is the most convenient and the least exacting of all patrons.

*Abig.* Just imagine, that among the fine ladies who frequented Mr. Tomwood's magazine, there was one very amiable, gracious, who always bought from me . . . . . and in purchasing diamonds . . . . . people always chat.

*Bol.* And Miss Abigail chats very well . . . . .

*Abig.* It appeared to me that this lady was not very happy in her domestic affairs . . . . . that she was a slave in her own mind, for she often repeated to me with a sigh . . . . . „Ah! my little Abigail, how happy you are here, you can do what you please . . . . .“ How could any one say that to me who, chained to the counter, could never leave it . . . . . could never see Mr. Masham except on sundays after Divine service, when he was not on duty at the court . . . . . At length one day . . . . . nearly a month afterwards, the fine lady took it into her head to have a gold sweet-meat box, of exquisite workmanship . . . . . almost nothing . . . . . thirty guineas! . . . . . And she had forgotten her purse . . . . . and I said: We can send the trinket to your Ladyship's residence . . . . . But her Ladyship, who seemed embarrassed at my proposal, hesitated to name her abode, no doubt on account of her husband . . . . . whom she did not wish to tell . . . . . there are many great ladies who do not tell their husbands every thing . . . . . and I cried out; Keep it, keep it, my Lady, I will take it all upon myself. — You will be security for me? replied she with a charming smile . . . . . very good, I shall return again! . . . . . — But not at all, she returned no more . . . . .



*Bol.* (laughing) The great Lady was a knave.

*Abig.* I was very much afraid of it . . . . for a month had passed away . . . . Mr. Tomwood's affairs were in a bad state, and the thirty guineas for which I had made myself accountable, I now owed to him . . . or to his creditors . . . . It was that, that made me so unhappy, and of which I would not have spoken to any one for the world . . . . but I had determined on selling all that I possessed . . . . my finest gowns, and even this one, which every one says becomes me so well.

*Bol.* Very well, indeed.

*Mash.* And which adds to your beauty, if it were possible.

*Abig.* Now you have the reason, why I found it so difficult to decide . . . . At length I was resolved . . . . as a carriage stopped at the door yesterday evening, a lady descended, it was her Ladyship . . . . Much business, too long to explain to me, had detained her . . . and then she could not leave home, when she wished . . . . however, she determined to come herself and discharge her debt . . . . In speaking she remarked that I had still tears in my eyes, although I did all I could to dry them up at her arrival. I was then obliged to tell her of my distress, and my situation, and the embarrassment which I was in . . . . she was all kindness . . . and I was all grief! At length I told her of all, except of Mr. Masham, . . . . and when she knew that I intended waiting on the Duchess of Northumberland this morning . . . . 'tis she who told me: „Don't go there, you will be too unfortunate“ . . . . besides the place has been given away . . . . But as for me, my child, I have a very considerable house in the great world, and at court . . . a house of which, unfortunately, I am not always mistress . . . . but no matter for that, I can offer you a situation in it . . . . will you accept of it?.. And I, ah, I threw myself into her arms saying to her: Dispose of me and



of my life . . . I will never leave you again, I will share your cares and griefs . . . — Very well, replied she with emotion; come to-morrow and ask for the Lady whose name I shall give you. — She then wrote two words upon the counter, which I copied and which I have with me . . . and here I am now . . .

*Mash.* 'Tis very singular . . .

*Bol.* And, may we see the paper?

*Abig.* (giving it to him) Certainly! . . .

*Bol.* (smiling) Ah! ah! from nothing else but her generosity, I could have divined it. (To Abigail) These words have been written in your presence, by your new protectress? . . .

*Abig.* Yes, certainly . . . You know this writing, perhaps?

*Bol.* (coldly) Yes, my child . . . it is that of the Queen.

*Abig.* (with joy) The Queen! . . . is it possible?

*Mash.* (with joy) The Queen gives you a situation near her person! . . . Oh! your fortune is made for ever!

*Bol.* (passing between them) Wait, my friends, wait a moment . . . don't rejoice too much before hand!

*Abig.* 'Tis the queen who has said it, and a Queen is mistress of her own house!

*Bol.* But not our Queen . . . Of a mild and good character, but weak and undetermined, she dares not do any thing without taking the advice of those by whom she is surrounded, she must necessarily let herself be governed by her counsellors and favourites; and near her person is a woman of strong mind, resolute and audacious, with a penetrating and quick glance, who always aims at a high mark! . . . 'tis Lady Churchill, Duchess of Marlborough, a greater general than her husband himself, more adroit than he's valiant, more ambitious than he's avaricious, more queen than her sovereign whom she leads



and directs by the hand . . . . the hand which holds the sceptre.

*Abig.* Then the Queen loves this Duchess warmly?

*Bol.* She detests her! . . . . at the same time that she calls her, her best friend! . . . and her best friend repays her with interest!

*Abig.* And why does she not fall out with her . . . why does she not shake off an insupportable domination?

*Bol.* That my child, is a little more difficult to be explained to you. In our country . . . . in England, Masham can tell you, it is not the Queen, 'tis the majority that reigns; and the whig party, of which Marlborough is the leader, has not only the army but also the parliament for him! . . . . They have acquired the majority! and Queen Anne whose glorious reign is so much vaunted, is forced to submit to ministers who displease, to favourites who tyrannize, and to friends whom she does not love. Still much more . . . . the interests of her heart, her fondest desires almost oblige her to pay court to the imperious Duchess; for her brother, the last of the Stuarts, whom the nation has banished, cannot be recalled to England without an act of parliament, and this bill, it is still the majority, it is the Marlborough party alone who can support and insure it's success . . . The Duchess has promised it . . . . and this all gives way to her influence. Superintendant to the Queen, she orders, rules, decides, names persons to all the situations and employments, and a choice made without her consent would excite her defiance, her jealousy and, perhaps, her refusal. Those are the reasons, my friends, why the Queen appears to me, to be very courageous to-day, and the nomination of Abigail still very doubtful.

*Abig.* Ah! if that's the case . . . . if it depends entirely on the Duchess cheer up! . . . I have still some hope!

*Mash.* Eh! what?



*Abig.* I am distantly related to her.

*Bol.* You, Abigail?

*Abig.* Yes! certainly . . . . by a misalliance! a cousin of her's, a Churchill fell out with his noble family by marrying my mother!

*Mash.* Is it possible? . . . . a relation of the Duchess!

*Abig.* A very distant relation . . . . I should never have appeared before her; because she formerly refused to receive and acknowledge my mother . . . . but for me . . . . poor girl . . . . who will demand nothing from her, except not to injure me . . . . or not to oppose the goodness of the Queen . . . .

*Bol.* That's no reason . . . you don't know her . . . But this time, at least, I can serve you, and I'll do it . . . even were I to draw her hatred upon me.

*Abig.* Ah! how kind you are!

*Mash.* How can we ever shew our gratitude for such goodness!

*Bol.* By your friendship.

*Abig.* That's but very little!

*Bol.* 'Tis very much! . . . for me, a statesman . . . who scarcely believes in such a thing as friendship . . . (briskly) I believe in yours, and I count upon it! . . . (taking their hands) Between us in future . . . an alliance offensive and defensive!

*Abig.* (smiling) Redoubtable alliance!

*Bol.* More than you think, perhaps, and thanks to heaven, this shall be a good day! two successes to be carried! . . . Abigail's place . . . and another affair which lies close to my heart . . . a letter which I would wish at any price to be put into the hands of the Queen . . . I await it and search for the means . . . Ah! if Abigail were appointed! if she were received amongst the ladies of Her Majesty, all my messages would arrive safely, in spite of the Duchess.



*Mash.* (briskly) If it be only that? I can do you that little service.

*Bol.* Is it possible?

*Mash.* Every morning at ten o'clock, and that 'twill be in a few minutes, I take Her Majesty, during breakfast, (taking up the Journal on the table to the right) the Gazette of Fashion and the beau monde, which she looks through, while sipping her tea; she admires the engravings, and sometimes she tells me to read for her, the articles about balls and routs.

*Bol.* Wonderful! . . . . how lucky that royalty reads the Gazette of Fashion . . . 'tis the only one she's permitted to read . . . . (slipping a letter under the cover of the news paper) The letter of the Marquis in the middle of farthingales and furbelows. And now that we're about it . . . (Pulling a journal out of his pocket).

*Abig.* What are you doing?

*Bol.* A number of the Examiner, which I'll slip under the cover. Her Majesty shall see, how people treat the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough . . . she and all her court will be very angry at it . . . . and she has so little anger! . . . . There it strikes ten, go Masham . . . . go!

*Mash.* (going out by the door to the right) You may depend upon me!

#### SCENE IV.

*Abigail. Bolingbroke.*

*Bol.* You see that the treaty of the triple alliance begins to produce its effects already . . . 'tis Masham that protects and serves us!

*Abig.* He! perhaps! . . . . but as for me, I'm not much worth!

*Bol.* We must not despise trifles, for 'tis by means



of trifles that we master great events! . . . Perhaps you imagine, like every body else, that the political catastrophes, the revolutions, the fall of Empires, are the effects of serious, profound, important causes! . . . What an error! . . . States are either subjugated or ruled by heroes, by great men; but these great men are governed themselves by their passions, their caprices, their vanities; that is to say, by that which is the most trifling, the most miserable in the world. You don't know perhaps that a window in the Chateau de Trianon, criticised by Louis XIV. and defended by Louvois, has created the war which inflames the whole of Europe at the present moment! It is to the wounded vanity of a courtisan that the kingdom owes all its disasters; it is to a cause still more futile perhaps, it may owe its salvation. And without going any farther . . . I, to whom you speak, I, Henry St. John, who up to my twenty sixth year was considered a dandy, a hair-brained fellow, a man incapable of serious occupations . . . do you know how I became all at once a states man, how I got into the House of Commons, into the affairs of state, into the ministry?

*Abig.* No, certainly not.

*Bol.* Well my dear girl, I was made minister because I knew how to dance the saraband; and I lost my power, because I had got a cold.

*Abig.* Is it possible?

*Bol.* (looking to the side next the Queen's apartment) I'll tell you all that some other day, when we shall have more time. And now, without suffering myself to be cast down or dejected, I fight at my post, in the ranks of the conquered!

*Abig.* And what can you do?

*Bol.* Hope and await with patience!

*Abig.* Some great revolution? . . .

*Bol.* Not at all . . . only some chance . . . a caprice



of fortune . . . . a grain of sand which shall upset the chariot of the triumphing conquerer.

*Abig.* Can you not create this grain of sand?

*Bol.* No . . . . but should I meet with it, I know how to place it under the wheel . . . Genius and Talent should not interfere with the designs of Providence, and invite events, but Genius and talent should profit by them. The more trifling they are in appearance, in my opinion the more they are within our reach . . . great effects produced by little causes . . . that's my system . . . I have every confidence in it, and you shall see the proofs of it.

*Abig.* (seeing the door opening) 'Tis Masham that's coming.

*Bol.* No . . . . 'tis still better! . . . 'tis the haughty and triumphant Duchess . . .

## SCENE V.

Enter the Duchess.

*Abig.* (In a low voice, and looking at the side of the gallery, from which the Duchess approaches) What! is that the Duchess of Marlborough? . . .

*Bol.* (In a low voice) Your cousin . . . . and nobody else . . . .

*Abig.* Without knowing who she was, I've often seen her already in the warehouse. (aside and looking at her coming.) Ah yes . . . . this is the great lady who came lately to purchase some diamond ornaments.

*The Duch.* (advances reading the newspaper, raises her eyes and perceives Bolingbroke, whom she salutes.) Lord St. John!

*Bol.* Himself, My Lady Duchess, and my thoughts were occupied with you just this moment.

*The Duch.* You often do me that honour, and your continual attacks . . .



*Bol.* I have no other weans of putting you in mind of me.

*The Duch.* (shewing the gazette which she has in her hand.) You may be quite easy on the matter, Sir, for I promise I'll not forget your to — day's number.

*Bol.* You have condescended to read . . .

*The Duch.* In the Queen's apartment whence I come this moment.

*Bol.* (troubled.) Ah! it is there . . . .

*The Duch.* Yes, Lord St. John! . . . . the officer of the guards on service brought the Journal of the Fashionable world . . .

*Bol.* Where I go for nothing.

*The Duch.* (with irony.) I know it! This long time your reign is over! but, between the leaves of this Journal, and by the side of yours was a letter from the Marquis de Forcy . . . .

*Bol.* Addressed to the Queen . . .

*The Duch.* That's the reason, why I read it.

*Bol.* (with indignation.) Madame! . . .

*The Duch.* 'Tis one of the duties of my office! As Superintendant of Her Majesty's house, all letters must first pass through my hands. Now you have notice of it, Sir, and whenever there should be any epigrams against me, any bon mots or witticisms which you wish me to see, you have only to address them to the Queen, it is the only means of making me read them!

*Bol.* I shall not forget it, Madame; at least, that is what I wish, that Her Majesty should know the propositions of the Marquis?

*The Duch.* There you deceive yourself . . . . I have read them . . . that's sufficient . . . the fire has done them justice.

*Bol.* What, Madame? . . .

*The Duch.* (making her reverence and preparing to leave the room, perceives Abigail who remained at the bottom of the



stage) Who is that pretty creature there who so timidly and modestly keeps in the back ground . . . what's her name?

*Abig.* (advancing and courtesying.) Abigail.

*The Duch.* (with haughtiness.) Ah! the little toy girl! . . . True, true . . . I recollect her . . . She's really a pretty little girl . . . And 'tis the person of whom the Queen has spoken to me? . . .

*Abig.* (briskly.) Ah! Her Majesty has condescended to speak to you, . . .

*The Duch.* Leaving me mistress to admit or to refuse . . . And since this nomination depends on me alone . . . I shall see . . . I'll examine with impartiality and justice.

*Bol.* (aside.) We're lost!

*The Duch.* You know, Miss, that it's necessary to have titles.

*Bol.* (advancing.) She has them.

*The Duch.* (astonished.) Ah! Lord St. John is interested for this young woman! . . .

*Bol.* From the kind and affectionate reception which you condescended to give her, I thought you must have divined it.

*The Duch.* I should have admitted her with pleasure; but in order to enter into the service of the Queen one must belong to a family of distinction.

*Bol.* 'Tis just in that case that she shines! . . .

*The Duch.* We must see that . . . there are so many persons who say they are noble, and are not so in the end! . . .

*Bol.* And so this young Lady who fears that she may be mistaken, dares not inform you that she is called Abigail Churchill.

*The Duch.* (Aside) O! heavens!

*Bol.* A very distant relation 'tis true . . . but yet a cousin of the Duchess of Marlborough, to superintendant



he Queen, who, with her severe impartiality, hesitates and demands if she's of a family sufficiently good to approach Her Majesty. You understand, Madame, that for me, who am a worn out writer, long since out of fashion, there is plenty in the recital of this adventure to bring me in vogue again with all my readers, and the „Examiner“ would have a fair opportunity of making itself merry at the expense of the noble Duchess, cousin of the little shop-girl . . . . But cheer up, Madame, your friendship is too necessary to your young relation, for me to wish, or to think of being the cause of her losing it; and on conditions that she be admitted into the establishment of Her Majesty this day, I give my word of honor that I shall act as if I never knew any thing of this anecdote, however piquant it may be . . . . I await your reply.

*The Duch.* (haughtily) I shall not let you wait long for it. 'Tis my duty to present my report, upon the admission of this young lady, to the Queen, and whether she be my relation or not, it shall not change one tittle in my decision; I shall introduce her to Her Majesty . . . . And to her alone! . . . . As for you Sir, it will be enough for you to know that I have never accorded any thing to menaces, weak and powerless weapons, which I despise . . . . and if I submit to them to day, it is because you have forced me to it . . . . When one is a publicist Lord St. John, and particularly when one belongs to the opposition, he ought to try and arrange his own affairs, before he attempts to arrange those of the State. That is what you have not done . . . . You are enormously in debt . . . . Nearly 40,000 £ stg, which your creditors, impatient and almost in despair, have resigned to me for a sixth part of the amount in ready money . . . . I have bought them all . . . . I, who am so avaricious, so covetous . . . . You will not accuse me this time of wishing to enrich myself . . . . (smiling.) for these credentials are said to be disastrous . . . . but they have one advantage . . . . that of



enabling me to get a writ of arrest . . . an advantage which I have not yet been able to profit by, against a member of the House of Commons . . . but tomorrow the session ends, and if the piquant anecdote of which you spoke just this moment should appear in the morning journal, the evening journal shall announce, that the talented author Lord St. John, is at the present moment in Newgate composing a treatise on the art of making debts . . . . But I have nothing to fear Sir, you are too necessary to your friends and the opposition, for me to think of depriving them of your presence, and however painful silence may be to so eloquent an orator, yet you know still better than I do, how necessary it will be for you to hold your tongue. (She courtsies and goes out.)

## SCENE VI.

Abigail. Bolingbroke.

*Abig.* Well, well! what do you say to that?

*Bol.* (gayly) Well played, by Jupiter Ammon! . . . 'Tis fairly done . . . I have always said that the Duchess was a woman of strong mind and particularly a woman of execution. She does menace; she acts . . . And this idea of holding me dependant of her by discharging my debts . . . 'tis admirable! . . . particularly on her part . . . That which my best friends would not have done for me, she has done . . . she has paid for me . . . she must then have a hatred towards me . . . which shall excite my emulation and my courage . . . Well Abigail, cheer up my girl!

*Abig.* No, no . . . I'll give up all: it concerns your liberty!

*Bol.* (gayly) We shall see that! and by all means possible . . . (Looking at a clock which hangs against one of



the pannels to the right.) Ah by Jove! 'tis time to go to the House , . . I cannot neglect it' . . . I must speak against the Duke of Marlborough who demands subsidies . . . I shall prove to the Duchess that I understand economy . . . I'll not vote a single shilling . . . Adieu! I depend upon Masham, upon you, and upon our Alliance!

(He goes out by the door to the left.)

## SCENE VII.

Abigail. Masham.

*Abig.* (about to go out.) A fine Alliance! . . . where all goes bad . . . except for Arthur, however . . .

*Mash.* (running in pale and frightened) Ah! thank heaven here you are! I was looking for you.

*Abig.* What's the matter then?

*Mash.* Ah! I'm lost!

*Abig.* Ah! how then! . . . .

*Mash.* In St. James' park, and in turning out of a solitary walk . . . I met him quite plump! . . .

*Abig.* Who then?

*Mash.* My evil genius, my fatality, my misfortune . . . you know . . . . the man who gave me the fillip on the nose. At the first glance we recognised each other, for the moment he saw me, he laughed . . . . (with rage.) he laughed again! . . And then, without saying a word, without even asking his name, . . I drew my sword . . . he drew his . . . . and . . . and . . . he laughs no more.

*Abig.* Is he dead?

*Mash.* Ah! no . . . no . . . I don't think he is . . . but I saw him tottering. I heard the people running towards him, and recollecting what I heard the other day . . . these laws which are so severe against duelling . . . .

*Abig.* Punished with death!

*Mash.* Should it be wished . . . that depends upon the persons concerned.



*Abig.* No matter, you must quit London.

*Mash.* That's what I shall do tomorrow.

*Abig.* This evening. Lord St. John is to be arrested for debt, and I shall not obtain my situation! . . . but 'tis all the same . . . you first of all . . . you above all . . . fly! fly! . . .

*Mash.* Yes; but before I go, I must at least swear to you that I shall never love any one, but you! . . . I wished to see you . . . to give you a last embrace . . .

*Abig.* (with emotion.) Make haste then! . . .

*Mash.* (throwing himself into her arms.) Ah!

*Abig.* (disengaging herself.) Adieu! . . . adieu! and if you love me, let nobody see you more!

(They both separate and depart.)

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.

The Queen, a door keeper of the Palace.

*The Queen.* You say, Thompson, that they are members of the House of Commons?

*Thomps.* Yes Madame . . . they beg an audience of your Majesty.

*The Queen.* (aside) Again addresses and speeches . . . when I am alone, and the Duchess gone this morning to Windsor . . . (loud.) You told them that important affairs . . . dispatches arrived just at the moment . . .

*Thomps.* Yes, Madame, that's what I always say.

*The Queen.* And that I could receive . . .

*Thomps.* Before two hours . . . They then gave me this paper, adding that they would come in two hours . . . to pay homage and present their reclamations to your Majesty.

*The Queen.* The Duchess will be here . . . 'tis her



business; she can at least spare me this trouble . . . I have enough others . . . (To Thompson.) Do you know who those gentlemen were?

*Thomps.* There were four of them, and I knew but two, from having seen them here, when they were ministers of state, and who in their turn made others wait. —

*The Queen.* (smartly.) Who then?

*Thomps.* Sir Harley and Lord St. John.

*The Queen.* Ah! . . . and they are gone away?

*Thomps.* Yes, Madame . . .

*The Queen.* So much the worse . . . I'm sorry that I did not receive them . . . . Particularly Lord St. John, When he was in Power . . . . every thing went on . . . better . . . . My mornings were not so long . . . time hung less heavily on my hands . . . and to-day in the absence of the Duchess it would have happened luckily . . . , as if done on purpose . . . a good chance. — I could have chatted with him; to have him sent away was a great piece of bad policy in deed . . .

*Thomps.* Her Grace the Duchess ordered me . . . a general rule: Whenever Lord St. John presented himself . . .

*The Queen.* Ah! . . . 'twas the Duchess, was it! . . . that's quite another thing! And Lord St. John has said nothing?

*Thomps.* 'Tis he who wrote in the antechamber the paper which I have given to Your Majesty.

*The Queen.* (taking up the paper quickly off the table.) Very well. — Leave me alone. (exit Thompson.)

*The Queen.* (Reading.) „Madame, My colleagues and myself beg an audience of Your Majesty! They, for affairs of State, and I, to enjoy the countenance of my Sovereign, of which I have been so long deprived.“ Poor Sir Henry! „That the Duchess keeps all her political enemies at a distance from You, I can well imagine, but that her jealousy



goes so far as to repel a poor child, whose tenderness and whose cares would have sweetened and softened the tedium which oppresses Your Majesty. — The situation has been refused to her which you wished to give her near your person, on the grounds of her not being of good family: and I beg to inform you that Abigail Churchill is cousin to the Duchess of Marlborough.“ (stopping.) Is it possible! . . . . (Reading) „ This single act will give you an idea of the rest . . . . may your Majesty profit by it, and keep the secret of Your faithful servant and subject, etc. etc.“ Yes . . . yes, 'tis the truth. — Henry St. John is one of my most faithful servants . . . but those there, I am not at liberty to receive them . . . particularly him . . . late minister, I cannot see him without exciting the jealousy and the complaints of the new! Ah! were I not a Queen, I should be my own Mistress! In the choice of my mission from the Counsellors of the crown, from the senate, from the majority . . . . in a word from every one . . . it is not to be borne with . . . 'tis an odious slavery, insupportable, and here at least, I will no longer obey any one, I will be free in my own household, in my own palace. — Yes, and come what come may, I am decided, it shall be so. (she rings, Thompson appears.) Thompson, go to Mr. Tomwood's, the jeweller in the City . . . and ask for Miss Abigail Churchill, and tell her to come immediately to the palace. — I wish it, I the Queen command it . . . go, go! . . .

*Thomps.* Yes, Madame.

(exit Thompson.)

*The Queen.* We shall see, if any one here has a right to have a wish contrary to mine, and first of all the Duchess, whose friendship and eternal advice . . . begin to fatigue and annoy me this long time . . . Ah! 'tis she! . . .

(She seats herself and conceals Bolingbroke's letter in her bosom.)



## SCENE II.

*The Queen.* *The Duchess,* entering by the door at the end.  
(*The Duchess* having remarked this movement, approaches the *Queen* who remains seated and turns her back to her . . .)

*The Duch.* May I take the liberty of asking Your Majesty, if you have any news?

*The Queen.* (dryly.) Bad news . . . I am suffering  
I am indisposed . . .

*The Duch.* Your Majesty must have met with something disagreeable . . .

*The Queen.* (the same.) Many things!

*The Duch.* You know then what has occurred?

*The Queen.* No, certainly not . . .

*The Duch.* A very serious. — a very unfortunate affair.

*The Queen.* Ah! my God!

*The Duch.* Which already excites a certain fermentation in the City. — I should not be astonished, if there should be some disturbance . . .

*The Queen.* What, that's frightful . . . We cannot, then be tranquil? — We have a party with those Ladies to-day on the Thames . . .

*The Duch.* Your Majesty has nothing to fear . . . we'll watch over all . . . We have ordered a regiment of dragoons to Windsor, who shall march to London at the first stir. — I have just arranged with the officers, they are all devoted to my husband and to Your Majesty.

*The Queen.* Ah! That's the reason you went to Windsor?

*The Duch.* Yes, Madame . . . and you accuse me...

*The Queen.* I, Duchess, . . .

*The Duch.* (smiling.) Ah! you have given me a very ungracious reception . . . I saw that I was in disgrace.

*The Queen.* Don't torment me Duchess, my nerves are in a very irritated state to day . . .

*The Duch.* The cause of which I can well guess, . . . your Majesty has received some bad news . . .



*The Queen.* No, certainly not . . .

*The Duch.* Which she wishes to keep me ignorant of for fear of annoying or afflicting me . . . I know her great kindness . . .

*The Queen.* You're in error.

*The Duch.* I have seen it . . . For on my arrival you hastily concealed a paper . . . and with such emotion that it was easy for me to divine that it concerned . . . me! . . .

*The Queen.* No, Duchess . . . I swear to you . . . It only concerns a young girl . . . (Drawing the letter from her bosom.) who has been recommended to me by this letter . . . a young girl that I wish . . . that I desire to have near my person . . .

*The Duch.* (smiling.) Indeed! . . . nothing better then . . . and if your Majesty wishes to permit . . .

*The Queen.* (squeezing the letter.) 'Tis not necessary . . . I have already spoken to you of her . . . 'tis the little Abigail.

*The Duch.* (aside.) Ah! heavens! . . . (loud.) and he that so warmly recommended her to you . . .

*The Queen.* No matter who . . . I have promised not to mention his name . . . and also not to shew his letter.

*The Duch.* (in a rage which she strives to contain.) Ah! I well see that our enemies carry their point with a high hand, since our Queen delivers us up to them, just at the moment that we were combatting for her . . . Yes, Madame, even to-day a bill has been brought into Parliament for the recall of Prince Edward, your brother, into England, and which declares him as your successor to the throne. This bill which has already raised the repugnance of the nation and the murmurs of the people, 'tis we who support it against Henry St. John, and the opposition party, at the risk of losing our popularity, and at a later period our power. That is what we do for our



Sovereign; and She, far from seconding or supporting us, during the time, enters into a secret correspondence with our declared enemies; and in a word, it is for them, that she abandons and betrays us . . .

*The Queen.* (aside with impatience.) Again a scene of jealousy and complaints . . . we shall have nothing else the whole day. (Loud.) Ah! no, Duchess . . . all that only exists in your own imagination, which misconstrues and exaggerates every thing. This correspondence has nothing of a political nature in it, and that, which it contains, is of such a nature that . . .

*The Duch.* That Your Majesty is afraid to shew it me . . .

*The Queen.* (With impatience.) Out of respect for you. (giving it to her.) For it contains facts which you cannot deny.

*The Duch.* (looking through the letter.) If 'tis nothing more than that, that attack is not very much to be feared.

*The Queen.* Were you not opposed to the admission of Abigail?

*The Duch.* And I shall still oppose it with all the power or influence I have with your Majesty.

*The Queen.* Is it not then true, as I have been assured, that she's your cousin?

*The Duch.* Yes, Madame . . . I acknowledge it, I avow it openly; and that's the reason, why I did not wish to place her near Your Majesty. They have accused me a long time, I, the superintendant of your house, of having given all the situations to my friends, to my relations, to my creatures, of surrounding Your Majesty only with my own family, or with persons who are at my own disposal, to have named Abigail to the situation, would have been giving still another pretext of calumny against me, and Your Majesty is too just and too generous not to understand me.

*The Queen.* (with embarrassment and half convinced.) Yes, certainly . . . I understand you very well . . .



but I should have wished, however, that the poor Abigail . . .

*The Duch.* Oh! make your mind easy as to her fate . . . I shall find a brilliant and honorable situation for her, far from you, far from London. She's my cousin, my relation.

*The Queen.* So much the better . . .

*The Duch.* And then besides, the interest which your Majesty has condescended to take in her . . . I am so happy whenever I can foresee or divine your intentions . . . 'Tis like that young man . . . that ensign in the guards, that your Majesty seemed to recommend me the other day.

*The Queen.* I? Who then?

*The Duch.* The little Masham, of whom you spoke to me in such high terms of praise.

*The Queen.* (with a little emotion) Yes, 'tis true, the young soldier who reads the Journal of Fashion for me every morning.

*The Duch.* I have found means to get him raised to the rank of officer in the guards. An admirable opportunity, which nobody suspected, not even the Marshal himself . . . who has signed almost without knowing him . . . and this morning the new Captain is to come to thank Your Majesty.

*The Queen.* (with joy) Ah! . . . he's to come, is he?

*The Duch.* I have put him on the audience list.

*The Queen.* Very well! I shall receive him. But should the opposition newspapers cry out against injustice . . . favour . . .

*The Duch.* 'Tis the Marshal who must look to that, . . . that's his business . . . 'tis not an employment in Your Majesty's house.

*The Queen.* (going to seat herself at the table to the left.) That's all right!

*The Duch.* You see very well, that whenever



'tis possible, I am always the first to second your wishes.

*The Queen.* (seated and turning round to her.) Ah! you're so good!

*The Duch.* (standing by the Armchair.) My God, no! on the contrary . . . I feel it well . . . but I love Your Majesty so much, I am so devoted to you.

*The Queen.* (aside) After all 'tis true!

*The Duch.* And Kings have so few true friends! . . . friends who fear not to offend them . . . to vex them, to contradict them . . . What have you to wish for, I know neither how to flatter, nor deceive . . . I only know, how to love . . .

*The Queen.* Yes, you are right, Duchess, friendship is a sweet thing . . .

*The Duch.* Is it not true? . . . What signifies the character? the heart is all . . . (The Queen offers her hand which she presses to her lips) Your Majesty will promise me, never to say any thing more of this affair . . . she intended to make me forfeit your favour . . . she has rendered me so unhappy . . .

*The Queen.* And myself too.

*The Duch.* The bare recollection of it will be but too painful. Let her be forgotten for ever.

*The Queen.* I promise you 'she shall.

*The Duch.* Well then 'tis agreed . . . you'll never wish to see this little Abigail again? . . .

*The Queen.* Certainly not.

### SCENE III.

Enter Thompson and Abigail.

*Thomps.* Miss Abigail Churchill!

*The Duch.* (aside, and going away.) Oh! heavens!



*The Queen.* (embarrassed) At the very moment that we were speaking of her . . . 'tis a singular circumstance.

*Abig.* Your Majesty has ordered me to wait upon you.

*The Queen.* That is to say . . . ordered . . . I said that I wished . . . I said: See, if this young person . . .

*The Duch.* Quite right . . . it was necessary for your Majesty to see her, in order to inform her, that her request cannot be complied with . . .

*Abig.* My request . . . I should never have dared . . . 'tis Her Majesty who of herself . . . and in her kindness . . . has condescended to propose to me . . .

*The Queen.* 'Tis true! . . . but reasons of greater moment . . . political considerations . . .

*Abig.* (smiling) For me!

*The Queen.* Oblige me to regret . . . to give up a sweet delicious dream which I should have been happy . . . to realize . . . 'Tis no longer I . . . 'tis the Duchess your relation . . . who shall take charge of your fate in future . . . She has promised me, to do for you . . . far from London . . . an honorable situation . . . (She passes by the Duchess with dignity and takes the middle of the stage) and I depend upon her . . .

*Abig.* (aside) Oh heavens!

*The Duch.* I shall take care of her . . . for the future . . . (To Abigail) Wait a moment, I'll speak with you before you leave the palace of the Queen . . . whom 'tis my duty to obey in every thing.

*The Queen.* (in a whisper to Abigail) Thank her then . . . (Abigail remains immovable, but during the time that the Duchess walks up the stage, she kisses the Queen's hand fervently.

*Abig.* (aside) Poor woman!

(The Queen goes out with the Duchess by the door to the right)



## SCENE IV.

Abigail, alone, and looking after the Queen going out.

Ah! how I pity her! . . . Lord St. John was right . . . he knows them well . . . 'tis not she that's Queen . . . 'tis the other! . . . and I shall let myself be patronized, that is tyrannized over by her! . . . sooner would I die! . . . I shall refuse . . . and yet, at the present moment, we shall want friends and protectors more than ever . . . for since yesterday . . . since the departure of Arthur . . . I have not seen Lord St. John . . . I know not what's become of him . . . so that I am afraid here quite alone . . . (with terror) No doubt 'twas here, in the palace of the Queen . . . in the gardens of St. James . . . that he has had the duel with some great nobleman . . . there is no pardon to be hoped for . . . and should he not have gained the continent already . . . his days are numbered. Ah! I ask nothing more for myself, my God! . . . and I was very wrong to complain . . . Destitution, misery, I'll suffer all without murmuring. Oh! if he were only saved, if he but live! I should willingly give up every thing . . . my happiness, and even my marriage.

## SCENE V.

Enter Bolingbroke.

*Bol.* (who has entered before the end of the preceding scene) Ah! and why then, what the Devil! as for me, I'll give up nothing . . .

*Abig.* Ah! Lord Henry, you're there . . . come here . . . come here . . . I am very unfortunate, every thing goes against me . . . every one abandons me.

*Bol.* (gaily) 'Tis at such moments that I come to my friends. Let's see, my little Abigail, what's the matter?

*Abig.* Ah! the matter is, that this good fortune which you promised . . .



*Bol.* Has kept her word . . . she is arrived at the rendezvous to the very minute.

*Abig.* (astonished) How is that?

*Bol.* Have you not spoken of Lord Richard Bolingbroke my cousin?

*Abig.* No, certainly not.

*Bol.* The most merciless of my creditors, although, like me, he belonged to the opposition! 'Tis he who sold my debts to the Duchess of Marlborough. As for the rest, he was the greatest ninnyhammer, the greatest non-entity in the world.

*Abig.* I never thought that he was one of the family.

*Bol.* He was the head. All the estates belonged to him . . . to him all the immense fortune of the Bolingbrokes . . .

*Abig.* And well! this cousin . . .

*Bol.* (laughing) Just look at me. Have I not the air of an heir?

*Abig.* You, Lord St. John? . . .

*Bol.* I, myself . . . at present Lord Henry St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke, sole and last member of that illustrious family, and possessor of a superb heritage for which I come to demand justice from the Queen.

*Abig.* How is that?

*Bol.* (showing her the door at the bottom which opens) With my honourable colleagues, . . . here they are . . . the principal members of the opposition.

*Abig.* And why so then?

*Bol.* (whispering) Besides the heritage; my cousin left other hopes behind him . . . those of a riot, of which his death may perhaps be the cause; 'tis the first service which he has rendered to our party . . . and certainly he would never have made so much noise by living. Hist! hist! the Queen is coming.



## SCENE VI.

Abigail, to the right of the spectators, several Gentlemen and ladies of the court place themselves close by her. Sir Harley and the members of the opposition to the left, stand in groups round Bolingbroke. The Queen, the Duchess of Marlborough and several Ladies of honour come out of the apartments to the right and place themselves in the middle of the stage.

*Bol.* (searching for expressions, and trying to appear in a passion) Madame, a sincere friend of his country, still more an afflicted relative in tears, hastens in the name of his fatherland to demand justice and vengeance. The defender of our liberties, Lord Richard, viscount Bolingbroke my cousin . . . yesterday, in your palace . . . and in the gardens of Saint-James . . .

*Abig.* (aside) Oh heavens! . . .

*Bol.* Has been killed in a duel . . . if a combat without witnesses can be called a duel . . . where his adversary protected in his flight, has escaped the power of the laws . . .

*The Duch.* Permit me . . .

*Bol.* And how can it be believed, but that those who have assisted him to escape, are those who have placed the weapon in his hands . . . how can it be believed but that the ministry . . . (To the Duchess and gentlemen who give signs of their impatience and shrug up their shoulders). Yes, madame, I accuse it, and the cries of an irritated people call out still more loudly than I do . . . I accuse the ministers, . . . I accuse their partisans . . . their friends . . . I shall name nobody, but I accuse every body . . . of having wished, by means of treason, to get rid of so formidable an adversary as Richard Bolingbroke, and I come to declare to Her Majesty, that if serious riots should break out in her capital to day, 'tis not us, her faithful subjects that she ought to blame for it . . . but those who are about her, and whose dismissal the public opinion has long since demanded!

*The Duch.* (coldly) Have you finished?

*Bol.* Yes, Madame.



*The Duch.* Now listen to the truth . . . proved by authentic reports which I have received this morning.

*Abig.* (aside) I shall die of fear.

*The Duch.* 'Tis unfortunately but too true . . . that Lord Richard has been killed in a duel, in one of the alleys of Saint James' park yesterday . . .

*Bol.* In a duel with whom?

*The Duch.* With a Cavalier, whose name and place of abode he himself was ignorant of . . .

*Bol.* I ask your Majesty if that's probable . . .

*The Duch.* However 'tis so . . . those are the last words of Lord Richard, heard by the few persons who were there . . . officers of the place . . . whom you can see and interrogate.

*Bol.* I have not the least doubt of their reply! . . . the honorable posts they fill are a sure guarantee of it. But, in a word . . . if, as Her Grace the Duchess pretends the real culprit has escaped, without having been seen, a circumstance which would prove a great knowledge of the apartments and intricacies of the palace, how does it happen that no measures have been taken for his apprehension?

*Abig.* (aside) Ah! we're done for!

*Bol.* How does it happen, that we are obliged to stimulate the zeal, generally so active, of Her Grace the superintendant, who in her post, has the entire care, and high command in the Queen's house-hold . . . how does it happen, that the most severe orders have not been already given?

*The Duch.* They have been given!

*Abig.* (aside) Oh heavens!

*The Duch.* Her Majesty has just ordered measures the most rigorous to be taken in this affair . . .

*The Queen.* The execution of which we have confided to the Duchess, (turning to Bolingbroke) and to you Mr. St. John . . . I mean to say my Lord Bolingbroke,



to whom this title, and the ties of blood which unite you to the defunct, impose upon you more than any one else the duty of pursuing and punishing whoever the guilty person may be.

*The Duch.* 'Twill be no longer said, I hope, that we protect him, and that we wish to screen him from your vengeance.

*The Queen.* My Lords and Gentlemen, are you satisfied?

*Bol.* Always satisfied when we have seen your Majesty and when we have been able to get an audience. (The Queen salutes Bolingbroke and his colleagues with her hand, who return the salutation by a very profound bow, and then enters with the Duchess and her ladies of honor into her apartments to the right. The rest of the crowd go out by doors at the bottom of the stage.)

## SCENE VII.

Abigail, follows, for a moment, the members of the opposition, who retire by a door at the end, and then comes up the stage again, to the left. Bolingbroke.

*Bol.* Capital! capital! . . . but if they believe that 'tis all over . . . they deceive themselves most egregiously . . . thanks to this ordinance, I would rather arrest the whole of England . . . (Turning himself round towards Abigail who had supported herself with difficulty, leaning on an arm-chair to the left.) Ah! my God! what's the matter then?

*Abig.* What's the matter? . . . Ah! you have just ruined us.

*Bol.* How so, then?

*Abig.* The guilty person whom you have denounced to the vengeance of the people, and of the court . . . he whom you are commissioned to pursue, . . . to arrest . . . to order to be condemned . . .

*Bol.* Well then! . . .

*Abig.* Well then! . . . 'tis Arthur!

*Bol.* What? . . . this duel . . . this rencounter.



*Abig.* It was with Lord Bolingbroke your cousin, whom he knew not . . . but who had insulted him a long time ago.

*Bol.* (crying out) Now I have it! . . . the man with the fillip . . . Yes my dear, a regular fillip! . . . 'tis that which has been the cause of a riot . . . of the splendid speech which I have just made . . . and still more of a royal ordinance.

*Abig.* Which orders you to arrest him?

*Bol.* (sprightly) To arrest him! . . . well then! Him, to whom I am indebted for all, rank, title and millions! no . . . no . . . I am not ungrateful enough, I am not enough of the great man for that. (Taking the warrant in order to tear it.) And yet, zounds! . . . (stopping short) O heavens! . . . and my whole party depends upon me . . . and the entire opposition . . . how I have exasperated them against this unfortunate duel . . . and then in the end, in the eyes of all . . . he's my relation . . . my cousin . . .

*Abig.* My God! what's to be done then . . .

*Bol.* (gaily) Zookers! . . . I shall do nothing but make a noise . . . write articles and make speeches, until you are certain that he's in safety, and until he has quitted England . . . I'll then show myself, and have him pursued in every part of the kingdom, with a rage which shall cloak my sentiments and my responsibility on account of my cousin!

*Abig.* Ah! how good you are! . . . how amiable you are . . . 'Tis excellent, 'tis wonderful! . . . And since yesterday, when he left us, he must be far away now . . . (screaming out on perceiving Masham). Ah! . . .

### SCENE VIII.

Enter Masham.

*Bol.* (perceiving him) Oh! we're all done for! . . .



Unfortunate man that you are! what brought you here?  
 . . . why have you retraced your footsteps?

*Mash.* (tranquilly) I never left the place.

*Abig.* And yet you took leave of me yesterday.

*Mash.* I was no sooner outside of London than I heard somebody galloping after me . . . it was an officer that pursued me, and as he was better mounted than I was, he soon overtook me. For a moment I had the idea of defending myself . . . but I had already wounded one man . . . and to kill another who had done nothing to me . . . you understand . . . I stopped short and said to him, placing my hand upon my sword: Captain, what are your orders? — My orders, said he, are here: and he handed me a packet which I opened trembling.

*Abig.* And well!

*Mash.* Well! . . . 'tis quite inconceivable! . . . 'twas my nomination as officer in the guards.

*Bol.* Is it possible?

*Abig.* Such a recompense! . . .

*Mash.* For what I have just done! Tomorrow morning, continued the young officer, you shall go and thank the Queen; but to-day all your brother officers; have a garrison dinner . . . I shall do myself the pleasure of presenting you . . . come . . . I'll shew you the way! . . . What could I reply? . . . I could not run away . . . It would have given cause for suspicion; it would have betrayed me . . . it would be avowing myself guilty . . .

*Abig.* And you followed him? . . .

*Mash.* To the dinner, which continued a good part of the night.

*Abig.* Unfortunate fellow!

*Mash.* Why so, then?

*Bol.* We have no time to explain it to you. 'Tis enough to inform you . . . that the man who railed at and insulted you, was Richard Bolingbroke my relation.

*Mash.* What do you say?



*Bol.* That the first stroke of your sword has been worth sixty thousand pounds sterling revenue to me; I wish that your second may bring you as much more. . . . But in the mean time, 'tis I who have been commissioned to arrest you.

*Mash.* (presenting his sword to him) I am at your commands.

*Bol.* Ah! no . . . I have neither an officer's commission, nor a garrison dinner to offer you. . . .

*Abig.* Happily not . . . for if you had, he'd follow you.

*Bol.* All that I demand of you, is not to betray yourself . . . As for me, I shall make very little search for you at first, and if I find you, it will be your own fault and not mine.

*Abig.* So far, thank heaven, there is no suspicion, no sign.

*Bol.* Avoid giving birth to it . . . keep quiet, remain at home, and don't shew yourself.

*Mash.* I must present myself to the Queen this morning.

*Bol.* So much the worse! . . .

*Mash.* Besides . . . here is a letter which orders me to act quite contrary to what you recommend.

*Abig.* A letter from whom?

*Mash.* From my unknown protector! no doubt from him to whom I am indebted for my new rank . . . This note and this box have been just left at my lodgings. . . .

*Door Keeper.* (appearing at the door of the Queen's apartments) Captain Masham!

*Mash.* The Queen awaits me . . . (giving Abigail the letter, and Bolingbroke the box) Here . . . and here . . .

(exit Masham.)

## SCENE IX.

*Abig.* What does all this mean?



*Bol.* Let us read it!

*Abig.* (reading the letter) „You are an officer! I have kept my word. . . keep yours in continuing to obey me; appear at the chapel every morning, and every evening at the card table of the Queen. The moment will soon arrive when I shall make myself known to you. . . 'Till then; silence and obedience to my orders, if not, woe to you! . . .“

*Abig.* And what are the orders, I beg of you!

*Bol.* The orders, not to get married.

*Abig.* Favour at such a price, is terrible!

*Bol.* More terrible than you think perhaps.

*Abig.* And why so?

*Bol.* (smiling) Because this mysterious protector.

*Abig.* A friend of his father's! . . . a lord! . . .

*Bol.* (smiling) I should rather think a lady.

*Abig.* Ah my God! He! Arthur! such a steady young man, and above all so faithful!

*Bol.* 'Tis not his fault, that he's protected against his will, and that his protector assumes an incognito.

*Abig.* Ah! 'tis not possible, . . . and this post-script will perhaps, give us some information. . .

*Bol.* (gaily) Ah! there's post-script!

*Abig.* (reading with emotion) „I send Captain Masham the insignia of his new rank.“

*Bol.* (opening the box which he had received) Diamond ornaments, splendidly magnificent . . . there's no doubt of that.

*Abig.* (looking at them) Oh heavens! . . . I know who it is. These diamonds, oh I know them! they were bought in Mr. Tomwood's magazine and sold by me, last week . . .

*Bol.* To whom? . . . speak?

*Abig.* Ah! I cannot! I dare not . . . To a very great lady, and I am ruined if Arthur is loved by her.

*Bol.* And of what consequence is that to you! if he do not love her, if he do not even suspect that he's beloved?



*Abig.* He shall know it . . . I'll tell him all . . .

*Bol.* (taking her by the hand) No . . . if you'll take my advice . . . he shall remain ignorant of it for ever!

*Abig.* Why so then?

*Bol.* My poor child! . . . you don't know mankind! The most modest and the least puppyish have so much vanity! They think themselves so much flattered when they know that they are loved by some great lady! . . . And if it be true that the lady of whom you speak is so formidable . . .

*Abig.* I can tell you no more.

*Bol.* And who is she then?

*Abig.* (pointing to the Duchess who enters by the gallery to the right) The Duchess! . . . (to Abigail whom he sends away) Leave us . . . leave us.

*Abig.* She told me to wait for her . . .

*Bol.* (pushing her out of the door to the left) Well! 'tis me she'll find! . . . (aside) Oh Fate you owe me this revenge . . .

## SCENE X.

Bolingbroke, The Duchess. She enters, lost in thought. Bolingbroke approaches and salutes her respectfully.

*The Duch.* Ah! 'tis you, my Lord . . . I was looking for that young girl . . .

*Bol.* May I beg a moment's audience of you?

*The Duch.* Speak . . . have you got any news, any intelligence of the culprit whom you were commissioned to arrest?

*Bol.* Not any as yet! . . . and you Madame?

*The Duch.* Nor I neither . . .

*Bol.* (aside) So much the better.

*The Duch.* Well then, what do you want?

*Bol.* At first, I want to acquit myself of all that I owe you! gratitude enforces it on me as a duty! And



now that I am become rich by chance, my first care has been to order 40,000 £stg. to be sent to your banker's, in order to pay the two hundred thousand pounds, which you had the confidence to value my debts at.

*The Duch.* My Lord . . .

*Bol.* It was very much! . . . I would not have given so much for them, and for good reasons! . . . By chance, and contrary to your wishes, it has so turned out that you'll gain three hundred per cent by it . . . I am quite delighted at it . . . you see, as you have done me the honour to tell me, that the affair is not so disastrous . . .

*The Duch.* (smiling) But if really . . . for you!

*Bol.* No madame: you have taught me, that in order to succeed, the first quality of a Statesman is order and punctuality which leads to that fortune, that conducts to liberty and power, for thanks to her, it is no longer necessary for us to sell ourselves, and we often purchase others . . . This lesson is worth a million without doubt! I do not regret it, and I shall make use of your precepts in future.

*The Duch.* I understand you! having no longer any thing to fear for your liberty . . . you wish to carry on a war against me still more violent.

*Bol.* On the contrary . . . I come to propose peace.

*The Duch.* Peace between us! . . . that will be very difficult.

*Bol.* Well then! a truce . . . a truce for twenty four hours!

*The Duch.* And what's the use of that? . . . you can commence the attack with which you threatened me, whenever you please; I myself have told the Queen and all the court that Abigail is my relative; my favours have outrun your calumnies, and I am just come to inform this young girl that I have procured her a situation thirty leagues from London, in a royal family, a favour sought for by the most noble families in the kingdom!



*Bol.* You are very generous; but I doubt whether she'll accept your generosity!

*The Duch.* What's the reason, if you please?

*Bol.* She wishes to remain in London.

*The Duch.* (with irony) On your account perhaps?

*Bol.* (with foppery) 'Tis possible!

*The Duch.* (gaily) Ah! but . . . I begin to believe it! . . . the interest which you take in her . . . the demands you make in her favour, . . . the warmth with which you defend her . . . (Smiling) Well, now my Lord, do you really love this little girl?

*Bol.* And were that the case? . . .

*The Duch.* (gaily) I should wish it!

*Bol.* Why so?

*The Duch.* (gaily) A statesman in love, he's lost! . . . he's no longer to be feared! . . .

*Bol.* I don't know that! . . . I know some very high political capacities who carry on love and business together . . . who cast aside weighty occupations to make place for more sweet and pleasing thoughts, and sometimes quit the winding and intricate paths of diplomacy to enter into the piquant and mysterious labyrinths of intrigue. — Amongst others I know a great lady, whom you know also, who, charmed with the youth and artlessness of a little country gentleman, has found it odd and amusing enough (I cannot suppose that she had any other intention) to become his invisible protectress . . . his terrestrial providence, and without ever naming herself, without ever appearing before his eyes, she has taken upon herself to look after his promotion, his good fortune . . . (gestures from the Duchess) 'Tis very interesting, is it not madame? . . . Well! this is nothing after all! — A few days ago, by means of her husband, who is a great general, she got her protégé a Captain's commission in the guards and even this morning, she has informed him mysteriously of his new rank, by sending him the insignia



... diamond ornaments which may be called magnificent indeed . . .

*The Duch.* (embarrassed) 'Tis hardly possible . . . and unless that you are sure . . .

*Bol.* Look at them! . . . here they are! . . . as the letter which accompanied them. (In a low voice.) You know that between us! . . . for we two alone know the secret, we could cause the ruin of this great lady! Posts and situations given in this way are subject to the controul of the parliament and of the opposition . . . you tell me that it is necessary to have proofs . . . but this rich present purchased by her . . . this letter, the writing, although disguised, can easily be known, all this would give place to a frightful publicity, which this great lady perhaps could brave: but she has a husband . . . that general of whom I spoke . . . a violent and passionate character, whose fury, such a scandal could not fail to excite . . . for a great man, a hero such as he is, should think that his laurels would preserve him from scandal . . .

*The Duch.* (in a rage) My Lord!

*Bol.* (changing his tone) Your Grace . . . let us speak without metaphor. — You understand that these proofs cannot remain in my hands, and that my intention is to return them to him, to whom they belong . . .

*The Duch.* Ah! if it be true! . . .

*Bol.* Between us, no promises, no protestations. — Facts! — Abigail must be admitted by you this day into the household of the Queen . . . and then you shall have all these.

*The Duch.* This moment . . .

*Bol.* No . . . from the moment that she enters upon her functions . . . and it depends upon you that this shall take place tomorrow . . . this evening.

*The Duch.* Ah! you distrust me and my word?

*Bol.* Am I wrong to do so?

*The Duch.* Hated and envy have blinded you.



*Bol.* (gallantly) Oh! no . . . for I find you charming! . . . and if instead of being in opposite camps, heaven had united us, we would have governed the world!

*The Duch.* Do you think so . . .

*Bol.* Nothing in the world more certain! Left to myself I am always candour personified!

*The Duch.* Well then! give me a proof of it . . . one single proof, and I'll consent.

*Bol.* What proof?

*The Duch.* How have you discovered my secret?

*Bol.* I cannot inform you without compromising a certain person . . .

*The Duch.* Whom I divine! . . . You are rich at present, and as you told me just now . . . you purchased it at the price of gold . . . confess it, the informations of old William, my confident.

*Bol.* (smiling) 'Tis possible.

*The Duch.* The only one of my servants in whom I had any confidence!

*Bol.* But you must keep it a secret from him.

*The Duch.* From every one!

*Bol.* The nomination of Abigail this evening . . .

*The Duch.* This evening, that letter . . .

*Bol.* I promise it . . . a frank and loyal truce for to-day! . . .

*The Duch.* Let it be so! (She offers her hand which Bolingbroke presses to his lips.) (Aside.) And tomorrow war again! . . . (She goes out by the door to the right and Bolingbroke by the door to the left.)

Yes, I will!

*Abig.* (Showing the book which she had in her hand.) Does your Majesty wish? (The Queen makes a sign that she is ready to listen. Abigail fetches a labourer, herself, near the Queen, opens the book and reads.) The history of parliament!



# ACT III.

## SCENE I.

Abigail, with a book. The Queen enters by a door to the right, holding a piece of tapestry-work in her hand. — Abigail stands near the Queen who seats herself to the right of the spectators, near the stand.

*Abig.* I can hardly imagine myself so happy as I am, and though I have not left your Majesty's side for two days, I can scarcely think it possible that I, the poor little Abigail, should be permitted to consecrate my life to you.

*The Queen.* Ah! 'twas not without much trouble... you must have thought when I received you so coldly, that all was lost. But, look you my girl, people don't understand me . . . I appear as if I would yield . . . I even do yield for some time; but I never lose sight of my projects, nor let the opportunity pass, of showing my character on the first occasion which presents itself . . . That is what has happened in this case!

*Abig.* You have spoken to the Duchess like a Queen!

*The Queen.* (artlessly) No, I have said nothing to her; but she has seen very well by my coldness, that I was not satisfied . . . and she came of herself some hours afterwards, with an embarrassed air, to avow to me, that after having weighed every thing and notwithstanding all the obstacles that were opposed to your nomination, yet she would cede her convenience to my wishes . . . and afterwards, in order to punish her . . . I hesitated some moments . . . and then I said decidedly . . . yes, I will!

*Abig.* What kindness! (Showing the book which she had in her hand.) Does your Majesty wish? (The Queen makes a sign that she is ready to listen. — Abigail fetches a tabouret, seats herself near the Queen, opens the book and reads.) The history of parliament! . . .



*The Queen.* (With a gesture of tedium and placing her hand upon the book) Do you know that I had good reason for wishing to have you . . . for, since you are with me, my life is no longer the same! Time hangs no longer so heavily on my hands; I think as I please . . . I am free . . . I am no longer Queen.

*Abig.* Still holding the book in her hand. Are Queens annoyed by tedium then?

*The Queen.* (taking the book out of her hand and throwing it upon the stand which is near her.) To death! . . . And I above all . . . to be obliged to occupy one's self all day with subjects, which speak neither to the heart nor the imagination. To have to do but with persons who are so positive, so egotistical, so dry and uninteresting. To them I listen, with you I chat: your ideas are so young, so cheerful!

*Abig.* Not always! . . . Ah! I am sometimes so very sad!

*The Queen.* Ah! there is a sadness which does not displease me . . . like yesterday, for instance, when we spoke of my poor brother, who has been exiled . . . and whom I, the Queen, dare not see nor embrace again; except by an act of parliament, which perhaps I shall not be able to obtain!

*Abig.* Ah! that's shocking!

*The Queen.* Is it not? . . . And while I spoke, I saw you weeping, and since that moment I love you as a companion, as a friend; you, who can sympathize with my feelings.

*Abig.* Ah! they have good reason for calling you, the good Queen Anne.

*The Queen.* Yes, I am good. They know it, and they abuse it . . . They torment me, they overwhelm me with business, with demands, and with embarrassments; they must have places; they wish to have them all! and all the same . . . all the best!



*Abig.* Well, then! give them honours and power . . . as for me, I only wish for your chagrin.

*The Queen.* (standing up and throwing her work upon the stand,) Ah! you demand my whole life then, and I will give it you. You shall supply for me the place of those I regret, for me are all exiles, they in France, and I upon this throne.

*Abig.* And why do you remain isolated and without family, you who are so young . . . so free?

*The Queen.* Silence! hold your tongue! . . . That's what they all say, and were I to believe them, I should submit to take a husband, I had never chosen; I should only listen to the reasonings of the State, and a marriage imposed upon me by the parliament and the nation . . . No, no . . . I prefer my liberty . . . I prefer solitude and despondency to slavery.

*Abig.* I understand you . . . when one is a princess, one cannot choose for one'sself . . . nor love anybody?

*The Queen.* No, certainly not!

*Abig.* What! . . . even in idea, in dreaming, is it not allowed to think of any one?

*The Queen.* (smiling.) The parliament forbids it.

*Abig.* And you would not dare defy them? You would not have courage enough . . . you, the Queen?

*The Queen.* Who knows? perhaps I am more courageous than you think!

*Abig.* (lively.) Ah! good then!

*The Queen.* I'm only jesting! . . . It is as you said, a dream! an idea . . . a mysterious future; . . . chimerical projects, which the imagination delights to dwell upon! day dreams which perhaps we would not wish to see realised . . . even were it possible. In a word, a romance which I compose for myself alone . . . and which shall never be read.

*Abig.* And why not then? a study for our two . . . in a low voice . . . just that I may know the hero.



*The Queen.* (smiling) Some other time . . . I will not say who, at present.

*Abig.* 'Tis some fine gentleman; I'm sure of it.

*The Queen.* Perhaps! All that I know is; that it is scarcely more than two or three months since I spoke to him . . . and he, never! . . . Ah! 'tis quite simple . . . to the Queen . . .

*Abig.* 'Tis true . . . 'tis very annoying to be a Queen! But with me, you have promised not to be one! . Then, between us, in your leisure moments, we could speak of the unknown . . . without any fear of the parliament.

*The Queen.* You are right! . . . there is no danger here, and one thing which is delightful, Abigail, one thing that I love in you, is, that you are not like all those about me, who torment me continually about affairs of State! . . . you, never! . . .

*Abig.* Ah! my God! . . .

*The Queen.* What's the matter there?

*Abig.* Oh! I had just a favour to beg of your Majesty, a very important favour on the part of . . .

*The Queen.* Of whom?

*Abig.* Of Lord Bolingbroke . . . Ah! 'tis unfortunate! . . . that I have forgotten his interests, which he has just confided to me . . . and to Mr. Masham . . .

*The Queen.* (with emotion) Masham!

*Abig.* The officer who is on duty in the palace to-day . . . — Just think, Madame, that Bolingbroke met with a worthy gentleman, some time ago on his journey in France . . . a friend . . . who had rendered him the most signal services, and he would wish, in his turn, to obtain for this friend . . .

*The Queen.* A place? . . . a title? . . .

*Abig.* No . . . an audience of your Majesty, or at least an invitation to the court circle this evening.

*The Queen.* 'Tis the Duchess, who, in quality of su-



perindant, has the charge of giving the invitations, I'll go and give her his name. (Passing close to the table to the left, and sitting down to write) What is the name?

*Abig.* The Marquis de Torcy.

*The Queen.* (lively) Stop!

*Abig.* Why so, then?

*The Queen.* (still seated) A nobleman that I esteem, that I honor! . . . but an envoy of Louis XIV., and if it were even known that you had spoken for him . . .

*Abig.* And well?

*The Queen.* Well! . . . there would be nothing more necessary to excite suspicions, jealousies, exigencies . . . 'tis the most tiresome friendship in the world! . . . and should I agree to see the Marquis . . .

*Abig.* But Lord Bolingbroke counts upon it . . . he attaches an importance to it . . . he pretends that all will be lost, if you refuse to receive him!

*The Queen.* Indeed!

*Abig.* And you, who are Mistress, who are Queen . . . you wish it, do you not?

*The Queen.* (with embarrassment) Certainly . . . I wish it.

*Abig.* (gaily) You promise?

*The Queen.* But 'tis on condition that . . . silence!

## SCENE II.

Enter the Duchess.

*The Duch.* (Entering by the door at the bottom.) Here, Madame, are despatches from the Marshal . . . and then in spite of the effects which Bolingbroke's speech produced . . .

(She stops short on perceiving Abigail.)



*The Queen.* Well, then! . . . finish what you were going to say.

*The Duch.* (pointing to Abigail) I shall wait till Mademoiselle leaves the room . . .

*Abig.* (addressing herself to the Queen.) Has your Majesty ordered me to leave the room?

*The Queen.* (with embarrassment) No . . . for I have some orders to give you in a moment . . . (With an affected dryness.) Take a book. (To the Duchess with a gracious air.) Well! Duchess?

*The Duch.* (with humor) Well! in spite of Bolingbroke's speech, the subsidies have been voted, and the majority, who were doubtful up to the present, have decided for us, on condition that the question shall be neatly cut and that all negociation with Louis XIV. shall be renounced!

*The Queen.* Certainly,

*The Duch.* Those are the reasons, why the arrival and presence of the Marquis de Torcy in London, produce such a bad effect; and I have had good reason, as agreed between us, for promising, in your name, that you would not see him, and that even to-day, he should receive his passport.

*Abig.* (Near the stand to the right where she is seated, and letting fall her book.) Oh heavens!

*The Duch.* What's the matter with you?

*Abig.* (regarding the Queen with a supplicating air.) 'Tis only the book . . . which I let fall!

*The Queen.* (to the Duchess) It appears to me, however, . . . that without prejudice to any thing, we could perhaps hear what the Marquis has to say . . .

*The Duch.* Hear him . . . receive him . . . in order to induce the uncertain and floating Majority to turn against us, and give success to the cause of Bolingbroke!

*The Queen.* Do you think so!

*The Duch.* 'Twould be a hundred times better to



withdraw the bill, even better not to present it; and if Your Majesty wish to take the consequences upon yourself and expose yourself to the total overthrow and general confusion which must be the consequence of it . . .

*The Queen.* (trigthened and with gaiety.) Ah! no, My God! don't speak to me of it any more . . . I've heard too much of it already!

(She goes and seats herself near the table to the left.)

*The Duch.* That's well said! . . . I shall go and inform the Marshal of what passed, and at the same time has, write the letter for the Marquis de Torcy, which I shall submit to the approbation and signature of Your Majesty.

*The Queen.* Very well! . . .

*The Duch.* Here . . . at three o'clock, in calling for you to attend you to chapel!

*The Queen.* Nothing better . . . I'm much obliged to you! . . .

*The Duch.* (aside) At last!

(exit.)

*Abig.* (who remained seated near the stand during the whole time.) Poor Marquis de Torcy . . . now we are done for indeed! (She stands up and goes to replace the tabouret which she had taken from the door at the bottom.)

*The Queen.* (to the left, and taking the dispatches which the Duchess had given her.) Ah! what vexation! Must I then be ever condemned to hear bills, parliament, and political discourses spoken of? . . . and these dispatches of Marshal . . . which I must read, as if I understood any thing of the technicalities of war! (She looks through the reports.)

### SCENE III.

Enter, Masham, by the door at the bottom near Abigail.

*Abig.* Eh! my God, what do you want?

*Mash.* (in a low voice) A letter from our friend!



*Abig.* From Bolingbroke! . . . (Reading quickly.)  
 „My dear little friend . . . Seeing that fortune smiles upon  
 you, I would advise you and Masham to speak to the  
 Queen, as soon as possible, about your marriage. But  
 while you're in favour . . . I, . . . am lost! . . . Come  
 to my assistance! . . . I am here . . . I await you! . .  
 Every thing depends upon our success.“ Ah! I'll fly to  
 him.

(She goes out by the door at the bottom of the stage and Masham follows her.)

#### SCENE IV.

The Queen and Masham.

*The Queen.* (still seated, turning round at the noise of his  
 foot-steps) Who's there? (Masham stops) Ah! tis the of-  
 ficer on duty. 'Tis you, Mr. Masham!

*Mash.* Yes, Madame . . . (aside) If I but dared,  
 as Bolingbroke advised us, to speak of our marriage . . .

*The Queen.* What do you want?

*Mash.* To beg a favour of your Majesty.

*The Queen.* So much the better! . . . you, who ne-  
 ver speak . . . who never demand any thing! . . .

*Mash.* 'Tis true, Madame, I dare not . . . but to-  
 day . . .

*The Queen.* What is it that renders you more bold?

*Mash.* The position in which I find myself . . . and  
 if your Majesty would deign to grant me a few moments  
 audience . . .

*The Queen.* At this moment 'tis difficult . . . dis-  
 patches of the greatest importance . . .

*Mash.* (respectfully) I shall retire!

*The Queen.* No! . . . above all things I owe justice  
 to my subjects! It is my duty to hear their reclamations  
 and demands . . . and yours, no doubt, concern your rank?

*Mash.* No, Madame!



*The Queen.* Your promotion? . . .

*Mash.* Oh! no, madame, I never thought of that!

*The Queen.* (smiling) Ah! . . . and what did you think of then?

*Mash.* Pardon me, Madame! . . . I fear it would be want of respect to the Queen, if I dared thus to speak of my secrets.

*The Queen.* (gaily) Why so, then? I love secrets very much! continue, I beg of you! (presenting her hand to him) and depend upon our royal favour and protection.

*Mash.* (pressing the hand to his lips) Ah! Madame! . . .

*The Queen.* (Withdrawing her hand with emotion) Well then! . . .

*Mash.* Well! Madame! . . . I have already a powerful protector, without ever suspecting who it is.

*The Queen.* (with a gesture of surprise) Ah! bah!

*Mash.* That astonishes your Majesty?

*The Queen.* (regarding him with a look of kindness) No! . . . that does not astonish me . . .

*Mash.* This protector . . . who has never let himself be known . . . forbids me on pain of his anger . . .

*The Queen.* Well then! . . . forbids you . . .

*Mash.* Ever to marry!

*The Queen.* (laughing) You!! . . . you are right! . . . 'tis an adventure! . . . and one of the most interesting . . . (with curiosity) Finish, finish . . . (Turning herself round in an ill humour towards Abigail, who enters) Who is that, then? . . . who takes the liberty of entering in this manner? . . .

## SCENE V.

Enter Abigail.

*The Queen.* Ah! is it you, Abigail? . . . I'll speak with you by and by.

*Abig.* Ah! no Madame, this moment if you please!



A friend who is devoted to you . . . and who requests of me most urgently to present him to your Majesty!

*The Queen.* (ill humouredly) Always interrupted and disarranged . . . not a moment to occupy one'sself with any thing serious! . . . What do they want of me? . . . who is the person?

*Abig.* Lord Bolingbroke.

*The Queen.* (frightened and rising) Bolingbroke!

*Abig.* He says, it concerns a question the most grave, the most important!

*The Queen.* (aside, with impatience) Again, reclamations, complaints, discussions . . . (aloud) 'Tis impossible . . . the Duchess will be here immediately.

*Abig.* Well then! before she comes!

*The Queen.* I have already told you, that I will not be tormented any more, nor listen to speeches on affairs of state! . . . Besides this interview at present is of no manner of use!

*Abig.* Well then, see him at all events, were it nothing more than to dismiss him . . . for I have given orders for him to be shewn up.

*The Queen.* And the Duchess whom I expect every moment, and who will meet him here? . . . What have you done?

*Abig.* Punish me Madame, for here he is!

*The Queen.* (in a passion and crossing the stage) Leave our presence!

*Abig.* (to Bolingbroke, whom she meets at the bottom of the theatre, in a low voice) She's in a bad humour!

*Mash.* (the same) And you can do nothing with her!

*Bol.* Who knows? . . . talent . . . or chance! . . . the latter above all! . . .

(exeunt Abigail and Masham.)



## SCENE VI.

*Bolingbroke.* The Queen, who had seated herself in the arm-chair to the right near the stand.

*The Queen.* (to Bolingbroke who approaches and salutes her respectfully) At any other time, Bolingbroke, I would have received you with pleasure, for, you know, I have always felt a pleasure in seeing you . . . but to-day and for the first time . . .

*Bol.* I come, however, to speak to you concerning the dearest interests of England . . . and the departure of the Marquis de Torcy . . .

*The Queen.* (rising) Ah! I suspected as much! . . . that is just what I dreaded. I know, Bolingbroke, I know all that you are going to say to me . . . appreciate your motives, and I thank you for them . . . But do you see, it is quite useless; the passports of the Marquis are about to be signed . . .

*Bol.* But they are not signed as yet! and if he leaves, we shall have war more terrible than ever, a struggle which will have no end . . . and if you but condescend to hear me . . .

*The Queen.* All is arranged and agreed upon . . . I have given my word . . . if it be necessary to tell you so . . . I expect the Duchess every moment for my signature . . . she'll come at three o'clock, and should she find you here . . .

*Bol.* I understand . . .

*The Queen.* We shall have new scenes! . . . new discussions . . . which I am not able to support . . . and you, Bolingbroke, whose devotion I am certain of . . . you who are my most sincere friend . . .

*Bol.* You will drive me away from your person, . . . you will dismiss me in order to receive an enemy . . . Pardon me, Madame! I shall cede to the Duchess . . . but the hour at which she ought to come has not yet struck :



grant to my zeal and my frankness the few minutes which remain to us? . . . I shall not give you the trouble and fatigue of replying . . . you have only to listen to me: (The Queen, who was near her arm-chair, let herself slip into it, and seated herself. — Looking at the clock.) A quarter of an hour, Madame, a quarter of an hour! . . . is all that is left me for to picture to you the miseries of this country. Her commerce ruined, her finances destroyed, her debt augmenting daily, the present devouring the future . . . And all these evils arising from the war . . . a war which brings us no honour and which is destructive of our interests. Ruin England in order to aggrandize Austria . . . pay the imposts in order to render the Emperor powerful and Prince Eugene glorious . . . continue an alliance of which they alone derive the profits . . . Yes, Madame . . . if you do not wish to believe my words, if proofs, positive proofs be necessary, only consider that the taking of Bouchain, of which the allies have had all the honor, has cost England seven millions of pounds sterling?

*The Queen.* Allow me, my Lord!

*Bol.* (continuing) Just consider that at Malplaquet we have lost thirty thousand combatants, and that in their glorious defeat, the conquered have only lost eight thousand. And if Louis the XIV. had resisted the influence of Madame de Maintenon, who is his Duchess of Marlborough; if in place of looking among the saloons of Versailles, for the Duke de Villeroi to command his armies . . . Louis XIV. had made inquiry on the field of battle and chosen Vendômeor Catinat . . . do you know what would have become of us and of our allies? . . . Alone against us, all France under arms would have borne up against the whole of Europe, and with able generals she would have commanded it. We have seen it, and perhaps we may see it again: let us not constrain them to it!

*The Queen.* Yes, Bolingbroke, yes, you, who wish



for peace . . . you are perhaps right . . . But I am but a weak and feeble woman, and to attain what you propose . . . it demands a courage which I am not possessed of . . . It must be decided between you and those persons, who, like you, are also devoted to me . . .

*Bol.* (with animation) Persons who deceive you . . . I swear to you . . . I will prove it to you.

*The Queen.* No . . . no . . . let me remain ignorant of it! . . . I should irritate myself . . . to have a grudge against any one . . . I cannot do it.

*Bol.* (aside) Oh! what is to be expected from a Queen who does not even know how to get into a passion? (aloud) What! Madame, if it were proved to you, in an evident and unexceptionable manner, that a part of our subsidies flows into the coffers of the Duke of Marlborough, and that, that is the motive which induces him to continue the war . . .

*The Queen.* (listening and believing she heard the Duchess) Silence . . . I thought I heard . . . Leave me Bolingbroke . . . somebody is coming . . .

*Bol.* No, Madame . . . (continuing warmly) If I added, that an interest not less warm, and much more tender renders a fatal and annoying peace dreadful to the Duchess; a peace which would bring the Duke back to London and to the court . . .

*The Queen.* I shall never believe that . . .

*Bol.* And yet 'tis the truth! . . . And that young officer who was here just this moment . . . Arthur Masham, perhaps . . . could give you more exact information . . .

*The Queen.* (with emotion) Masham . . . what do you say?

*Bol.* That he is beloved by the Duchess . . .

*The Queen.* (trembling) He! . . . Masham! . . .

*Bol.* (ready to go out) He . . . or any one else, what matter who?



*The Queen.* (in a rage) What matter is it to me, do you say? . . . (standing up quickly) Should any one dare to impose upon me; should any one dare to deceive me! . . . should any one attempt to place the interests of the state in danger for the purpose of caprice, intrigue or private interest . . . No, no . . . all must be explained! Remain, my Lord, remain! I, the Queen, I will . . . I must know all!

She goes and looks towards the right side of the gallery and returns again).

*Bol.* (aside, during the time) It is perchance . . . little Masham? . . . O destinies of England, on what do you depend?

*The Queen.* (with emotion) Well then Bolingbroke! you say that the Duchess . . .

*Bol.* (looking at the Queen) Wishes for a continuation of the war . . .

*The Queen.* (with emotion) In order to keep her husband far from London.

*Bol.* Yes, Madame . . .

*The Queen.* And out of love for Masham . . .

*Bol.* I have many reasons to believe so.

*The Queen.* What are they?

*Bol.* (lively) The first is, that 'twas the Duchess who got him admittance at court, in the house of Your Majesty . . .

*The Queen.* That's true!

*Bol.* (lively) 'Tis by her means, that he has obtained an ensign's commission . . .

*The Queen.* That's also true!

*Bol.* In fine, it was by means, of her that he has been nominated officer in the guards a few days ago.

*The Queen.* Yes, yes, you are right, under the pretext that I myself, wished it . . . that I desired it . . . (with vivacity) And now I think of it, this unknown protector . . . of whom Masham spoke to me . . .



*Bol.* Or rather this protectress . . .

*The Queen.* Who forbade him to marry . . .

*Bol.* (near the Queen and almost in her ear) It was she . . . Romantic love, smiled in her lively imagination! 'Tis in order to be able to deliver herself up, without constraint, to such sweet pleasures, that the noble Duchess keeps her husband at the head of armies and gets subsidies voted to continue the war! . . . (intentionally) A war which is her glory, her fortune . . . and her happiness . . . a happiness which is so much the greater, as it is not known, and which by a pleasing hazard, — at which she laughs from the bottom of her heart, — August personages who imagine they are serving her ambitious views . . . are serving at the same time her love intrigues! . . . (seeing the gestures and anger of the Queen) Yes, Madame . . .

## SCENE VII.

Enter the Duchess.

*The Duchess* (coming out of a door to the right, advances haughtily. She perceives Bolingbroke near the Queen and stops stupified) Bolingbroke . . . (Bolingbroke salutes her.)

*The Queen.* (who during this scene tries to hide her anger, addressing herself coldly to the Duchess) What's the matter, your Grace? . . . What do you want?

*The Duch.* (presenting the papers which she had in her hand) The passports of the Marquis de Torcy . . . and the letter, which accompanies them!

*The Queen.* (dryly) Very well? (She throws the papers on the table).

*The Duch.* I bring them to be signed by your Majesty.

*The Queen.* (dryly and going to seat herself at the table to the left) Very well! . . . I shall read . . . I shall examine them.



*The Duch.* (aside) O heavens! . . . (aloud) But your Majesty has decided that it should be done even to day . . . and this morning . . .

*The Queen.* Yes, without doubt . . . but other matters oblige me to change my mind . . .

*The Duch.* (angrily and looking at Bolingbroke) Ah! I easily divine it . . . and it is easy for me to see to what influence your Majesty yields at this moment!

*The Queen.* (striving to contain her anger) What do you mean to say? . . . and what influence? I know of none . . . I only yield to the voice of reason, of justice and of the public weal . . .

*Bol.* (standing near the table to the right of the Queen) We all know it! . . .

*The Queen.* The truth may be prevented from reaching me . . . but as soon as it is known to me . . . as soon as it concerns the interests of the State . . . I hesitate no longer!

*Bol.* That's speaking like a Queen . . .

*The Queen.* (with animation) It is evident that the taking of Bouchain has cost England seven millions of pounds sterling . . .

*The Duch.* Madame! . . .

*The Queen.* (with still more animation) All is calculated . . . it is certain that at the battle of Hochstett, or of Malplaquet, we have lost thirty thousand combatants.

*The Duch.* But permit me . . .

*The Queen.* (rising) And you wish that I should sign such a letter, that I should take a step so important, so serious . . . before I know exactly . . . and before I know it of myself? . . . No, your Ladyship . . . I don't wish to further ambitious . . . or other, perhaps, worse designs! and I shall never sacrifice to them, the interests of the Sate.

*The Duch.* Allow me one word . . .

*The Queen.* I cannot . . . It is time for us to go to



chapel . . . (To Abigail, who just comes out of the door to the right) Come, let us go!

*Abig.* Oh dear! how greatly agitated your Majesty is!

*The Queen.* (in a whispering voice and bringing her towards the front of the stage) 'Tis not without reason! . . . 'Tis a mystery, which I wish to penetrate . . . and this person, of whom we have spoken so much, I must absolutely see him, I must interrogate him . . .

*Abig.* (with vivacity) Who? . . . the unknown?

*The Queen.* Yes . . . you shall bring him to me, that's your business!

*Abig.* (with vivacity) In order to do that, I must first know who it is!

*The Queen.* (turning round and perceiving Masham, who had just entered by the door at the bottom, gives him her gloves and her Bible, and says, quite in a low voice, to Abigail.) Look, here he is!

*Abig.* (motionless with surprise) Oh! heavens!

*Bol.* (who passes close by her) The game is splendid!

*Abig.* 'Tis lost!

*Bol.* 'Tis won!

(The Queen, who has taken the gloves and Bible from the hands of Masham, makes a sign to Abigail to follow her. — Both go away. — The Duchess, in a rage, takes up the papers again which lay upon the table and leaves the stage; Bolingbroke looks after her with an air of triumph.)

End of the III. Act.



# ACT IV.

## SCENE I.

The Duchess.

This is something quite unheard of! . . . For the first time in her life she has a will of her own . . . a real will! Can it be attributed to the talent of Bolingbroke? . . . Or can it be the ascendancy of that little girl? . . . (With an air of disdain) Well then! (after a moment's silence) I shall know it! . . . While awaiting, and just now in coming out of the chapel, where both of us, I believe, have prayed with the same devotion . . . She was alone . . . Bolingbroke and Abigail were no longer there . . . and yet she still resisted! and it was necessary to make use of extraordinary means! . . . This bill for the recall of the Stuarts . . . I have even promised that it should pass the chambers to-day . . . the Marquis be sent away! . . . and I have his passports . . . I have them . . . 'tis but till to-morrow . . . Twenty four hours longer are of but little consequence! . . . But in signing, the Queen, who can conceal nothing . . . not even her bad humour . . . has treated me with a bitterness and dryness which are not usual with her . . . There was irony and vexation . . . a secret and concentrated choler which she herself feared to let break forth . . . (laughing) Decidedly she detests her favorite! . . . I know it, and on that depends all my power! . . . Favour, based on love, is soon extinguished! . . . but when 'tis based on hatred . . . it can only augment . . . and there lies the secret of my powerful interest . . . Who comes here? . . . Ah! our young officer.



## SCENE IV.

Enter Masham.

*Mash.* 'Tis the formidable Duchess, whom Abigail has cautioned me so much to take care of . . . I know not why? . . . No matter . . . let us always take care of her . . . confidence!

(He salutes her respectfully.)

*The Duch.* Are you not Mr. Masham, the last officer of the guards, named by the Duke of Marlborough?

*Mash.* Yes, your grace. (aside) Ah! my god! she's going to deprive me of my rank.

*The Duch.* What claims have you to this nomination?

*Mash.* Very little, if you consider my merit; whatever they may be, if you take my zeal and courage into consideration.

*The Duch.* Very well said! . . . I like your answer, and I see that his grace has had good reason for appointing you . . .

*Mash.* I only wish that to this honour he had added another!

*The Duch.* He'll grant it you; speak.

*Mash.* Is it possible?

*The Duch.* What is the favour you demand?

*Mash.* It is, that he would give me an opportunity of justifying his choice, by ordering me to join the army under his command.

*The Duch.* He will do it . . . depend upon my word . . .

*Mash.* Ah! Madame . . . so much kindness! . . . you who have been represented me, as my enemy . . .

*The Duch.* By whom then?

*Mash.* By persons who do not know you, and who, henceforth, will share all my devotedness for you . . .



*The Duch.* May I depend on this devotedness . . .  
May I claim it?

*Mash.* But condescend to give me your orders.

*The Duch.* (regarding him with kindness) Very good!  
Masham, I am well pleased with you. (beckoning to him  
to approach her) Draw near.

*Mash.* (aside) What a look of kindness! I cannot  
withstand it.

*The Duch.* Now hear me, will you not?

*Mash.* Yes, your Grace. (aside) What can she wish  
for?

*The Duch.* It concerns an important mission with  
which I have been charged by the Queen, and for the  
execution of which I have fixed my eyes upon you. You  
shall come every day and give me an account of the re-  
sult of your proceedings, you shall be in league with me,  
and take my orders, in order to discover the guilty  
person.

*Mash.* A guilty person.

*The Duch.* Yes, a most audacious crime, and one  
which deserves no pardon, has been committed, even in  
the palace of St. James. A member of the opposition,  
who as for that, I esteemed but very little, Richard Bo-  
lingbroke . . .

*Mash.* (aside) Oh heavens!

*The Duch.* Has been assassinated!

*Mash.* (with indignation) No, Madame, he has been  
loyally killed, sword in hand, by a gentleman, whose  
honour he had insulted!

*The Duch.* Well then! if you know his murderer  
. . . you must deliver him up to us, you have promised  
it, and we have sworn to pursue and prosecute him.

*Mash.* Prosecute nobody, madame, for 'twas I! . . .

*The Duch.* You, Masham!

*Mash.* I myself.

*The Duch.* (briskly, and putting her hand upon her lips)



Silence! . . . Silence! . . . let every one remain in ignorance of it! What clamours would they not raise against you, attaché to the court and the household of the Queen . . . (briskly) There is nothing to reproach you with . . . nothing, I am sure of it . . . Every thing has happened loyally . . . you have told me so; and whoever may have seen you, Masham, can have no doubt of it . . . But the hatred of our enemies, and your nomination as officer of the guards, even the very day of the combat . . . of which it would seem to be the recompense . . .

*Mash.* 'Tis very true!

*The Duch.* We should not be able to defend or protect you.

*Mash.* Is it possible! . . . even with such interest! . . .

*The Duch.* There is only one means of saving you . . . and that is just what you desired so ardently a few minutes ago: you must set off for the army . . .

*Mash.* Ah! how much I am obliged to you!

*The Duch.* (with emotion) For a few days, Masham . . . the time necessary to appease and make this affair be forgotten . . . You shall set out the day after tomorrow, and I will give you dispatches for the Marshal which you'll call on me for.

*Mash.* At what o'clock?

*The Duch.* After the Queen's conversazione this evening! . . . And for fear of any one's suspecting your departure, take care that nobody sees you!

*Mash.* I swear it to you! But I can no longer withstand it . . . you whom I feared . . . you whom I dreaded . . . Ah! in my gratitude I must disclose to you the entire secrets of my heart . . .

*The Duch.* This evening you shall tell me that . . . Silence! there's somebody coming.



## SCENE III.

(Enter Abigail by the door to the right and quite agitated.)

*Abig.* Alone with her . . . a tête-à-tête!

*The Duch.* (aside) Again, that Abigail, whom I meet in every place I go. (Aloud) What brings you here? . . . what do you wish for . . . what do you want?

*Abig.* (Agitated, and regarding them both) Nothing . . . I know not what . . . I'm afraid . . . (Collecting her scattered senses) Ah! . . . yes, certainly . . . I recollect . . . the Queen wishes to speak with you, Madame . . .

*The Duch.* Very well . . . I shall come to her by and by . . .

*Abig.* This moment, Madame, for the Queen awaits you!

*The Duch.* (with anger) Well then! tell your mistress . . .

*Abig.* (with dignity) I have nothing to say to any one . . . but to you, Madame Duchess, to whom I have delivered the orders of my mistress and of yours.

(The Duchess gives some signs of rage, then she collects herself and exit.)

## SCENE IV.

*Mash.* What are you thinking of, Abigail? to speak to her in this manner?

*Abig.* Why not then? . . . I have the right to do so. And you, Sir, who has given you the right of defending her?

*Mash.* All that she has done for us . . . You, who have represented her to me so terrible . . .

*Abig.* Yes, a wicked woman! . . . I have said it, and I repeat it again.

*Mash.* Well then! you are in error . . . you know not how much I am indebted to her bounty . . . to her protection.



*Abig.* Her protection! . . . What! who has told you that?

*Mash.* Nobody . . . on the contrary, I myself, have just avowed my duel with Richard Bolingbroke, and in her generosity she has kindly promised to defend . . . to protect me.

*Abig.* (dryly) What's the use of that then? . . . Is not Lord St. John there? . . . I cannot see the necessity of so many other protectors.

*Mash.* (astonished) Abigail . . . I cannot conceive you . . . whence this trouble of mind, this emotion? . . .

*Abig.* I am not troubled in mind . . . I came . . . I ran . . . I was in such a hurry to execute the orders of the Queen . . . It was no concern of mine . . . but of the Duchess's . . . What has she told you?

*Mash.* In order to save me from danger, she wishes me to set out for the army tomorrow . . .

*Abig.* (screaming out) Send you to be killed . to save you from danger . . . And you believe that, that woman loves you . . . (collecting herself) no . . . I mean to say . . . takes an interest in you . . . protects you?

*Mash.* Yes, doubtlessly . . . I told her that I should all upon her, in her own apartments, this evening. in order to receive her dispatches for the Marshal.

*Abig.* You have told her that, unfortunate man that you are!

*Mash.* Yes, and where's the harm!

*Abig.* And you'll go?

*Mash.* Yes, certainly . . . And she was so affable so gracious, towards me, that just as you came in I was going to speak to her about our projects, our marriage . . .

*Abig.* (with joy) Indeed! . . . (aside) And I, to suspect him . . . (aloud and with emotion) Pardon me, Arthur . . . that which you tell me now, is good indeed . . .

*Mash.* Is it not? . . . and in her apartments, this evening . . . I shall certainly speak to her of it.



*Abig.* No . . . No, I conjure you . . . do not go, as she ordered you . . . try and find some excuse . . .

*Mash.* What do you mean? that would be a sure way to offend her . . . and insure our perdition!

*Abig.* No matter! . . . 'twill turn out better than you think . . .

*Mash.* And for what reason then?

*Abig.* (embarrassed) The reason is, that . . . this evening, and nearly at the same hour . . . the Queen has ordered me to inform you that she wishes to see and to speak with you, and, perhaps she may expect you! . . . 'tis not quite sure yet!

*Mash.* I understand! . . . and then I shall go to the Queen . . .

*Abig.* No, you must not go to her neither!

*Mash.* Why so then?

*Abig.* I cannot tell you . . . Have pity upon me! for I am very much troubled in mind, I am very miserable, very unhappy . . .

*Mash.* What do you mean?

*Abig.* Hear me, Arthur . . . do you love me, as I you?

*Mash.* Better than my life . . .

*Abig.* That's just what I wished to say . . . Well then! however much my conduct may appear to impede you advancement, or your fortune; and however absurd my advice and orders may seem to you, yet will you pledge me your word to obey them without demanding the reason?

*Mash.* I swear it to you!

*Abig.* Then to begin, never speak a word of our marriage to the Duchess.

*Mash.* You are right, it is better to speak of it to the Queen.

*Abig.* (hastily) Still less! . . .

*Mash.* And yet it was for that purpose, that I begged



an audience of her this morning . . . and I am sure that she will give us her protection . . . for she received me with a most amiable and benevolent air.

*Abig.* (aside) He calls that benevolence.

*Mash.* And she offered me her lily white hand so graciously . . . which I kissed. (To Abigail) What's the matter with you, your's is like ice? . . .

*Abig.* No . . . (aside) She did not tell me that. (aloud) And I too, Masham, I am in great favour with the Queen . . . I am every day loaded with her favours, her friendship, and yet, for both our happiness' sake, it would have been much better to have remained poor and miserable, and never to have come to this court, in the midst of all this beau monde, where we are surrounded on every side by so many dangers, so many seductions!

*Mash.* (angrily) Ah! I understand you . . . some one of those great Noblemen . . . They wish to separate us, to disunite us . . . to ravish you from my love . . .

*Abig.* Yes, 'tis nearly so. Silence, silence, somebody knocks: 'tis Bolingbroke, to whom I have written to come to me! He alone can give me advice and counsel.

*Mash.* You think so, do you?

*Abig.* But for that, you must leave us alone!

*Mash.* (astonished) I! . . .

*Abig.* Ah! you have promised obedience . . .

*Mash.* And I shall remain faithful to all my oaths!

(He kisses her hand and goes out by the door at the bottom.)

## SCENE V.

*Abigail*, while he is going away, casts a longing lingering look of love after him.

Ah! Arthur! . . . more than formerly . . . more than ever! perhaps 'tis because they all wish to rob me of you . . . Oh! no, I love him without that! (someone



knocks again at the door to the left) And I forget his Lordship . . . I know not what I do . . .

(She goes to open the door to the left for Bolingbroke.)

## SCENE VI.

Enter Bolingbroke.

*Bol.* (entering gaily) I run to obey the orders of the new favourite, for you are one at present . . . I told you how 'twould be, and people speak of it already . . .

*Abig.* (without paying attention) Yes . . . Yes, the Queen adores me, and can no longer live without me! But come, or all is lost!

*Bol.* Oh heavens! . . . is the Marquis de Torcy?

*Abig.* (striking her hand against her forehead) Ah! 'tis true! . . . I thought no more about it! . . . The Duchess came into the Queen's cabinet and she has signed; . . .

*Bol.* (with affright) The departure of the ambassador! . . .

*Abig.* Oh! that's nothing in comparison! . . . just imagine that Masham . . .

*Bol.* The Marquis leaves London . . .

*Abig.* (without hearkening) In twenty four hours! (with force) But if you knew . . .

*Bol.* (angrily) And the Duchess . . .

*Abig.* (hastily) The Duchess is not the most to be dreaded! . . . another obstacle still more formidable . . .

*Bol.* For whom?

*Abig.* For Masham!

*Bol.* (with impatience) What! treat of the affairs of state with persons in love . . . I speak to you of the peace, of the war, of all the interests of Europe . . .

*Abig.* And I, I speak to you of mine! Europe can do very well for herself, and I, if you abandon me, I have nothing else to do than die!



*Bol.* Pardon me, my dear, pardon me . . . your interests first. You see well that ambition is always egotistical and commences with itself.

*Abig.* Just like love!

*Bol.* Very well! let us see then! you say that the Queen has signed?

*Abig.* (with impatience) Yes . . . on account of a bill which is to be presented to parliament.

*Bol.* I know! . . . and now she's on better terms with the Duchess?

*Abig.* No . . . she detests her . . . she wishes, and yet, I know not why, she dreads, falling out with her . . .

*Bol.* (lively) An explosion which only awaits the spark . . . and 'tis possible twenty four hours hence! . . . and you have not put her in mind that the Marquis goes away to-morrow, that in receiving him to-day, she does not compromise herself in any thing, that it was only for the sake of a great king, and good policy . . . for the policy of the future, his envoy should have been received with respect and kindness . . . Have you told her that?

*Abig.* (with an absent air) I believe I did . . . I'm not sure of it! . . . Another subject occupied my thoughts.

*Bol.* Ah! you're right . . . let us hear this other subject.

*Abig.* This morning, you saw how great my despair, my terror was, on learning that the Duchess had ideas . . . of . . . protecting Arthur . . . Well then! that was nothing! . . . Yet another . . . another great lady. (With embarrassment) whose name I dare not mention.

*Bol.* (aside) Poor innocent! . . . she imagines she can inform me of it. (Aloud) How do you know it?

*Abig.* 'Tis a secret which I dare not betray . . . ask no more!

*Bol.* (intentionally) I approve of your discretion. and will not attempt to divine it . . . And this person . . . Duchess or Marchioness, loves Masham also!



*Abig.* 'Tis very unfortunate, is it not? 'tis very unjust! They all have Princes, Dukes and great Noblemen, who love them . . . and I, Ah! I have only him! . . . And how shall I preserve him, poor girl that I am! how shall I be able to contend with two great ladies?

*Bol.* So much the better! . . . two are less formidable than one alone . . .

*Abig.* (astonished) Ah! if you could prove me that.

*Bol.* Very easily . . . When a great kingdom wishes to conquer a little province, there are few or no obstacles, it is lost! But when another great Empire has also the same project, there is a chance of salvation; the two high powers observe, defeat and neutralize each other, and the threatened province escapes the danger, thanks to the number of its enemies . . . Do you understand me?

*Abig.* Nearly . . . But the danger is at hand! The Duchess has given Masham an assignation for this evening, in her own apartments, after the Queen's soirée . . .

*Bol.* Very good . . .

*Abig.* (with impatience) Ah! no, My Lord, 'tis very bad indeed! . . .

*Bol.* That's just what I wished to say!

*Abig.* And at the same time, the other person . . . the other great lady, wishes also to receive him in her apartments at the same hour . . .

*Bol.* Did I not tell you so? They impede and injure one another reciprocally . . . He cannot attend both rendezvous at the same time!

*Abig.* Neither of the two, I hope? . . . Fortunately this great lady does not know yet, and cannot know till the very moment, whether she shall be at liberty to receive him or not, for she is not always at liberty . . . for reasons which I cannot, I dare not explain.

*Bol.* (coldly) Her husband?

*Abig.* (lively) Even that same . . . and if she can succeed in removing all obstacles . . .



*Bol.* She will succeed, I am sure of it.

*Abig.* In that case, in order to get the start of Arthur and me, before the whole company this evening, she's to complain of the heat, and to demand a glass of water negligently!

*Bol.* Which shall mean: I await you, come?

*Abig.* Word for word.

*Bol.* 'Tis easily to be understood.

*Abig.* Ah but too easily! . . . I have not told Arthur a word of all that . . . 'tis useless, is it not? . . . For I do not wish him to go to this rendezvous . . . nor to the other neither! sooner would I die! sooner would I be undone for ever!

*Bol.* Do you think of that?

*Abig.* Ah, as for me, it matters but little! . . . but for him! . . . the more I think of it! . . . Have I a right to destroy his future hopes, to expose him to vengeance so terrible, to hatred so powerful, and above all, at this moment, when he might be discovered and arrested on account of the duel . . . Counsel me . . . I know not what will become of me, and I have no other hopes but in you!

*Bol.* (Who during this time seemed buried in reflection, takes her hand with ardour.) And you are right! yes, my dear . . . yes, my little Abigail, cheer up! . . . The Marquis de Torcy shall have an invitation for this evening, he shall speak with the Queen!

*Abig.* (with impatience) Well then, My Lord! . . .

*Bol.* (sprightly) We are saved! Masham also . . . and without compromising him, without ruining you, I shall prevent these two rendezvous.

*Bol.* Ah! Bolingbroke! . . . if you speak truth . . . to you shall be dedicated my devotedness, my friendship, my whole life! . . . Somebody opens the door of the Queen's apartment . . . leave me! ah! if you should be seen here! . . .



*Bol.* coldly, perceiving the Duchess) I may remain, I have been seen.

## SCENE VII.

Enter the Duchess, from the apartments to the right. — The Duchess perceiving Bolingbroke, and Abigail salutes her ironically. — Abigail returns the salutation and goes out. Bolingbroke remains standing between the two ladies.

*Bol.* (with irony) Thank heaven! the voice of blood speaks at least! and you are wonderfully kind to your relation! . . . this gives me hopes for myself!

*The Duch.* (ironically) Indeed, you have told me before that we should terminate by loving each other.

*Bol.* (gallantly) I have commenced already! and you, Madame?

*The Duch.* I have not brought it any farther than admiration for your address and talents.

*Bol.* You might have added, for my loyalty . . . I have faithfully fulfilled all my promises of the other day!

*The Duch.* And I mine! I have nominated the person with whom you have had a tête-a-tête just this moment; and behold her now occupying a situation near the person of the Queen, to act as a spy upon my designs and to serve your's.

*Bol.* How is it possible to hide any thing from you? you have so much genius!

*The Duch.* I have made use of but little in defeating your attempts, as well as those of Miss Abigail, who, in accordance with your orders, wished to have the Marquis de Torcy invited for this evening . . .

*Bol.* I was wrong . . . it was not to her . . . it was to you, Madame, that I should have addressed myself . . . and I do it now . . . (he approaches the table and takes up a printed letter) Here are letters of invitation, which you, the superintendant of the royal household, alone have



the right of sending . . . and I am convinced that you will render me this service . . .

*The Duch.* (laughing) Really, My Lord! . . . a service . . . from me?

*Bol.* Of course on condition that I shall render you a still greater service in return . . . 'tis our only mode of transacting affairs together! All the advantage for you . . . two hundred per cent profit, the same as for my debts.

*The Duch.* Will My Lord pretend to have intercepted or purchased some more billets . . . I can inform him beforehand that I have taken general and definitive measures against the recurrence of such like means. I have several charming letters of My Lady Viscountess Bolingbroke your wife . . . (in a whispering voice, and in confidence) I obtained than from Lord Evendale . . .

*Bol.* (the same, and smiling) At their full price, without doubt?

*The Duch.* (in a rage) My Lord . . .

*Bol.* No matter about the means! . . . you have them . . . and I shall not pretend to rob you of them . . . nor to menace you in any manner; . . . on the contrary, although the truce is expired . . . I wish to act as if it still continued in force, and to give you a piece of advice which shall be much to your interest . . .

*The Duch.* (with irony) Which shall be agreeable to me no doubt?

*Bol.* (smiling) I do not think so! and perhaps that's the reason why I wish to give it you. (In a whispering voice.) You have a rival!

*The Duch.* (lively) What do you mean to say?

*Bol.* There is a lady at the court, a noble lady who has views on the little Masham. The proofs? I have them. I know the hour, the moment, the signal of the rendezvous.

*The Duch.* (trembling with rage) You deceive me . . .



*Bol.* (Coldly) I tell you the truth . . . 'tis just as true as that you expect him this evening in your apartments after the Queen's soirée . . .

*The Duch.* Oh heavens!

*Bol.* 'Tis there, no doubt, that some one wishes to put an obstacle in the way . . . for a certain person is determined to dispute him with you . . . to gain him over in spite of all your opposition . . . Adieu, Madame. (He wishes to go out by the door to the left.)

*The Duch.* (in a rage, and following him to the table to the left) That which you've said, just this moment . . . the place, . . . of the rendezvous? . . . the signal? . . . speak! . . .

*Bol.* (presenting her a pen which he takes up off the table) As soon as you have written the invitation for the Marquis de Torcy. (The Duchess places herself hastily at the table.) A formal and suitable invitation . . . which, in according to the Marquis the respect and honour which are his due, will allow you to reject his propositions and to continue the war with him . . . the same as with me . . . (On seeing the letter sealed, he rings. — A footman appears. He gives him the letter) Take this letter to the Marquis de Torcy . . . To the hotel of the Embassy . . . opposite the palace . . . (exit footman) He'll have it in five minutes.

*The Duch.* Well now My Lord! . . . this person . . .

*Bol.* She is to be at the assembly of the Queen this evening.

*The Duch.* Lady Albemarle, or Lady Elworth . . . I am sure of it.

*Bol.* (intentionally) I am ignorant of her name; but we can soon know it . . . for if she be able to escape the vigilance of those around her, if she be at liberty, if the rendezvous with Masham should take place this evening . . . this is the signal agreed upon between them . . .

*The Duch.* (with impatience) Tell me! . . . tell me! . for pity's sake, tell me!



*Bol.* The person in question will demand a glass of water from Masham, with a loud voice.

*The Duch.* Here, in this house . . . this evening . . .

*Bol.* Yes, certainly . . . And you can see yourself, whether my information is right or not.

*The Duch.* (in a rage) Ah! misfortune attend them . . . I'll spare nobody . . .

*Bol.* (aside) I'm pretty sure of that!

*The Duch.* And even were I to unmask them before the whole court . . .

*Bol.* Moderate your passion . . . here comes the Queen and her ladies . . .

### SCENE VIII.

The Queen and the Ladies of her retinue entering by the door to the right; Lords of the court and Members of parliament entering at the bottom. — The Ladies of title arrange themselves in a circle and take their seats to the right; Abigail and some Ladies of honour stand behind them. — To the left, and towards the front of the stage, Bolingbroke and some Members of Parliament. — To the right, The Duchess taking particular notice of all the Ladies. — At the same side, Masham and some officers.

*The Duch.* (aside and looking earnestly at all the Ladies) Which can it be? . . . I cannot imagine . . . (To the Queen, who approaches) I'll go and arrange the card table for the Queen . . .

*The Queen* (looking about every where for Masham) very well . . . (aside) I do not see him any where.

*The Duch.* (In a loud voice) The troy of the Queen! (approaching the Queen and in a low voice) The reclamations have become so violent, that it was necessary for form's sake alone, to send an invitation to the Marquis de Torcy.

*The Queen.* (without paying attention to her, and still looking about) Very well! . . . (Perceiving Masham) Ah 'tis he! . . .

*The Duch.* That will satisfy the opposition.



*The Queen.* (looking at Masham) Yes . . . and 'twill please Abigail . . .

*The Duch.* (with irony) Really?

The Duchess gives orders for the card table of the Queen. — During the time a Member of Parliament approaches to the left of a group amongst which is Bolingbroke.)

*The Member of Parliament.* Yes, My Lords, I know from good authority, that all negociations are broken off *Bol.* Do you think so?

*The Member of Parliament.* The power of the Duchess is such, that the Ambassador has not been admitted.

*Bol.* That's extraordinary! unheard of! . . .

*The Member of Parliament.* And he sets out tomorrow without even having been able to see the Queen.

*A Master of the Ceremonies.* (announcing) His Excellency the Ambassador, Marquis de Torcy! (general astonishment; every body stands up and salutes him. — Bolingbroke precedes him, takes him by the hand and presents him to the Queen.)

*The Queen* (with a gracious air) Your Excellency, you are welcome, we have great pleasure in receiving you

*The Duch.* (in a low voice) Nothing more . . . I beg of you, take care!

*The Queen.* (turning round to Bolingbroke who is at the other side, says to him in a low voice) I knew that this invitation would be agreeable to you, and you see that when I can . . .

*Bol.* (bowing respectfully) Ah! Madame . . . what kindness! . . .

*The Marquis.* (in a whisper to Bolingbroke) I received a letter just this moment at my hotel.

*Bol.* (the same) I know it . . .

*The Marquis.* (the same) All goes well hten?

*Bol.* (the same) All will go better . . . but I hope very soon that . . .



*The Marquis.* (the same) Some great change is to take place in the politics of the Queen? . . .

*Bol.* (the same) That will depend upon us . . .

*The Marquis.* Upon the parliament, or the Ministers?

*Bol.* (the same) No, upon an ally, very weak, and very fragile . . .

(A troy table is carried to the centre of the stage and an arm and two other chairs are placed at it)

*The Duch.* (from the other side and addressing the Queen) Who are the persons, Her Majesty wishes to choose for her partners?

*The Queen.* Who ever you please . . . choose them yourself.

*The Duch.* Lady Abercrombie . . .

*The Queen.* No . . . (Pointing to a lady who is near her) Lady Albemarle.

*Lady Albemarle.* I thank your Majesty! . . .

*The Duch.* (aside) And so do I. (Looking at Lady Albemarle) By this means she cannot speak to him. (aloud) And for the third person?

*The Queen.* The third? — Ah! but . . . (perceiving the Marquis de Torcy approaching her.) His Excellency the Ambassador . . . (a general motion of astonishment, and great joy for Bolingbroke.)

*The Duch.* (in a whisper of reproach to the Queen,) Such a choice . . . such a preference . . .

*The Queen.* (the same) What consequence!

*The Duch.* (the same) Just see the effect which that has produced.

*The Queen.* (the same) You should have chosen yourself.

*The Duch.* (the same) They will think . . . they will believe . . .

*The Queen.* (the same) Let them think what they please!

(The Marquis de Torcy who gives his hat to one of the persons



of his retinue, offers his hand to the Queen, who leads him to the Trey table and seats himself between her and Lady Albemarle. — The Duchess watches every movement, leaves the table in a pet, and goes over to the left side.)

*Bol.* (near her in a low voice.) Your Grace is too generous . . . you do things too well . . . the Marquis admitted to the card table of the Queen, the Marquis one of her Majesty's card party, 'tis more than I demanded . . .

*The Duch.* (with pique) And more than I would have wished . . .

*Bol.* That shall not hinder me from taking it kindly of you! so much the more as he is a man who knows how to profit by this favour . . . he possesses talent . . . And hold, hold, he seems as if he were chatting in a very agreeable manner with her Majesty . . .

*The Duch.* 'Tis true indeed . . .

(She wishes to go away.)

*Bol.* (detaining her) But instead of interrupting them we should do better to observe and listen to them . . . for look, I believe the moment . . .

*The Duch.* Yes . . . but not any one of these ladies . . .

*The Queen.* (playing, and with an air as if she would reply to the Marquis,) You are right. My Lord Marquis, 'tis suffocatingly hot in this saloon . . . (With emotion and addressing herself to Masham.) Mr. Masham! (Masham bows) I pray you; a glass of water!

*The Duch.* (crying out and stepping towards the Queen.) Oh heavens!

*The Queen.* What's the matter then, Duchess?

*The Duch.* (furious and striving to contain herself.) What's the matter with me! . . . What's the matter, what! Your Majesty . . . is it possible . . .

*The Queen.* (still seated and turning round.) What do you mean to say, and whence this passion?



*The Duch.* Can it be possible, your Majesty; that you forget yourself to such a degree . . .

*Bol. and the Marquis.* (striving to calm her.) Your grace! your grace! . . .

*Lady Albm.* 'Tis a great want of respect towards the Queen.

*The Queen.* (with dignity) What then! . . . in what have I committed myself?

*The Duch.* (agitated and striving to recover herself.) The rights . . . etiquette . . . the prerogatives of the different employments in the palace . . . 'Tis to one of your women, that the right of presenting any thing to your Majesty, belongs . . .

*The Queen.* (astonished.) So much noise about that!... (Turning round to the card table.) Well then! Duchess, give it me yourself . . .

*The Duch.* (stupified) I! . . .

*Bol.* (to the Duchess to whom Masham presents the salver at the same moment.) I grant you, your grace, that, to be obliged to present it yourself . . . there, before them all . . . 'tis a little piquant indeed . . .

*The Duch.* (hardly able to contain herself, and taking the salver which Masham presents to her.) Ah! . . .

*The Queen.* (with impatience) Well, madame . . . have you understood me? and this right called for so loudly and with such solicitation . . .

*The Duch.* with a hand trembling with rage, presents her the glass of water, which slips off the salver and falls on the Queen's robe.)

*The Queen.* (standing up with impetuosity.) Ah! you are very awkward . . .

(The whole company stand up, and Abigail approaches the Queen to the right.)

*The Duch.* This is the first time Her Majesty has ever addressed me in this manner.

*The Queen.* (with sharpness.) That proves how indulgent I am!



*The Duch.* (the same) After all the services I have rendered her.

*The Queen.* (the same) And which I am tired of being reproached with.

*The Duch.* I do not impose them upon your Majesty, and if they are importunate . . . I now offer you my resignation.

*The Queen.* I accept it!

*The Duch.* (aside) Oh heavens! . . .

*The Queen.* I'll retain you no longer . . . Ladies and Gentlemen, you can retire at present.

*Bol.* (in a whisper to the Duchess.) Duchess, you must yield! . . .

*The Duch.* (aside, in a passion.) Never! . . . And Masham . . . and this rendezvous . . . no it shall not take place! (Aloud to the Queen.) One word more, Madame! . . . In resigning, to your Majesty, my situation as superintendant . . . I owe you also an account of the last orders which you have given me.

*Bol.* (aside) What do you mean to do?

*The Duch.* (pointing to Bolingbroke) On the complaint of My Lord here and his colleagues of the opposition, you have ordered me to discover the adversary of Richard Bolingbroke . . .

*Bol.* (aside) Oh heavens!

*The Duch.* (to Bolingbroke.) 'Tis you who shall be answerable for it now, for I give you the order. Now then arrest Mr. Masham, here he is!

*The Queen.* (with grief.) Masham! . . . can it be true!

*Mash.* (bowing.) Yes, Madame! . . .

*The Duch.* (contemplating the grief of the Queen, and in a low voice to Bolingbroke.) I am revenged! . . .

*Bol.* (in a whisper with joy.) But we carry our point

*The Duch.* (haughtily) Not yet, gentlemen!

(On a gesture of the Queen, Bolingbroke receives the sword which Masham presents to him — The Queen leaning on Abigail enters her apartments and the Duchess goes out by a door at the bottom. — The Curtain falls.)



## ACT V.

The stage represents the Queen's boudoir. — Two doors at the bottom. — A window with a balcony to the left. — To the right, the door of a Cabinet leading to the small apartments of the Queen. — To the left, a table and a Sopha.

### SCENE I.

Bolingbroke, entering by the door at the bottom of the theatre to the left.

„After the sitting of parliament, in the boudoir of the Queen,“ Abigail has written to me! And here I am! all the doors are open before me! . . . Can it be Her Majesty herself . . . or can it be my gentle ally that wishes to speak to me? . . . No matter . . . The Duchess and the Queen are quite enraged against each other, the explosion so skillfully arranged has taken place . . . it must be so. These two august friends who detest each other such a length of time, only awaited an opportunity to let one another know it . . . And knowing the imperious and passionate character of the Duchess . . . I doubted very much that in her first emotion . . . But I expected still better! . . . I thought that she would have reproached the Queen with this secret intrigue, and this rendezvous openly before the eyes of the whole court . . . She has deceived me . . . she bridled up her passion just in right time! . . . she moderated herself . . . but the first cast is won at all events . . . The Duchess in disgrace, the Whigs furious, the bill thrown out; a total and general overthrow and confusion I was right in saying that on this glass of water depended the destiny of the State . . . (Reflecting) Well then . . . and as soon as I shall be prime minister . . .



## SCENE II.

Enter Abigail, by a door at the bottom, to the right.

*Abig.* Ah! My Lord! here you are!

*Bol.* Yes . . . I am occupied with the ministry.

*Abig.* What Ministry?

*Bol.* My own . . . when I shall be in it . . . and the time is not far off.

*Abig.* Quite the contrary! . . . we are farther off from it than ever!

*Bol.* What's that you tell me?

*Abig.* Let me recollect . . . At first, while I was in the boudoir of the Queen . . . to work with her and to speak of Masham . . . (vivaciously) Who is in no danger . . . is he?

*Bol.* Prisoner on parole, with me, in the most splendid apartment in the hotel.

*Abig.* And for the sequel . . .

*Bol.* There's nothing to be feared if we obtain power . . .

*Abig.* (artlessly) Ah! you make me tremble

*Bol.* (vivaciously) And I tremble myself also! . . . Conclude then!

*Abig.* Well then, a lady . . . a very great Lady has arrived and visited the Queen, and this lady is a votary . . .

*Bol.* Lady Abercrombie?

*Abig.* Just the very person . . . And Lord Devonshire and Walpole.

*Bol.* Friends of the Duchess . . .

*Abig.* Who came of themselves . . .

*Bol.* That is to say, sent by her.

*Abig.* To announce to the Queen that the disgrace of the superintendant has produced the most disagreeable consequences . . . the whig party is furious . . . and tha



at the sitting of parliament this evening, the bill for the Stuarts would be rejected.

*Bol.* And the Queen, what did she reply?

*Abig.* She answered nothing . . . irresolute . . . undecided . . . looking all around her for advice, and from time to time regarding me as if she wished to know my opinion.

*Bol.* Which you should have given her.

*Abig.* Do you think, then, that I know what advice to give?

*Bol.* What matter? ask half of the counsellors of the crown! . . . And then what happened?

*Abig.* The Queen still hesitated, when Lady Abercrombie spoke to her in a low voice . . .

*Bol.* What could she have said to her?

*Abig.* That I do not know! . . . although I was quite near her . . . and I only heard one name . . . that of Lord Evendale . . . and that of Masham! (vivaciously) Oh! the latter name I'm sure of that . . . And the Queen, cold and stern up to that moment, said, with an air of kindness; say no more about it, let her come! I'll see her again.

*Bol.* (in a rage) The Duchess! whom I considered banished for ever; in the palace again . . .

*Abig.* And in my grief and anxiety, the only thing that occurred to me was to write to you immediately: Come! come, and learn that which is going forward and that which has been agreed upon.

*Bol.* Between whom?

*Abig.* Between the Queen and these gentlemen, respecting this reconciliation.

*Bol.* (impatiently) And well then!

*Abig.* And well . . . it has been agreed upon, that the Duchess, who gave in her resignation as superintendant yesterday, shall come to-day to deliver up to the Queen, her key of the private apartments. (Pointing to the



door to the right) This key which enables her to enter the Queen's apartment at any time she pleases, and without being seen! . . .

*Bol.* (impatiently) I know it!

*Abig.* The Queen is to refuse taking it; the Duchess will then fall at the feet of Her Majesty, who shall raise her up . . . and they shall embrace each other, and the Marquis de Torcy, even to-day . . .

*Bol.* Oh frailty of woman and of Queens! . . . and just at the moment too, when we were about to gain the victory.

*Abig.* To be obliged to renounce it for ever!

*Bol.* No . . . no, dame Fortune and I know each other too long and too well to quit one another in that manner! . . . I have hectored her so often that she deserts me sometimes . . . but she always returns to me again! . . . This reconciliation . . . this interview . . . what's the time?

*Abig.* In half an hour!

*Bol.* I must speak to the Queen! . . .

*Abig.* She is shut up with the ministers who are just arrived . . . That's the reason why I have been sent away.

*Bol.* (striking his forehead) My God! . . . My God! what's to be done? . . . However, I must find out how this hatred which has been lighted up by me, has been extinguished all at once, and, cost what it may, I must light up the flames of discord between them again! But to do all that, only one half hour! . . .

*Abig.* (pointing to a door to the left at the bottom of the stage, which opens.) Oh! how fortunate! . . . 'tis the Queen!

*Bol.* (recovering himself again.) I knew that between dame fortune and myself, all was not yet over . . . Leave us Abigail, Leave us alone . . . Watch the arrival



of the Duchess, and the moment she appears, come and let us know!

*Abig.* Yes My Lord! . . . May God protect you! . . .  
(Exit Abigail by the door at the bottom, to the right.)

### SCENE III.

Enter the Queen.

*The Queen.* (aside) Yes, provided I can purchase repose and quiet at this price, I am decided upon it! . . .  
(Raising her eyes and gaily.) Ah! 'tis you, Bolingbroke, I am happy to see you! I have just passed one of the most disagreeable days of my life . . .

*Bol.* (smiling ironically) I have just learned the new trait of clemency of your Majesty! . . . 'tis magnanimous indeed to forget so nobly the scandal of yesterday.

*The Queen.* Forget it, do you say! . . . But the means! . . . that's the question, Ah! if you but knew all that has occurred about that unlucky glass of water, all that I have been obliged to listen to since morning . . . since yesterday . . . It has caused me such disease of the nerves that I wish to hear no more about it.

*Bol.* And they wish to bring about a reconciliation?

*The Queen.* Quite against my will . . . but 'twas necessary to put an end to it . . . You, who are so much for the peace . . . you will not be astonished at the sacrifices, I have made to obtain it . . . And then the poor Duchess. (gesture of astonishment from Bolingbroke.) My God . . . I'm sure I shall not take her part . . . heaven preserve me from it! but she is sometimes accused so wrongfully . . . and by you above all! (Rashly) I do not speak of the last subsidies and of the taking of Bouchain . . . I have not had time to prove the truth of them



. . . (gravely) But little Masham . . . what you have told me about him' . . .

*Bol.* Well then!

*The Queen.* (with a smile of contentment.) Quite a mistake!

*Bol.* (aside) That's it then!

*The Queen.* She does not even think of him, quite the contrary.

*Bol.* Do you think so?

*The Queen.* (smiling) I have the very best reason, the most evident and decided proofs for thinking so, but you must not mention them! . . . it is, that she's quite taken with Lord Evendale.

*Bol.* (smiling) Your Majesty calls that a good reason! . . .

*The Queen.* (in a severe tone.) Certainly. (Laughing) And then, just reflect . . . just think, Bolingbroke, that the poor Duchess, whom I have accused in such a manner . . . I know not how that could have come into my head . . . if she had loved Masham, would she have denounced him yesterday, before the whole court, and have him arrested by you?

*Bol.* (in a low voice) And if she had not then given way to the force of passion and jealousy . . . which she regrets now?

*The Queen.* What do you mean to say?

*Bol.* (laughing and in a low voice.) The Duchess had suspicion . . . or believed to have divined, that Masham was to have had a mysterious interview yesterday evening . . .

*The Queen.* (aside) Oh heavens!

*Bol.* With whom? . . . is not well known! . . . It is even doubtful if it be true . . . but if your Majesty desire it . . . I shall find it out . . . I shall discover it . . .

*The Queen.* (hastily) No . . . no, 'tis useless . . .



*Bol.* One thing is certain, that after your Majesty's assembly yesterday evening, the Duchess was to have had a rendezvous with Masham in her own apartments.

*The Queen.* A Rendezvous!

*Bol.* (briskly.) Yes, Madame!

*The Queen.* (in a passion) Yesterday! . . . with him . . . there's an understanding between them . . . they collude with each other then?

*Bol.* (briskly and warmly.) And judge of her despair and regret to-day, at having, in anger, resigned her situation as superintendant! Deprived of her power and of her credit, she can no longer protect or defend Masham, who is my prisoner! deprived of admission into the palace and of the means of entering it at any hour she pleases, she can no longer, as formerly, see him here under your eyes, without danger and without suspicion . . . those are the reasons why she strives to bring about the reconciliation; which she has had demanded of you; those the reasons, why, when once admitted to the court again . . .

*The Queen.* (aside.) Never! never!

#### SCENE IV.

Enter Abigail, running through the door to the right at the bottom.

*Abig.* (quite affected, and running up to Bolingbroke.) My Lord . . . My Lord . . .

*The Queen.* (angrily.) What's the matter with you?

*Abig.* I come to announce that I have seen the carriage of the Duchess entering the court yard of the palace!

*The Queen.* The Duchess! (walking over to the middle of the stage,) Eh! how can she have the audacity to appear in my presence!



*Abig.* She comes to apologize to Her Majesty for the affair of yesterday . . .

*The Queen.* Which I will not accept . . . I could pardon personal injuries; but never! never those directed against the dignity of the crown . . . and yesterday, on purpose, and not by chance, the Duchess, in her pride, intended to have insulted and outraged her sovereign.

*Bol.* Her manifest intention!

*Thomps.* (presenting himself at the door at the bottom.) Her grace the Duchess of Marlborough awaits Her Majesty's orders, in the drawing-room.

*The Queen.* Abigail, go and deliver them to her. Tell her that we cannot receive her, that we have disposed of the place which she occupied near our person! . . . that she has till tomorrow to send us her commission as superintendant, and above all, the keys of our apartments, which, henceforth, are forbidden her, and also our presence . . . go, go . . .

*Abig.* (stupified.) What, can it be possible! . . .

*Bol.* (coldly.) Go then, Miss Abigail, obey the orders of the Queen.

*Abig.* Yes, My Lord (aside.) Oh! this Bolingbroke is a demon! (Exit Abigail by a door at the bottom of the theatre to the left.)

## SCENE V.

*Bol.* (approaching the Queen, who had just flung herself into an armchair, to the right of the spectators.) Well done, my Sovereign, very well done indeed!

*The Queen.* (exultingly, and as if proud of her courage.) Is it not! They think me weak minded, but I am not so.

*Bol.* We see that very well!

*The Queen.* (angrily.) 'Twas abusing my patience too much!



*Bol.* 'Tis an intolerable state of things . . .

*The Queen.* And a state which shall not last.

*Bol.* (briskly.) That's just what we all have said this long time! . . . Speak! . . . I and my friends are ready to execute your orders!

*The Queen.* (standing up.) My orders . . . certainly . . . I shall give them to you! and it is in you that I confide . . . But, tell me . . . and Masham? . . .

*Bol.* Is still my prisoner, and we shall arrange that affair as soon as the new ministry is formed, the parliament dissolved and the Duke of Marlborough recalled!

*The Queen.* (agitated.) Very well then! . . . I'll go and give orders to have him brought to trial.

*Bol.* (vivaciously.) The Marshal?

*The Queen.* Ah! no . . . Masham! . . .

*Bol.* (aside.) Always Masham! . . .

*The Queen.* (aside.) And his punishment . . . for I wish him to be punished . . . condemned . . . Yes I wish it!

*Bol.* (aside.) Oh heavens!

*The Queen.* He has robbed you of a relation whom you loved . . . and then the Duchess will be furious!

*Bol.* (vivaciously.) On the contrary . . . she will be quite delighted! . . . they have fallen out with each other . . . a war to the knife.

*The Queen.* (Whose rage abates in a moment) Ah! . . . (with a softened tone.) You don't tell me so!

*Bol.* (smiling in a low voice.) She has made the discovery, which she cannot doubt, that Masham, does not love her, that he never loved her . . . that he loves another!

*The Queen.* (vivaciously.) Are you sure of that! . . . who has told you?

*Bol.* (vivaciously.) My young prisoner! . . . who has avowed to me! a mysterious love . . . a person at court whom he adores in secret, and without making his love



known to her . . . I have not been able to find out any more.

*The Queen.* (contentedly,) Ah ha! that's quite another thing . . . (recollecting herself.) I mean to say a very singular thing . . . (laughing.) and we must chat a little about all that.

*Bol.* Yes, Madame . . . (vivaciously.) After this evening. Your Majesty shall have the list of my new colleagues, with whom I have come to an understanding a long time since! . . . The warrant for the dissolution . . .

*The Queen.* Very good!

*Bol.* (vivaciously.) The preliminaries for the conferences to open with the Marquis de Torcy.

*The Queen.* (vivaciously.) Extremely good!

*Bol.* And as soon as your Majesty will have given your signature . . .

*The Queen.* Certainly! . . . But, in order to find out and defeat the projects of the Duchess, would it not be prudent and advisable to interrogate Masham?

*Bol.* Yes, certainly . . . provided it can be done in secret, and without it's being in the least suspected!

*The Queen.* And why so?

*Bol.* Because I'm answerable for him! . . . because I must not let him have communication with any one, whoever it may be, and above all with persons of the court . . . but this evening . . . when every body will have retired . . . when there will be no longer any danger of being seen . . .

*The Queen.* I understand!

*Bol.* (walks up the stage, and approaches the door at the bottom.) I shall deliver my prisoner, in order that we may interrogate him . . . or rather, that your Majesty may perhaps have the kindness to interrogate him yourself, for I have no leisure time . . .



*The Queen.* (with joy.) Very good! . . . Very good! . . .

(At the same moment the Duchess half opens a door to the right, just for one moment.)

*The Duch.* (perceiving Bolingbroke.) God! Bolingbroke!

(She closes the door quickly,)

*The Queen.* (stops speaking at the noise.) Silence!

*Bol.* What's that then?

*The Queen.* (pointing to the cabinet to the right) Nothing . . . I thought I heard something from this side. (Recovering herself gaily.) No . . . Adieu till this evening! . . . till ere long!

*Bol.* (in going away.) Masham shall be here before eleven o'clock. (Exit Bolingbroke by the door at the bottom to the left)

## SCENE VII.

The Queen, who returning from accompanying Bolingbroke, in returning down the stage perceives Abigail, who enters by a door at the bottom to the right.

*The Queen.* (going over to seat herself on a sofa to the left) Ah! here you are, little Abigail! Well! and the Duchess?

*Abig.* Ah! if Your Majesty but knew!

*The Queen.* (seating herself) Come here, near me! . . . (To Abigail, who hesitates to seat herself near the Queen.) Come here then! What did she say?

*Abig.* Nothing! but rage and haughtiness contracted and disfigured all her features! . . .

*The Queen.* (smiling) I easily believe it! for the message with which I charged you to her, will have shown her beforehand, who is to replace her in future.

*Abig.* (astonished) What did you say?



*The Queen.* Yes, Abigail, yes, you shall be all to me . . . my confident, my friend. Oh! it shall be so! for from this very-day I command, I reign! . . . Finish your account . . . you think then that the Duchess is furious?

*Abig.* I'm sure of it! for in descending the grand stair-case she said to the Duchess of Norfolk who gave her, her arm . . . ('Twas Miss Price who heard her, and Miss Price is a person on whom one can place confidence) She said: „If I'm to be ruined, I'll cause the disgrace of the Queen! . . .“

*The Queen.* Oh heavens!

*Abig.* And then she added: „I have just received important news of which I shall avail myself . . .“ But they went away and Miss Price heard no more!

*The Queen.* What news did she wish to speak of?

*Abig.* Of important news!

*The Queen.* Which she had just heard! . . .

*Abig.* Perhaps political news.

*The Queen.* Or rather the interview we have projected for this evening?

*Abig.* And where is the harm?

*The Queen.* Certainly! for yesterday, when I desired to interrogate Masham in your presence, it was on a serious and important business . . . to know how far I have been reviled . . . in a word, to know the truth!

*Abig.* That which is permitted to every one, and particularly to a Queen!

*The Queen.* Do you think so?

*Abig.* 'Tis a duty? (vivaciously) and then in the end, what will she have to say about it? . . . you have not seen him, (aside) thank heaven! (with satisfaction) And now that he's a prisoner . . . 'tis impossible!

*The Queen.* (with embarrassment) And even if that were not the case?

*Abig.* (affrighted) What do you mean to say?



*The Queen.* (joyfully) You don't know Abigail, that he's to come, I expect him!

*Abig.* (vivaciously) You, Madame?

*The Queen.* (taking her hand) What's the matter with you then?

*Abig.* (with emotion) I tremble! . . . I'm afraid! . . .

*The Queen.* (gratefully, and standing up) For me! . . . cheer up! . . . there's no danger . . .

*Abig.* And if the Duchess knew it, in the palace . . . in your chamber! . . . at such an hour! . . . But no, your Majesty may expect him in vain . . . Masham is confided to the keeping of Bolingbroke, who, without exposing himself, cannot give him his liberty . . . and 'tis impossible . . .

*The Queen.* (pointing to a door to the left, at the bottom, which just opens) Silence! . . . here he is!

*Abig.* (wishing to run to Masham) Oh heavens!

*The Queen.* (holding her back) Don't leave me!

*Abig.* (with jealousy) Oh! no, Madame, certainly not!

## SCENE VII.

Enter Masham. Who advances slowly, salutes the Queen respectfully, who with emotion and without speaking to him, makes a sign with her hand for him to draw near.

*The Queen.* (in a low voice to Abigail) Shut those doors . . . and come back again! (Abigail shuts the door of the Cabinet to the right, and those at the bottom; and returns immediately to take her seat by the Queen.)

*Mash.* Lord Bolingbroke has sent me to present those papers, to your Majesty, which, as he says, he could only confide to me, as they are of the utmost importance! . . .

*The Queen.* (with kindness, and taking the papers) Very well, I'm much obliged to you!



*Mash.* I'm to take them back to him again with your Majesty's signature.

*The Queen.* 'Tis true! . . . I forgot it! . . . (She goes over to a table to the left, and seats herself. Looking at the papers.) Oh! my God! how shall I look through them! . . . (She takes off her glove, takes a pen and signs quickly, without reading the different ordinances. — During the time, Masham approaches Abigail, who is at the end on the other side.)

*Mash.* Ah! my God! Miss Abigail, how pale you are.

*Abig.* (in a low voice, and with emotion) Hear me, Arthur . . . I have the interest . . . the power of the Duchess!

*Mash.* (with joy) Is it possible?

*Abig.* (the same) The favour of the Queen! And I am resolved to repulse all these favours and benefits . . . to renounce them all . . .

*Mash.* (astonished) Eh! why so? . . .

*Abig.* For you! . . . Whatever destiny may await you, will you do as much for me?

*Mash.* (vivaciously) How can you ask such a question?

*Abig.* (trembling) Well then! Arthur, you are loved by a great lady . . . the first in this kingdom . . .

*Mash.* What do you say?

*Abig.* Silence! . . . (pointing to the Queen who had just finished signing, and who advances towards them) The Queen speaks to you.

*The Queen.* Here are the ordinances which Bolingbroke has charged you to bring here for our signature . . .

*Mash.* I thank your Majesty, and shall go and announce to my Lord that he's prime minister!

*The Queen.* That's generous of you, for no doubt, the first use that he'll make of his power will be to prosecute the adversary of his cousin, Richard Bolingbroke.

*Mash.* I have nothing to fear! . . . he knows how the duel has occurred!



*The Queen.* And then, you have high favour and protection . . . ours first of all, and still better, that of the Duchess.

(She goes over to seat herself on the sofa to the left of the spectators. — Masham is standing before her, and Abigail standing behind the sofa, against which she leans and looks at Masham.) I have been assured, Masham, but doubtlessly you will not grant it for you're too discreet, I have been assured that you loved her . . .

*Mash.* I! Madame . . . never! never!

*The Queen.* And why should you not then? the Duchess is extremely beautiful, extremely amiable, and then her high rank . . .

*Mash.* Ah! what signifies rank and power . . . one thinks but little of them when one loves. (Looking at Abigail who is standing behind the Queen.) And I love somebody else! . . .

(Abigail with a gesture of affright.)

*The Queen.* (Casting down her eyes) Ah! that's another thing . . . And she that you love is very beautiful!

*Mash.* (with a loving look at Abigail.) More beautiful than I can tell you . . . (recovering himself) I mean to say that I love her . . . that I am happy and proud of this love, and punish me, Madame, if even here in your presence, and at your feet, I dare to avow it . . .

*The Queen.* (raising him up quickly) Stop! stop! . . . Do you not know that? . . .

*Abig.* (pointing to the door of the cabinet to the right), Somebody knocks at that door!

*Mash.* (pointing to the doors at the bottom) And at these here also!

*Abig.* And the noise abroad! . . . the apartments are filling up with people.

*The Queen.* How shall we escape now? . . . (aside with affright) And that phrase of the Duchess! (Aloud) And if any one should see him here . . .



*Abig.* There, there, up on the balcony . . .  
(Masham springs out on the balcony to the left; Abigail closes the window).

*The Queen.* That's very well . . . go and open the door.

*Abig.* Yes, Madame . . . but be calm; call your presence of mind to your aid.

*The Queen.* Oh! I shall lose my life by this affair!

### SCENE VIII.

The Queen, Abigail goes and opens the doors at the bottom. — The Duchess of Marlborough and several Noblemen of the court make their appearance; Bolingbroke enters after them. — Abigail goes likewise and opens the door to the right, whence several Ladies of honour appear.

*The Queen.* Who is it, that dares, at this hour of the night! . . . in my apartments . . . Heavens! the Duchess . . . such audacity! . . .

*The Duch.* (looking all round her in the apartment) I shall be pardoned by your Majesty, for it concerns important news . . . on which the salvation of the State depends!

*The Queen.* (impatiently) What news is it?

*The Duch.* (still examining the apartment with her eyes) News which causes a great rumour . . . and agitates the whole city . . . (Aside looking towards the balcony) He can be no where else than there. (Aloud) The Duke Marlborough informs me that the French army has made an attack on the lines of Prince Eugene at Denain, and has gained a complete victory.

*Bol.* (coldly) 'Tis true!

*The Duch.* (running to the window, Abigail steps forward to hold her back and thus finds herself placed between the Duchess and the Queen.) Hold . . . do you hear the furious cries of the people? . . .

*Bol.* Who demand peace? . . .



*The Duch.* (who just opens the window and cries out) Ah! . . . Mr. Masham . . . in the chamber of the Queen! . . .

*The Queen.* (aside, and seeing Masham appear) Ah! I'm done for!

*Abig.* (in a low voice to the Queen) No! . . . I hope not! . . . (Falls down on her knees) Pardon, Madame! . . . pardon! . . . 'twas I, who without your knowledge . . . have admitted him to night . . .

*The Duch.* (in a rage) What audacity! . . . you dare to maintain . . .

*Abig.* (casting down her eyes) The truth!

*Mash.* (bowing) Let Her Majesty punish us both!

*The Queen.* (in a low voice to Bolingbroke) Bolingbroke, save us! save us!

*Bol.* (advancing towards the noblemen of the court, who are at the bottom and takes the middle of the stage) Permit me! . . . I have to inform you of . . .

*The Duch.* (addressing herself to Bolingbroke) And as for me . . . I have to demand of my Lord, how a prisoner confided to his charge, is at liberty this moment, and for what motive?

*Bol.* (turning round to the assembly) A motive to which you would all have ceded my Lords! Mr. Masham, has begged of me, on his parole of honour as a gentleman, to grant him permission to take leave of Abigail Churchill, his wife . . .

*The Queen and the Duch.* (crying out) Oh! good heavens!

*The Queen.* (with agitation) My Lords! . . . My Lords! . . . (beckoning them to withdraw) One moment . . . I beg of you! . . .

(They draw back a few steps; the Queen remains alone with Bolingbroke on the front of the stage.)

*The Queen.* (in a low voice) Ah! what have you done? . . .



*Bol.* (the same) You told me to save you . . .  
(To the Queen who can not conceal her emotion) Well then, my Sovereign . . . would it be right to rob a young girl of her honour who came so nobly forward to save your Majesty?

*The Queen.* (courageously, and as if she had taken her resolution) No! . . . (in a low voice) tell them to draw near.

(Bolingbroke beckons to them to approach; Abigail and Masham, who had remained at one side behind, advance timidly.)

*The Queen.* (with emotion and in a low voice to Abigail) Abigail . . . that which you have just heard . . . it must be . . . do not deny it . . . This one proof more of your devotedness . . . and then my gratitude . . . my friendship is secured to you for ever . . .

*Abig.* (To the Queen with an effusion of feeling) Ah! Madame . . . if you but knew . . .

*Bol.* (interrupting her) Silence! . . . (He beckons to Masham, who in turn approaches the Queen).

*The Queen.* As for you, Masham . . .

*Bol.* (in a whisper to Masham) Refuse!

*The Queen.* I know that other ideas, perhaps . . . but, by the devotedness which you bear her . . . your Queen demands it of you . . .

*Mash.* Of me, Madame . . .

*The Queen.* She orders you to do it!

(Both bow respectfully and go over to the right of the stage.)

*The Queen.* (addressing herself to the persons of the court and taking the middle of the theatre) My Lords and Gentlemen, the serious and important events of which Her Grace, the Duchess has just informed us, hasten the measures which we have long since seriously considered, and determined on. Sir Harley, count of Oxford, and Lord Bolingbroke, my new ministers, will explain our intentions to you tomorrow. We recall His Grace the Duke of Marlborough whose talents and services have become henceforth useless and unnecessary; and have decided on



obtaining an honorable peace; we understand, that in the shortest possible time, conferences are to be opened at Utrecht, between our plenipotentiaries and those of France.

*Bol.* (who is standing to the right, between Masham and Abigail, in a whisper to Abigail) Well now, Abigail . . . is my system not right after all? The Duke of Marlborough overthrown . . . Europe pacified . . .

*Mash.* (returning him the papers which the Queen has signed) Bolingbroke, Prime-Minister! . . .

*Bol.* And all that owing to a glass of water!



## Lament of the unmarried Ladies of U\*\*.

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„O Gentlemen the time of life is short:

„To spend that shortness unwed were too long.“

Shakspeare.

We're ready — we're ready — it really is hard  
 That from Hymen's sweet bonds we so long are debarr'd.  
 The men are so cautions, the hard hearted creatures,  
 That they care not for all our smiles or fair features.  
 There's a sprinkling of Officers — we like them the best,  
 But they're just like the others when put to the test.  
 They tell us we form the delight of their lives,  
 Yet they all very well manage to live without wives.  
 Of dinners and balls our papas give them plenty;  
 Of hints, it is true, our mammas throw out twenty:  
 They accept all the dinners, they dance at each ball,  
 They hear all the hints, but won't take them at all.  
 They bow when they meet us, and say we look charming  
 „The weather is cold“ — 'tis their hearts that want  
 warming,

They laugh and they chat, and they pass for our beaux  
 Yet 'tis very provoking, they never propose:  
 What is it they want? — Oh! sadly we fear  
 That the charms they require are some thousands a year.  
 Our mamas, poor old souls, trot about every day,



Till their legs and our patience are near worn away;  
 The men might possess some respect for old age,  
 And by taking their daughters, their troubles assuage;  
 And put all together we're a good looking set,  
 A better assortment the gents will not get.  
 We very well know all men's tastes don't agree  
 But we are complacent as women can be.  
 Oh! if 't were the fashion for women to ask,  
 (To some, by the bye, not a difficult task.)  
 How delightful 'twould be, to pick and to choose,  
 Of course the men would not attempt to refuse.  
 But alas we are doom'd not unsought to be won;  
 If it rested with us, 'twould be very soon done.  
 'Tis a terrible thing that men won't understand;  
 They are really the plague and the pest of the land.  
 Our papas and mamas get cross and look glum,  
 As much as to say „you've been too long at home.“  
 We're ready — we're ready — will nobody try?  
 Or in single felicity are we to die? —

J. S. S. Rothwell.



## First Love.

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First love is a pretty romance,  
 Though not quite so lasting as reckon'd  
 For when one awakes from it's trance,  
 There's a great stock of bliss in a second.

And e'en should a second subside,  
 A lover can never despair,  
 For the world is uncommonly wide,  
 And the women — uncommonly fair.

The poets their raptures may tell,  
 Who never were put to the test, —  
 A first love is all very well;  
 But believe me, the last love's the best.

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## T h o u g h t.

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Oh! 'tis sweet to think on scenes gone by  
 Although they move to sadness  
 And tears will often dim the eye  
 At thoughts of former gladness.  
 But oh! such tears I'd love to shed  
 For joys so quickly leave us,  
 That only for the brightness spread  
 Behind them, — they might grieve us.

Our gaze courts not the sunbright noon,  
 Oft his warms rays neglected.  
 But lovelier far the still pale moon  
 That shines with beams reflected;  
 And thus the joy of vanished days  
 So mild behind us glowing,  
 Each turbid passioned thought allays  
 And calms the heart's o'erflowing.

---



## The Rhine

by

H. W. . . . . s.

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**B**ring hither my chariot, for I must away  
 Let no shackles my coursers confine  
 Time's wheels tarry not, nor can I delay  
 To visit my favorite Rhine.

Come trim me my skiff, let me launch in the tide  
 Where the mountains of crags bear the vine  
 Thy beauties shall ravish my ears while I glide  
 Down thy waters, thou fast flowing Rhine.

Be the voyage enliven'd by music of song,  
 Fill a goblet of old Rhenish wine,  
 Blow softly ye zephyrs, and waft me along  
 The rapid, the far winding Rhine.

The days shall pass gaily and rapturous the nights,  
 No limits my joys shall confine,  
 Nor care intervene while I taste thy delights,  
 Thou wide flowing river, the Rhine.



Bear me on in my course, thou meandering stream  
 While I on thy bosom recline,  
 And of legends and fairy enchantments I dream,  
 Thou fairest of rivers, the Rhine.

To the land of my father, the land of the brave  
 I hasten with raptures divine,  
 Returning, I'll gladly entrust on thy wave  
 My bark, thou magnificent Rhine.



Oh! I will love Thee ever.

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Oh! I will love thee, when the glorious sun  
Doth gently sink behind yon western hill,  
When all the various works of man are done,  
And every living thing is hush'd and still.

Oh! I will love thee, when the Queen of night,  
Riseth serenely from behind the trees,  
And poureth on the earth her silver light;  
And gently sporteth on the midnight breeze.

Oh! I will love thee, when the vesper star,  
Shineth so brightly thro' the woody dell,  
When nought doth see it here or from afar,  
Save that sad lovely bird, sweet Philomel.

Oh! I will love thee, when gay morning dawns,  
In rich refulgence thro' the bosom'd grove,  
And the bright dew drops glisten on the lawns  
And tempt the humble labourers' feet to rove.

Oh! I will love thee, when the howling blast  
Of sorrow's gale around thy head shall swell;  
When from thy heart, all peaceful thoughts are cast,  
To thee I'll fondly whisper — All is well.



Oh! I will love thee, in the day of grief,  
 When all thy friends and all thy youth have fled;  
 And with affection bring thy heart relief,  
 And watch with gentle love around thy bed.

Oh! I will love thee, when the balmy spring,  
 Shall clothe in beauty every shrub and tree; —  
 Then all enchanting sights to me will bring,  
 A soft-consoling — hallow'd thought of thee,

Oh! I will love thee, when my days of bliss,  
 And all my halcyon days of youth are o'er,  
 Till the fond heart that dictates this,  
 And every throbbing pulse, shall beat no more.

Oh! I will love thee, on my dying bed,  
 And my last fervent prayer shall be for thee; —  
 Oh! wilt thou! when I'm slumbering with the dead,  
 Shed a fond tear upon my grave for me?

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## Appendix.

List of the best English Authors during the last fifty years.

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### *Poets.*

Sir Walter Scott, Southey, William Sotheby, Percy Bysshe Shelley, Cowper, Crabbe, Coleridge, Allan Cunningham, Campbell, William Carey, Lady Blessington, Lord Byron, Robert Burns, William Lisle Bowles, George Darley, Ebenezer Elliot, Grahame, James Hogg, Leigh Hunt, Thomas Hood, Felicia Hemans, Mary Howit, William Kennedy, Leyden, Lamb, Walter Savage, Landor, Letitia Elizabeth Landon, Montgomery, Moore Tho<sup>s</sup>, Keats, Henry Hart Milman, William Motherwell, Robert Montgomery, Bryan Waller Proctor, Tho<sup>s</sup>. Pringle, Joanna Baillie, Sam. Rogers, Wilson, Kirke White, Bloomfield, Alfred, Tennyson, Alexander Alaric Waits, William Tenant, Wordsworth.

### *Novelists.*

Harrison Ainsworth, Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, Lady Bulwer, Beckford, John Banim, Lady Bury, The Countess of Blessington, Rev. George Croly, Charles Dickens, Miss Ferrier, Maria Edgeworth, Madame D'Arblay, Jane Austen,



Benjamin D'Israeli, Elizabeth Hamilton, R. C. Maturin, Lady Morgan, Hannah More, Mary Russel, Mitford, Mrs. Hall Henry Mackenzie, Jane and Anna Maria Porter, Thomas Hope, James Hogg, Horace Smith, Theodore Hook, John Hibson Lockhart, Captain Marryatt, Samuel Warren, Mrs. Trollope, Mrs. Jameson, Mrs. Norton, Anna Radcliffe, Lewis William Godwin, Sir Walter Scott, Mrs. Inchbald, John Galt, John Wilson, J. P. R. James.

### ***Historians.***

Sir P. Palgrave, Thomas Moore, Dr. J. Arnold, Thirwall, Isaac D'Israeli, William Roscoe, Sir John Malcolm, Colonel Napier, Henry Hallam, Sir Walter Scott, Sir James Mackintosh, John Lingard; Robert Southey, George Chalmers, Sharon Turner, Henry Bulwer.

### ***Biographers.***

Sir Walter Scott, Patrick, Fraser Tytler, Leigh Hunt, John Galt, Thomas Moore, Maxwell, Malcolm Laing, James Currie, William Hayley, William Godwin, William Gifford.

### ***Dramatic Writers.***

Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, Sir Walter Scott, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, James Sheridan Knowles, Joanna Baillie, Lord Byron, Maturin, Milman, Proctor, Croly, Miss Mitford, Richard Shiel, Coleridge.

### ***Critics.***

Sir Walter Scott, Lord Brougham, Thomas Babington Macauley, John Wilson Croker, Sir Sydney Smith, Sir James Mackintosh, William Hazlitt, Thomas Carlyle, Robert Southey, John Gibson Lockhart, William Gifford.



## Mode of Expressing Titles.

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**A**n external address to the king is, To the king's most excellent Majesty; and internally, May it please your Majesty, or Sire, and at foot, your Majesty's most dutiful subject.

An external address to one of the Princes of The Blood Royal is, To his Royal Highness The Prince of Wales, if the eldest Son, or, To his Royal Highness the Duke of etc. and internally, May it please your Royal Highness, or Sir. In a card it is usual to address your Royal Highness, and not his Royal Highness.

The female branches simply require the change of pronoun.

An external address to a Duke or Duchess is, To his Grace the Duke of etc., or to her Grace the Duchess of, etc. The internal address is, My Lord Duke, or your Grace, or Madam.

An external address to a Marquis is, To the Most Noble, (or Most Honourable) the Marquis of, etc. or the Most Noble the Marchioness. Internally, My Lord Marquis, My Lord, your Lordship, your Ladyship, or Madam.

An external address to an Earl is, To the Right Honourable the Earl of, etc., and internally, My Lord.



or your Lordship. To the wife of an Earl the external address is, To the Right Honourable the Countess of, etc. and the internal, My Lady, or your Ladyship.

The external address of a Viscount is, To the Right Honourable Lord Viscount Exmouth etc. or to his lady, To the Right Honourable the Viscountess Exmouth, etc. and within, My Lord, or your Lordship, My Lady, or your Ladyship.

The external address to a Baron, if a member of the House of Peers, is To the Right Honourable Lord A; or to his lady, To The Right Honourable Lady A. And internally, My Lord or your Lordship, my Lady or your Ladyship.

Titular Lords, or Lords by Courtesy, as the Sons of Peers, or Scotch or Irish Peers, not members of the House of Peers, or of the Privy Council, are addressed according to their titles, but commonly without the words Right Honourable.

Baronets and knights are externally addressed with Sir before their Christian names, as Sir George or Sir William; and their wives as Lady A. or Lady B. Internally as, Sir; or My Lady, or your Ladyship.

Persons of independent fortune, or having establishments distinct from their place of trade, are usually addressed as Esquires, which is abridged into Esq.

Many persons are Esquires by creation, by fortune, by office, or by promotion. Esquires by creation are enrolled at Herald's College; and independent fortune in Land of 300 l. per annum, being the qualification of a Member of Parliament, gives the title of Esquire; Magistrates, Barristers at Law, Sons of knights and Baronets, and Lieutenants in the Army and Navy, are all addressed as Esquires.

Many titles of office are esteemed superior to that of Esquire, and then are to be preferred; such as officers in the Army and Navy of the rank of Captain and



upwards; Sheriffs of Counties are usually called Mr. Sheriff A. or B.; Serjeants at Law are usually called Mr. Serjeant A. or B. In addressing Captains of the Navy, it is deemed complimentary to add R. N. (for Royal Navy) after their name.

In the Church the external address to a Bishop is, To the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Chichester etc.; and internally, My Lord and your Lordship. For an Archbishop it should be, To his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, etc.; and internally, My Lord, or May it please your Grace; or, To the Right Reverend Father in God, W. Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, My Lord or your Grace; To the Right Reverend Father in God, W. Lord Bishop of S—, or My Lord.

Doctors of Divinity are addressed externally as Reverend Dr. A. or B.; and internally as Reverend Sir, or Doctor. Other Clergymen, or persons licensed to preach, are addressed as the Reverend John or William, or Mr. A. or B. and internally, as Sir, or Reverend Sir.

In the Law, the Judges, who are addressed on the bench as my Lord, or your Lordship, out of court are addressed under their private titles, whether Peers, Baronets, Knights, or Esquires; the Judges of the King's Bench are usually called Mr. Justice A. or B. and of the Exchequer Mr. Baron A. or B.

The Lord Mayors of London, York, and Dublin, are addressed, while in office, as My Lord or your Lordship; and the Lord Mayor of London being, as such, of the Privy Council, is addressed as the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor of London.

All Privy Counsellors of whatever rank, are addressed as Right Honourable.

In addressing persons of nearly equal rank, it is polite to prefer the superior rank, thus, Vice and Rear Admirals; are addressed Admirals, and Lieutenant or Major-



Generals are addressed as Generals; so also the ancient title of Gentleman is lost in that of Esquire.

Mr. is an abbreviation of Master, pronounced Mister, and is prefixed to the names of all persons below the title of Esquire. It is still written at length as Master when applied to young gentlemen.

Mrs. an Abbreviation of Mistress, is prefixed to the names of all females whose husbands are below the rank of Knight. Unmarried women and girls are called Miss.

Sons and Daughters of Barons are called Honourable Mr. and Honourable Miss. The Sons and Daughters of Earls, Marquises, and Dukes, are called Lords or Ladies, followed by their Christian name, as Lord John, Lord William, or Lady Eliza, Lady Emily, etc.

The Sons of Dukes, Marquises, and the eldest sons of Earls have, by courtesy, the title of Lord and Right Honourable; and the title of Lady is given to their Daughters. The younger sons of Earls, the sons of Viscounts and Barons, are styled Honourable and all their daughters, Honourable.

The wives of Archbishops and Bishops retain the family name, and are simply called Mrs. A. or B. like the wives of private persons.

Members of Parliament have M. P. put after their names, and it is usual to put after the names of persons of rank, or in office, the character, etc. etc., after their names, as the Right Honourable the Earl of Axminster etc. etc. Or, George Singleton, Esq. M. P. etc. etc.

Professors at the Universities are addressed as Mr. Professor A. or B.

Ambassadors, Governors and Deputies of the King, are usually addressed, externally, as His Excellency, and internally as Sir, or, May it please your Excellency, or, your Excellency.



Several men are addressed as Gentlemen or Messieurs; and several Women, as Ladies or Mesdames.

The external address to a commercial firm, consisting of two or more partners is, Messrs A & B: inside, Gentlemen. If consisting of only one gentleman, Sir, inside, and Mr. A outside.

Aged relatives are often addressed formally as Honoured Sir, or, Honoured Madam; and servants and inferiors often address their superiors in that form.

Friendly or familiar addresses admit the word Dear, as: Dear Sir, Dear Madam; or my Dear Lord; or Dear Lady A. or B.

In familiar and easy correspondence, formal words are sometimes omitted at the beginning and ending of a letter.

Petitions and addresses to Magistrates are frequently addressed To the Worshipful the Mayor, etc.; and internally. May it please your Worship.

In some cases, to persons in power, your Honour, and His Honour, is used in the formal style.

It is usual, in like manner, to call a Baronet and a Knight, Honourable.

The House of Lords is addressed, To the Right Honourable the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, in the Parliament of the United Kingdom assembled, My Lords, or May it please your Lordships.

The House of Commons is addressed, To the Right Honourable the Knights, Citizens, and Burgesses, in the Parliament of the United Kingdom, assembled, Gentlemen, or May it please your Honours.

The Officers of Her Majesty's Household are addressed according to their rank or quality, as My Lord Chamberlain, Mr. Vice Chamberlain.

To the Right Honourable R. Earl of G. Lord Privy Seal, or Lord President of the Council, or Lord Great Chamberlains; Earl Marshal of England, one of his Ma-



jesty's Principal Secretaries of State, etc. or My Lord, your Lordships.

The Commissioners of the Customs, Excise, Stamp Office, Salt Duty, Navy, etc. are styled Honourable.

There are many contractions used both in print and writing, which ought to be known to Letter writers.

1. Titles and Characters of Men, as Adm. Admiral; Bart. Baronet; Capt. Captain; Col. Colonel; Lt. Lieutenant; Esq. Esquire; Gen. General; Gent. Gentleman; Prof. Professor; Dr. Doctor; Rev. Reverend; R. R. Right Reverend; Rt. Honble. Right Honourable; Knt. Knight: K. C. B. Knight Commander of the Bath; K. G. Knight of the Garter; G. C. B. Knight Grand Cross of the Bath; K. T. Knight of the Thistle; etc. etc. G. P. O. General Post Office; T. C. S. Tea, Cards, Supper; Co. County, St. Street, etc. etc.

2. Proper Names of Persons and places, as Abr. Abraham; Geo. George; Wm. William; Jno. John; Pr. Peter; Thos. Thomas; Jas. James; Lond. London; Southton. Southampton, etc. etc.





## Verbesserungen.

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| „ 127    | „ 4     | „ oben   | cry                            |
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| „ 133    | „ 14    | „ oben   | past                           |
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| „ 215    | „ 11    | „ „      | <b>your</b> advancement        |

Kleinere Unrichtigkeiten und Mängel in der Interpunktion mögen der Entfernung des Verfassers vom Druckorte beigemessen werden. Die vorstehenden, den Sinn entstellenden und gefährdenden Fehler bittet man vor der Lectüre zu berichtigen.



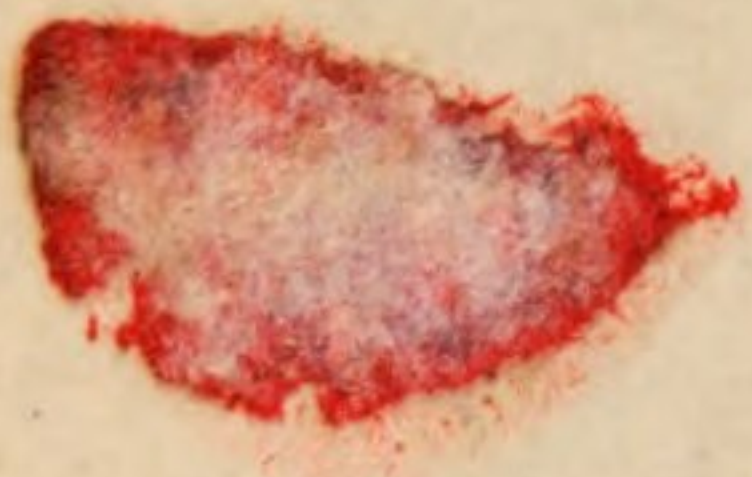
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kleine Leihung und ist in der Interposition  
 der Bestimmung des Lesers von ständiger Bedeutung  
 die vorstehende, die zum Verständnis und geläufigen  
 steht nur der Lesers zu beibringen.















Rothwell, J. S. S.

The novelist a collection of tales, translations, poems ect, ect ;  
particularly adapted as an aid to persons studying the English language

Magdeburg 1842

P.o.angl. 527 z

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